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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

'PATRIOTS' CUT UP ROUGH

Rotten, Cook beaten up

Page 11

ALEX HARVEY

Page 21

TALKING HEADS

Page 7

Van Morrison

Page 25-27

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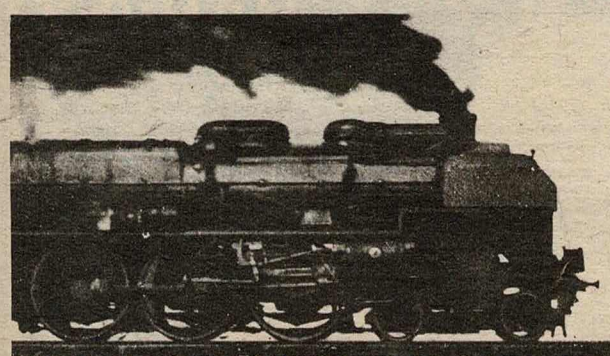

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending June 20th, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	VINCENT	Don McLean (United Artists)
9	2	TAKE ME BAK 'OME	Slade (Polydor)
3	3	ROCKIN' ROBIN	Michael Jackson (Tamla Mowtown)
6	4	CALIFORNIA MAN	The Move (Harvest)
2	5	METAL GURU	T Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
8	6	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	Wings (Apple)
5	7	SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES/AT THE CLUB	Drifters (Atlantic)
4	8	OH BABE WHAT WOULD YOU SAY	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
11	9	SISTER JANE	New World (Rak)
22	10	ROCK AND ROLL PT. 1 & 2	Gary Glitter (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending June 21, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Procol Harum (Deram)
2	2	THERE GOES MY EVERYTHING	Engelbert Humperdink (Decca)
6	3	CARRIE ANNE	Hollies (Parlophone)
3	4	SILENCE IS GOLDEN	Tremeloes (CBS)
4	5	WATERLOO SUNSET	Kinks (Pye)
9	6	OKAY!	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky Mick & Titch (Fontana)
5	7	THE HAPPENING	Supremes (Tamla Motown)
14	8	PAPER SUN	Traffic (Island)
10	9	SWEET SOUL MUSIC	Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
12	10	GROOVIN'	Young Rascals (Atlantic)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending June 22, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	COME OUTSIDE	Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
1	2	GOOD LUCK CHARM	Elvis Presley (RCA)
4	3	PICTURE OF YOU	Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3	4	I'M LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	5	GINNY COME LATELY	Bryan Hyland (HMV)
6	6	LAST NIGHT WAS MADE FOR LOVE	Billy Fury (Decca)
9	7	I DON'T KNOW WHY	Eden Kane (Decca)
24	8	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
7	9	AS YOU LIKE IT	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
8	10	NUT ROCKER	B Bumble (Top Rank)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending June 25, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO	The Jacksons (Epic)	3	1
2	(4)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (U.A.)	8	2
3	(1)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	1
4	(5)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)	4	4
5	(3)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT / FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST	Rod Stewart (Riva)	9	1
6	(7)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	6
7	(6)	A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN)	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	11	3
8	(8)	HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS	The Muppets (Pye)	4	5
8	(29)	SO YOU WIN AGAIN	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	2	8
10	(10)	FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	3	10
11	(15)	PEACHES	The Stranglers (United Artists)	5	11
12	(11)	THE SHUFFLE	Van McCoy (H & L)	11	3
13	(9)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)	9	2
14	(16)	BABY DON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND	Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	4	14
15	(20)	SAM	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	2	15
16	(13)	LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	6	11
17	(17)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP	Marvin Gaye (Motown)	7	6
18	(12)	GOOD MORNING JUDGE	10cc (Philips)	9	5
19	(22)	SPOT THE PIGEON	Genesis (Charisma)	4	15
20	(21)	OH LORI	Alessi (A&M)	2	20
21	(25)	GOOD OLD FASHIONED LOVERBOY	Queen (EMI)	3	20
22	(19)	YOU'RE GONNA GET NEXT TO ME	Bo Kirkland & Ruth Davies (EMI Int.)	3	19
23	(28)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE/SLIP YOUR DISC TO THIS	Heatwave (GTO)	7	14
24	(—)	DO WHAT YOU WANNA DO	T Connection (TK)	1	24
25	(27)	JOIN THE PARTY	Honky (Creole)	2	25
26	(14)	O.K.	Rock Follies (Polydor)	5	7
27	(—)	ANYTHING BUT ROCK 'N' ROLL	Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (Island)	1	27
28	(30)	NATURE BOY	George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	23
29	(—)	SLOW DOWN	John Miles (Decca)	1	29
30	(—)	BITE YOUR LIP/CHICAGO	Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
EXODUS — Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island); I CAN PROVE IT — Tony Ettoria (GTO); FEEL THE NEED — Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic); DON'T LET GO — Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic).

ALBUMS

Week ending June 25, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	BEATLES LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	(EMI)	7	1
2	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	31	1
3	(6)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	4	3
4	(3)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	26	1
5	(2)	A STAR IS BORN	Sound Track (CBS)	11	2
6	(5)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	8	2
7	(7)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	8	6
8	(8)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	29	8
9	(22)	SHEER MAGIC	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	2	9
10	(12)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	24	2
11	(9)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	11	6
12	(—)	ROCK FOLLIES 77	(Polydor)	1	12
13	(—)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	13
14	(14)	EXODUS	Bob Marley (Island)	2	14
15	(10)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	64	1
16	(11)	THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971–1975	Eagles (Asylum)	46	1
17	(17)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	52	1
18	(27)	NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	31	1
19	(16)	ANIMALS	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	20	2
20	(13)	THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS	(EMI)	21	1
21	(20)	IN FLIGHT	George Benson (Warner Bros)	2	20
22	(21)	ALL TO YOURSELF	Jack Jones (RCA)	7	9
23	(28)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (Atlantic)	2	23
24	(19)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)	4	12
25	(—)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)	1	25
26	(23)	TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS	(Island)	2	23
27	(30)	PETER GABRIEL	(Charisma)	15	11
28	(—)	KENNY ROGERS	(Charisma)	1	28
29	(15)	SMOKIE GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	10	6
30	(26)	SNEAKIN' SUSPICION	Dr. Feelgood (United Artists)	3	21

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
PURE MANIA — The Vibrators (CBS); TWO DAYS AWAY — Elkie Brooks (A&M); IN THE CITY — The Jam (Polydor).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending June 25, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	THEME FROM 'ROCKY' (GONNA FLY NOW)	Bill Conti
2	(5)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day
3	(4)	LONELY BOY	Andrew Gold
4	(1)	GOT TO GIVE IT UP (PART 1)	Marvin Gaye
5	(6)	FEELS LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Foreigner
6	(8)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller
7	(7)	ANGEL IN YOUR ARMS	Hot
8	(2)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac
9	(17)	DA DO RON RON	Shaun Cassidy
10	(10)	HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG	The Marshall Tucker Band
11	(12)	MARGARITAVILLE	Jimmy Buffett
12	(13)	LIFE IN THE FAST LANE	Eagles
13	(14)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
14	(15)	LOOKS LIKE WE MADE IT	Barry Manilow
15	(21)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
16	(20)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann
17	(19)	HIGH SCHOOL DANCE	The Sylvers
18	(9)	I'M YOUR BOOGIE MAN	K.C. & The Sunshine Band
19	(26)	WHATCHA GONNA DO?	Pablo Cruise
20	(24)	MY HEART BELONGS TO ME	Barbra Streisland
21	(27)	IT'S SAD TO BELONG	England Dan & John Ford Coley
22	(11)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers
23	(18)	SLOW DANCIN' DON'T TURN ME ON	Addrisi Brothers
24	(30)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
25	(—)	KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU	Abba
26	(28)	LOVE'S GROWN DEEP	Kenny Nolan
27	(—)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
28	(29)	LUCKENBACH, TEXAS (BACK TO THE BASICS OF LOVE)	Waylon Jennings
29	(—)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
30	(—)	ARIEL	Dean Friedman

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending June 25, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(5)	LIVE	Barry Manilow
3	(3)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
4	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
5	(4)	MARVIN GAYE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM	Marvin Gaye
6	(8)	COMMODORES	
7	(12)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
8	(10)	IZITSO	Cat Stevens
9	(—)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
10	(11)	FOREIGNER	
11	(7)	ROCKY	Soundtrack
12	(19)	HERE AT LAST—BEE GEES—LIVE	Bee Gees
13	(6)	THE BEATLES AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL	Beatles
14	(16)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
15	(9)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
16	(13)	GO FOR YOUR GUNS	Isley Brothers
17	(14)	BOSTON	Boston
18	(18)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
19	(21)	CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES	Jimmy Buffett
20	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
21	(22)	CAROLINA DREAMS	Marshall Tucker Band
22	(15)	A STAR IS BORN	Streisand/Kristofferson
23	(36)	PARLIAMENT LIVE/ P. FUNK EARTH TOUR	Parliament
24	(17)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer
25	(—)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
26	(29)	OL' WAYLON	Waylon Jennings
27	(23)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
28	(—)	TRAVELIN' AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT	O'Jays
29	(30)	TEDDY PENDERGRASS	
30	(—)	SWEET FORGIVENESS	Bonnie Raitt

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

News Desk Edited: Derek Johnson

READING FESTIVAL LINE-UP

Lizzy confirmed, Alex with SAHB

THIN LIZZY are confirmed for this year's three-day Reading Festival (August 26-28). And as forecast by *NME* in March, the event also marks Alex Harvey's return to front SAHB. A large number of support bands have still to be finalised, but the organisers have now — with one exception — completed the line-up of major names.

The Friday night bill (26) is co-headlined by **Uriah Heep** and **Eddie & The Hot Rods.** Special guests are the Dutch band **Golden Earring.**

Thin Lizzy top the bill on the Saturday (27), with **Graham Parker & the Rumour** and **Aerosmith,** who are billed as "special guests from America."

Sunday (27) sees the return of **Alex Harvey** with the **SAHB: Racing Cars** are also set. A top American band has still to be confirmed for this date, and *NME* understands it is likely to be either the **Doobie Brothers** or the **Gregg Allman Band.**

Among support bands already signed are **Lone Star, Ultravox, No Dice, U-Boat** and **Five Hand Reel.** Full details of the final line-up and running order will be announced in a week or two.

Tickets for the entire weekend cost £7.95, including camping and parking. Application can be made immediately by post to NJF/Reading Festival (to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable), P.O. Box No. 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. Allow 28 days for delivery.

Daily tickets are not available in advance, but will be on sale at the event provided the 30,000 crowd is not exceeded. Prices for these are £3 on Friday; £4 on both Saturday and Sunday, with parking extra.

This is the 17th consecutive year the National Jazz Federation has staged a festival, and the eighth year running at the Reading riverside site. But this year, it's renamed the Annual NJF/Marquee Festival — replacing the former National Jazz, Blues And Rock Festival billing.

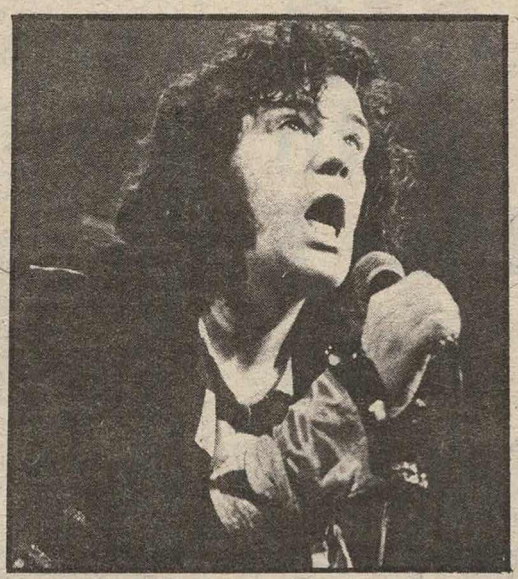
● The NJF is also handling this year's July Wakes Festival at Park Hall Leisure Centre in Charnock Richard, nearly Chorley in Lancashire. As previously reported, the line-up includes Gallagher & Lyle, Fairport Convention, Leo Kottke, Barbara Dickson and Michael Chapman.

The organisers stress that Country Joe McDonald *will* definitely appear, despite the cancellation of his tour with David Bromberg, John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett are the latest addition to the bill, but Richard and Linda Thompson have pulled out as they are unable to get a band together.

Tickets for this event (July 15-17) cost £5.50 for the weekend, and can be obtained from NJF / July Wakes Festival (also the payee for cheques and P.O.s) at the same address as the Reading Festival.

● RACING CARS will have a new album released by Chrysalis to tie in with their Reading appearance. Prior to that, they preview the LP at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (July 16), Plymouth Woods Centre (26), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (29), Sheffield Top Rank (31), Stafford Top Of The World (August 1), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (2) and Birmingham Barbarella's (5 and 6).

● LONE STAR'S latest CBS album "Firing On All Six", their first to feature new vocalist John Sloman, will also be issued to coincide with Reading. After the festival, the band set out on a major European and U.K. tour.



ALEX HARVEY

PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy

The truth about the 12-month drop-out by Harvey

ALEX HARVEY's lengthy absence from the SAHB was caused not by his work on solo projects but by serious injuries sustained when scaffolding fell on him during the band's British tour last year.

A spokesman for Mountain Management told NME: *"We've now decided to come clean and reveal the true facts. Alex has been busy writing and researching, but mainly because it's been impossible for him to undertake any stage work.*

"When the accident happened, he not only suffered chipped bones, but he also damaged part of his spinal nervous system. And although he's now recovered, he still has to wear a back-brace."

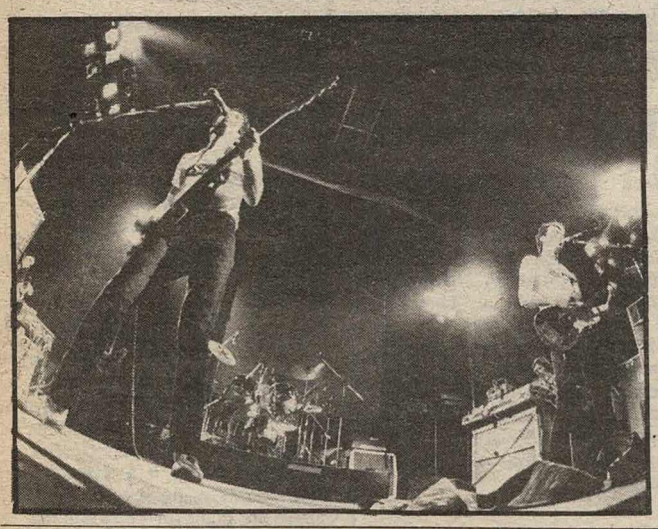
Alex plays his first date for over a year with the SAHB on August 21 at the Biltzen Festival in Belgium, prior to appearing at Reading a week later. A full British concert tour by Harvey and the band is planned for the autumn.

Robertson re-joining Lizzy for recording & Reading

THIN LIZZY, currently operating as a three-piece following the departure of guitarist Gary Moore, are likely to have Brian Robertson back in their line-up when they headline at Reading on August 27.

The band are at present recording a new album in Canada, with Robertson taking over from Moore who has left to pursue other projects. A spokesman commented: "Brian will still be working on solo activities and maintaining his partnership with Jimmy Bain. But it's true that he's also recording and touring with Lizzy, and may well play with them at Reading, though it isn't necessarily a permanent reunion."

Health reasons prevented Robertson from accompanying Lizzy on their U.S. tour earlier this year, and Moore stood in for him. It was later announced that Robertson had left the band, but now Moore's departure paves the way for his return.



New-wave in new disputes

THE STRANGLERS (left) switched their show in Liverpool last Sunday from the Empire Theatre to Eric's Club, where they gave two performances. This was because they felt a gig at the Empire would not be in keeping with their policy of maintaining close contact with audiences. A few days earlier on June 13, their date at Bradford St. George's Hall had been cancelled because of what the local council called "a booking mix-up".

FRUIT EATING BEARS had their scheduled Tuesday-night residency at Croydon Scamps cancelled after their first appearance. The manager explained that he thought the band were very good but, even so, he did not want punks playing in his venue. One consolation is that the group were paid for the gigs they are not playing.

RADIO STARS have been banned from Bristol Colston Hall after their recent gig there, as support to Eddie & the Hot Rods. The ban stems from an incident when Andy Ellison jumped from the stage on to the back of a bouncer, who was allegedly mistreating members of the audience. With Ellison still on his back, the bouncer rushed to the back of the hall, where other heavies started putting the boot in. A section of the audience quickly intervened, enabling Ellsion to return to stage. He suffered considerable bruising in the incident.

Country Joe concert

COUNTRY JOE McDonald, whose projected tour with the David Bromberg Band was called off, is to play a solo concert at London Queen Elizabeth Hall on July 30. As previously reported, he is set for the July Wakes Festival at Charnock Richard in mid-July, and is also to appear in one other major festival — details of which have still to be announced. Despite the scrapping of his dates with Bromberg, the European leg of their joint itinerary goes ahead as planned.

Windsor Council fights punk plan

WINDSOR COUNCIL is preparing to fight off plans to stage a punk rock festival in the area, revealed exclusively by *NME* last week. The Sex Pistols are among the bands being negotiated for the event which would be held on a private farm outside Windsor.

The reported prompted the *Daily Mirror* and several local papers to contact *NME* for more information. The Mayor of Windsor, Iain Harris, said after learning of the project: "We may have to seek an injunction to stop it".

No date has yet been announced for the festival, with the deliberate intention of blunting any objections or injunction attempts. And the promoters are confident that the event will take place later in the summer, attracting upwards of 50,000 people at £2.50 per head.

Wrotham gets the go-ahead

THE OPEN-AIR concert planned for Wrotham Park — between Barnet and Potters Bar on the Herts-Middlesex border — was given the go-ahead this week when promoter Mel Bush was granted a licence to stage the event. Stipulations include a 70,000 crowd limit and a 10pm finish. Bush told *NME:* "I can't firm up the date until I've contracted the headline acts, and that will take another week or two. But it will be late August or early September."

This year's Knebworth concert is scheduled for the same period; details follow shortly.

Harvey Goldsmith, at present lining up his two-day festival at Longleat on September 3 and 4, will definitely be promoting another Garden Party at Crystal Palace Bowl later in the summer. He said this week: "It will probably take place either a week before or a week after Longleat, because I may use some of the artists at both events."

Pistols go silver

SALES OF THE Sex Pistols' single "God Save The Queen" were fast approaching the quarter-million mark as NME closed for press this week. And this means the band are certain to qualify for a Silver Disc — a unique achievement for a single faced with a blanket ban by TV and radio.

A spokesman for Virgin Records commented: "We shall probably arrange something quite preposterous for the presentation."

Contrary to reports in the national Press beforehand, the Pistols did not take part in the Summer Solstice at Stonehenge on Tuesday night. Said the spokesman: "They never had any intention of doing so. It just isn't their scene. They were no more likely to appear at Stonehenge than Val Doonican."

The Pistols' single drops to No. 3 in the NME Chart this week, mainly because many shops are still refusing to stock it, and are therefore not including it in their sales returns from which the Top Thirty is compiled.

New-wave in French event

THE DAMNED, The Clash, The Jam and The Boys all on the same bill . . . plus Eddie & the Hot Rods, Dr. Feelgood, Tyla Gang, Little Bob Story, The Police and many more. Unfortunately it isn't happening in this country, but in France. These are just some of the names confirmed for the Mont de Marsan Festival on August 5 and 6.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 Elgin Cres., London W.11

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Bad Company — second gig

***BAD COMPANY** are to headline a second concert at London Earls Court Stadium on Sunday, July 3. Their gig at this venue the previous night has now sold out.*

Racing Cars and Metropolis are again the support acts, and tickets for the extra show are on sale now priced £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50. They can be obtained from the box-office and usual agencies, or by post from Earls Court, Warwick Road, London S.W.5. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Earls Court & Olympia Ltd. (Bad Company)", enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

VIBRATORS: NEW TOUR LINED UP

THE VIBRATORS, who earlier this month played a string of concerts as support act to Ian Hunter's Overnight Angels, set out this weekend on another headlining tour of their own. They are promoting their newly-released CBS album "Pure Mania", and confirmed dates are Colchester College (this Saturday), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (Sunday), Harlow Tiffany's (June 28), Swindon Affair (29), Leeds Polytechnic (30), Sunderland Seaburn Hall (July 1), Dunstable California (2), Croydon Greyhound (3), London Twickenham Winning Post (6), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (8), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (9), Manchester Electric Circus (10), Wakefield Unity Hall (12), Leicester Tiffany's (13), Coventry Mr. George's (14), Retford Porterhouse (15), Redditch Tracey's (16), Birkenhead Mr. Digby's (21), Liverpool Eric's (23), Stafford Top Of The World (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Plymouth Woods Centre (27), Penzance The Garden (28) and Ross-on-Wye Havery's (29).

AWB GIG with Ben E. King

AVERAGE WHITE BAND and Ben E. King co-headline a concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday July 22. This follows the news in *NME* last week that the two acts are teaming up for a series of dates to promote their joint album.

King will open the London show with his own band, then the AWB perform their own set, before King returns to join the AWB as guest vocalist. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents priced £3, £2.50 and £2. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

The London date is their only British gig at this time, though they plan to continue their partnership on an occasional basis.

Jack The Lad jack it in

JACK THE LAD are to disband next month after a farewell concert at Aylesbury Friars on Saturday, July 9. Formed in 1973 by three breakaway Lindisfarne members — Rod Clements, Ray Laidlaw and Simon Cowe — they outlived their parent band Lindisfarne by three years. Clements left after 15 months, but they have continued working steadily ever since.

Following several albums — first on Charisma, then United Artists — the band are currently without a record contract. This is the main reason for their decision to split.

Commented manager Jim Dawson: "They always attract good audiences on the gig circuit, but record-wise it just wasn't happening. So now they're going to consider their respective futures and, for the time being, they'll probably involve themselves in session work."

He added that the band may decide to re-form at some future time. Meanwhile, Laidlaw has joined Radiator, along with ex-Lindisfarne co-leader Alan Hull.

Ultravox top autumn tour

ULTRAVOX play their first major concert tour in this country in September, a three-week itinerary timed to coincide with the release of their second Island album. Meanwhile they are playing a short series of one-nighters, with gigs confirmed at Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Scarborough Penthouse (Friday), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (June 28), London Marquee (30), Leeds Polytechnic (July 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (2), Plymouth Castaways (3), Stafford Top Of The World (4) and the Marquee again (14).

Terje Rypdal in November

TERJE RYPDAL, the Norwegian guitarist and keyboards player, brings his four-piece group to Britain in November for their first full tour. They will be here for 17 days opening November 8, and plan to have a symphony orchestra accompany them at some of the larger halls including a leading London venue. The tour is being lined up Paul Charles of the Asgard Agency.

Rods live at Marquee X 5

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS headline a five-night season at London Marquee starting August 21.

It's the first time any act has been booked for a season of this length at the Marquee, and it immediately precedes their appearance at the Reading Festival, for which they are now confirmed as one of the main attractions on the opening night of the event — Friday, August 26.

Jam, O Band: extra shows

THE JAM have added another date to their current British tour — at Shrewsbury Tiffany's on July 12. And at the second of their special London Jubilee gigs, at Battersea Town Hall on June 27, The Boys — who were supposed to have joined them in their aborted Chelsea Football Ground gig — will be the support act.

THE 'O' BAND, now on the road around Britain, complete their tour schedule by playing two London club dates at Kensington Nashville Rooms on July 14 and 21.

Isaac Hayes tour

ISAAC HAYES is scheduled for a British tour, a year after the idea was first proposed. Hayes is due here in the early autumn, probably October, for a string of concerts. Promoter Jeff Kruger of Ember Concerts is now in America finalising details of his visit. Hayes was recently declared bankrupt in the States, and this has probably motivated his decision finally to tour Britain. He makes a rare TV appearance tomorrow (Friday) in an acting role in BBC-1's "Rockford Files".

*RITCHIE BLACKMORE's Rainbow will also be touring Britain in early autumn, probably from late September. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith told **NME** that he is currently lining up dates. But both he and the band's management denied reports that Rainbow would be appearing in an open-air gig at Salford Rugby League Ground in August.*

Petty's final two gigs off

TOM PETTY and the Heartbreakers have cancelled the last two gigs on their headlining British tour, scheduled for Exeter University (tomorrow, Friday) and Hull University (Saturday).

A spokesman explained: "They were exhausted after their extensive tour with Nils Lofgren, and they only agreed to play a few dates in their own right because of the enormous impact they had created. But they had to call it a day after their Rainbow gig last Sunday." There are plans for Petty and the band to return to Britain, either at the end of this year or early 1978.

Brand X get new drummer

BRAND X, currently working without Phil Collins owing to his heavy commitments with Genesis, have parted company with temporary guest drummer Joe Blocker "due to artistic differences". After auditioning dozens of potential candidates, they have now taken on American drummer Kenwood Dennard, and he is at present touring the States with them. It is likely that he will still be playing with Brand X when they tour Britain later in the year.

Albertos for London stint

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias are taking their show "Razorblades & Roundshot", reviewed by NME last week in cartoon form, on tour under the new title of "Sleak". Written by C. P. Lee, it concerns the birth of Snuff Rock! First confirmed dates are Liverpool Eric's Club (July 12-15) and a four-day London season at the Royal Court Theatre from July 20.

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Beach Boys tour plans take shape

AS NME CLOSED for press on Tuesday, final details of the Beach Boys' British visit were still being hammered out. After an all-night meeting at impresario Robert Paterson's London offices, several legal points had still to be clarified before an official announcement could be made. But it now seems certain that the group will headline a string of dates here, instead of the one-off concert originally planned.

Dave Clark of the Paterson office — taking time out of the lengthy talks with the Beach Boys' management, Irish promoter Pat Murphy and lawyers representing the various parties — told NME: "We have to get everything exactly right. There's a lot of money involved. This is going to be one of the most expensive tours ever in this country."

It is understood that several open-air concerts are being lined up for the group in early August. It is now probable that there will be a concert in the London area, and among provincial venues mooted are Cardiff Castle, Bradford Football Ground and Manchester Speedway Track. Murphy's presence at the meeting also indicates an Irish date.

But there have already been changes in initial plans, and Monday night's marathon conference inplied that some proposals were still in the melting pot. Full details of the itinerary are expected in time for next week's NME.

As reported by NME two weeks ago, the Beach Boys were originally scheduled to headline at Wembley Stadium on July 30, and the venue was reserved for them on that date. Despite denials elsewhere, Wembley is still the intended London venue, although the date may possibly be moved back — for two reasons:

- The Wembley authorities are not sure if the stadium will be available on July 30. Following the pitch invasion after the England-Scotland soccer match last month, barricades are being erected around the ground during the summer and — in view of other bookings there — late July seems the only time when this work can be carried out.
- The group are wanted by CBS to perform in a private function at the label's annual convention on that date, and they feel obliged to do so having just signed with Caribou Records, whose British outlet is through CBS.

Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show, who were being sought as the main support act for the proposed Wembley gig, turned down the offer to appear. Their management confirmed the invitation, but said they decided to decline as they are committed to a September tour here for Kennedy Street Artists. The band are currently finishing a new album, for release by Capitol in mid—September to tie in with their visit.

BOB STORY CAR CRASH; GIGS OFF

LITTLE BOB STORY, who were due to arrive in Britain yesterday (Wednesday), have had to postpone their visit after being involved in a car accident in France last week. Gigs off include London Kensington Nashville this Saturday (25). They are now due in on July 1 to begin work on a new album with producer Sean Tyla, and will play a week of dates from July 8. They have just signed a British distribution deal with Phonogram, who release their single "All Or Nothing" via the Mercury label on July 15.

THE CRUSADERS — with Larry Carlton (seated left).

CRUSADERS IN AUTUMN TOUR

THE CRUSADERS return to Britain in September for a concert tour, when they will probably be performing as a four-piece. Guitarist Larry Carlton has left the band to pursue a solo career, though it is possible he may join Steely Dan, with whom he played on their last two albums. No decision has yet been taken on whether to replace him in the band.

His last work with the Crusaders was on their new album "Free As The Wind", released by Anchor last week. Although a veteran group of long standing, their early-autumn tour will be only the second British visit by the Crusaders, following their debut in July last year.

Mr. Big extra

MR. BIG have last-minute bookings at Newcastle Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), Skegness Eastgate Leisure Centre (Saturday), Redcar Coatham Bowl (Sunday) and Hawick Town Hall (Monday), to complete their British tour.

GIGS BY SCAGGS, BONNIE

BOZ SCAGGS, already announced for a visit to London to attend the annual CBS Convention, will play two nights at the Rainbow Theatre while he is here. He headlines there on Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30 (both performances start at 8pm), and these will be his first appearances in this country since 1971. The gigs are promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, and tickets are on sale — either by post from the Rainbow or to personal callers at the box-office — priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50.

BONNIE RAITT flies into London after her appearance at the Montreux International Festival in Switzerland to play a one-off concert at the New Victoria Theatre on Saturday, August 6. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and through the usual agencies priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the promoter is Paul Fenn of Asgard. Apart from new keyboards man Martin Grebb, her band will be the same as the line-up which accompanied her when she was last here in March 1976.

BOZ SCAGGS
Two concerts at London's Rainbow

We'll replace Mary — say the Supremes

THE SUPREMES have decided not to split up despite the departure of the last original member Mary Wilson following the group's London concert earlier this month.

The two remaining Supremes, Scherrie Payne and Susaye Green, are now back in the States seeking a replacement for Mary. Their plan is to continue working, probably under the name of the New Supremes.

Mary Wilson starts work shortly on her first solo album, and there's a project to team her with Marvin Gaye for a U.S. tour possibly followed by joint concerts in Britain at the beginning of next year.

Darts behind Iron Curtain

THE DARTS are set for a month-long string of gigs in Eastern Europe. They tour Yugoslavian coastal resorts for three weeks from August 3, followed by a week of concerts in Poland and Czechoslovakia, and return to Britain via club dates in France and the Low Countries during the first half of September. New British gigs are High Wycombe Chiltern Rooms (July 19), Brighton Regent (21), Manchester Electric Circus (22), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (23), Coventry Mr George's (28) and London Kensington Nashville (29 and 30). Newport Roundabout is brought forward two days to June 20.

RECORD NEWS

Essex, Lynott, Julie for concept album

DAVID ESSEX, Julie Covington and Thin Lizzy's Phil Lynott are among the artists involved in a musical version of H. G. Wells' Classic novel "The War Of The Worlds", which has been recorded in Los Angeles and London for release as a double album in late September. Essex plays the role of the Artilleryman, with Lynott as the Parson and Julie Covington as his wife. Richard Burton is the narrator. Others featured include Justin Hayward and Chris Thompson, lead singer of Manfred Mann's Earthband. Producer is Jeff Wayne who also wrote the music, with lyrics by Gary Osborne.

- The new **Yes** album "Going For The One", originally scheduled for release this week, has been delayed because the band were dissatisfied with the first pressings. Atlantic hope to have copies in the shops in about ten days' time.
- A new **Steeley Dan** album "Aja" is due for release by Anchor on August 5.
- Following last week's news that Gladys Knight is recording a solo LP, her backing group the **Pips** are also working on an album in their own right. September release is planned by Buddah.
- **Flamin' Groovies'** new single "Teenage Head", issued this weekend by Kama Sutra, is the title track from their album of the same name.
- Release of **Fairport Convention's** much-delayed album "Bonny Bunch Of Roses" is finally set by Vertigo as July 22.
- **Manfred Mann Earthband's** new single, out this weekend on Bronze, is Bruce Springsteen's "Spirits In The Night". Three of the Earthband's earlier albums — "Manfred Mann Earthband", "Glorified, Magnified" and "Messin' " — are reissued at the same time.
- Australian band **The Saints** have a new single on Harvest on July 1. Titled "This Perfect Day", the first 12,000 copies are being marketed as a 12 inch in a special sleeve.

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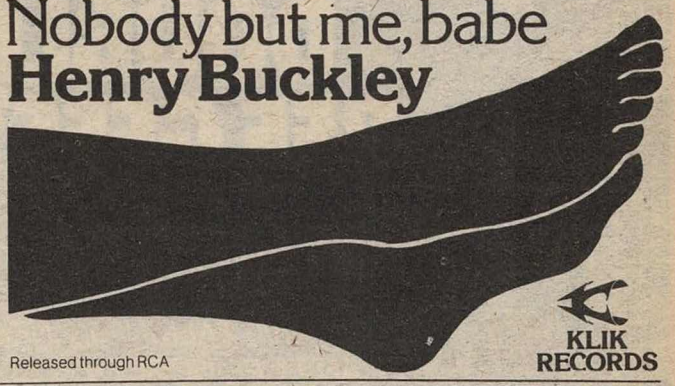

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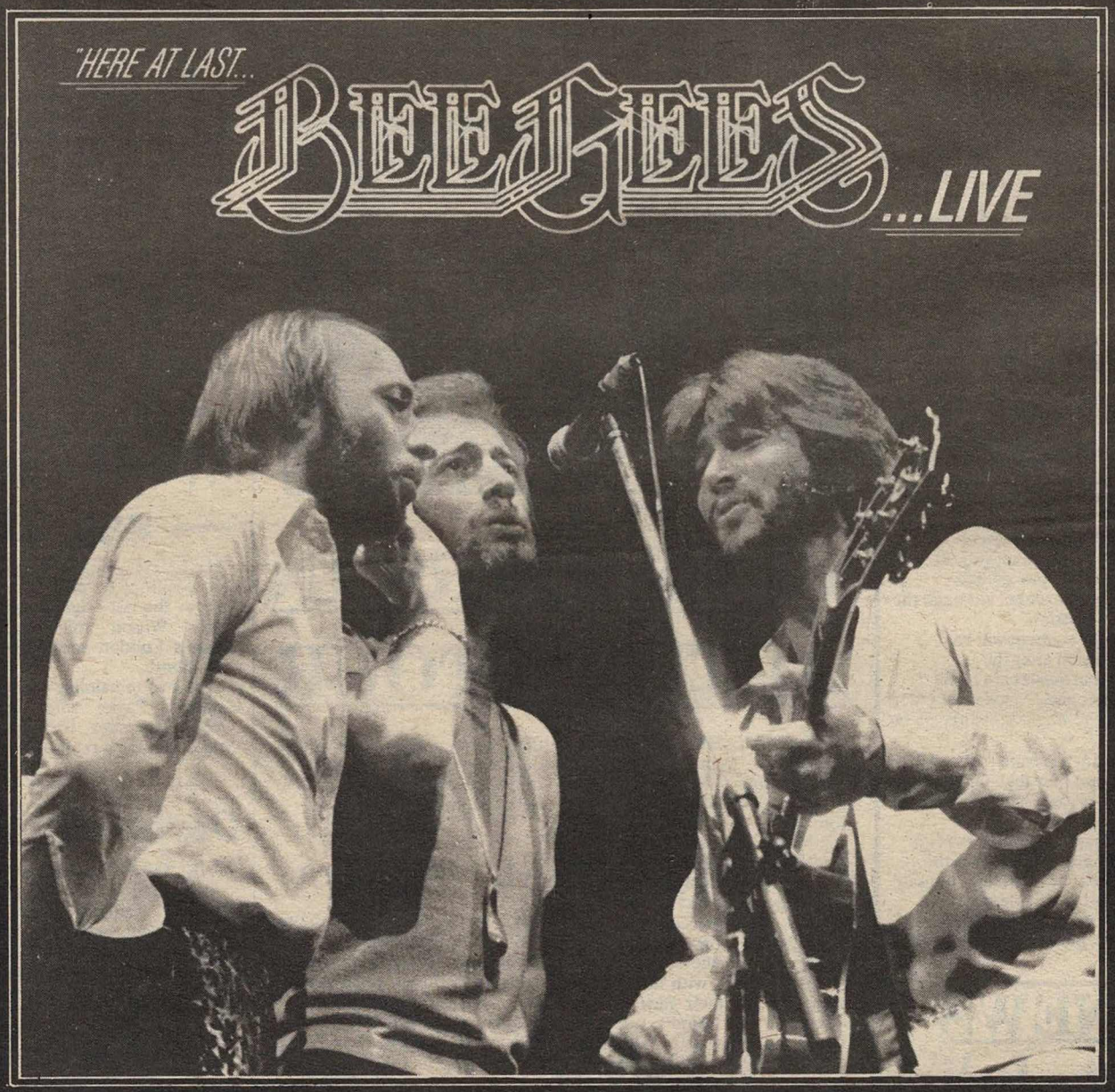

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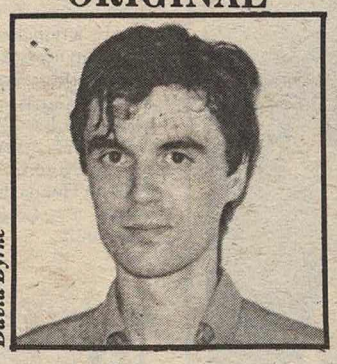
TALKING HEADS

BY NICK KENT

ORIGINAL



David Byrne

ARTISTIC

Jerry Harrison

SENSITIVE

Chris Frantz

INTELLIGENT

Tina Weymouth

Are these guys trying to give rock a bad name?

TALKING HEADS: it's a term they use up in the high-rise skyscrapers that house all the cogs in the corporate machinery cranking out network television for the American people.

The big-wigs in the boardroom — the William Holdens and Robert Duvalls of *Network* land — have a name for the lowest common-denominator programme non-personalities — the newscaster, weather-reporters, and other old warhorses who sit head and shoulders directly on camera mouthing out their obligatory tasks. These are the "talking heads" of American TV land; utterly boring, but necessary.

Talking heads with greying hair, dabs of make-up and dandruff removed from the shoulders of their suit-jackets, they sit austerely informing the public of the nation's daily occurences — the rapes and murders, the military campaigns abroad, the latest government manouevres. No opinions, no subjective slant to their reports — they simply precis it down, feed it out to those millions of tubes and when it's over they go away, back to the bar or to the suburban home, wife and kids.

David Byrne, guitarist and singer for the Talking Heads, an American rock group, has a song that he wrote and performs entitled "Don't Worry About The Government". It usually gets played early on in the set, with no prefacing explanation — just Byrne's reedy high-pitched voice almost stammering "This next song is called . . ."

And every time he introduced it to an audience in England, certain factions would snigger or boo or howl derisively because Talking Heads after all *are a NEW WAVE group and if you are a New Wave group you must write direct anti-status quo, sloganeering songs of dissent.* Just like The Clash or Chelsea or . . .

But Byrne's song isn't like that at all.

It's about an ordinary man who owns an apartment in some American suburb and who lives a quiet, fairly inconsequential existence, going to work in the morning and returning in the evening, who gains pleasure from life simply through drinking wine with friends or reading a book. There is no hint of moral castigation, no hint of cynicism, Byrne just places himself in his character's psyche and explains himself through his song.

It's a rare talent this, something much closer to the art of the very best short-story writers, a talent that only Ray Davies and Randy Newman before him, out of all the thousands of post-war song-writers, have bothered to identify with and explore perceptively.

"I just thought," said Byrne, "that lyrics could be used to strip down conversations, just normal day-to-day converstions and dialogues, and strip away all the phoney embellishments and posturing right down to essentials so that they would actually say something directly, without having to throw in all the 'Oh yeah, baby' or 'Hey, bitch I'm coming to get ya right now' or . . .

"Pa-a-arty," chips in Jerry Harrison, the Talking Heads' keyboard player.

Everybody laughs.

NOT AN easy band to write about, these Talking Heads. They mystify and confuse simply because they so patently lack any dint of the arch brand of mystique that forms a patented cloak for the rock star enigma. Four intelligent, straightforward individuals, the very straightforward nature of their music and their image is somehow unique to the genre they have chosen to work within.

Not that the press haven't attempted time and time again to write about them, almost always in flattering terms.

They emerged as a live attraction in the hot summer of 1975 when Manhattan's CBGB's had suddenly been designated the centre-point of all new-wave rock activity, and were immediately slotted in with the likes of Television, Patti Smith, The Ramones, and Heartbreakers as the pace-setters right there at the vanguard of this brave new scene. Convenient tags like 'punk' and 'art-rock' found themselves strange bed-fellows in numerous articles consummated by the inevitable bandying of the term 'minimalism'.

New York rock critics, having witnessed the ugly death of the New York Dolls brand of gashed-up rock, latched on fast to this new austerely dressed-down form of the music, and the Talking Heads, suddenly caught in the swell, found themselves holding down the cover of the prestigious *Village Voice* with a photograph taken at only their third gig. Inside was a rave-review of said show with an extensive article.

Since then, coverage has been as extensive as it has been perplexingly unforthcoming in regard to mere bottom line info on what the band were actually all about.

What *was* disclosed was that the band was a trio then, led by the angular, neurotic-looking Byrne who carried all guitar, vocal and composing chores, while the bass-player was a slight blonde-haired girl called Tina Weymouth whose basic feminist features were undermined by a slightly asexual manner. Drummer Chris Frantz was baby-faced and pleasantly effeminate.

Their music, though, seemed incapable of being pigeon-holed and continually presented reviewers with a daunting problem.

Having witnessed the band on four separate occasions over this last highly successful European tour, it became at once apparent that the care of Talking Heads' repertoire — principally Byrne's songs — is not something that casual acquaintance can unveil. At first, they intrigue as much as they bemuse, but the deeper you dig the more you uncover. Like Television, Talking Heads must be divorced from pigeon-holed surroundings because there is nothing currently existing in the rock context that they can be favourably compared to.

Byrne's melodies — are so insidious that they often totally by-pass the conventional quarters that rock music usually attempts to stimulate, instead going deeper, often lodging themselves in your subconscious. One song, after I'd witnessed the band only once at the Rock Garden, somehow kept manifesting itself in my dreams — this strange, utterly disarming descending chord motif would haunt me until I'd wake up desperately trying to recall it. It was only later that I even got to learn the song's title, "The Book I Read".

THIS IS how the band's music works — in a way that transcends conventional avenues of 'rock criticism' where parallels to established musical forms become redundant and trite. When one has finally achieved some intimacy and contact with the repertoire, the music alone is overwhelming at times. One song — Byrne's "I'm Not In Love" — twists and turns, its twined guitar rhythms chattering and spitting like snap-dragons with sudden unsettling changes, its chorus brash and pointedly announced — before it charges off, climaxing in a devastating one chord richochet of sound. Each song takes on a personality of its own as one becomes more and more acquainted — the jagged paranoid thrashings of "What Is It?" full of technical malevolence, the richly textured abrasive changes of "No Compassion", that utterly disarming motif to "The Book I Read".

Similarly the lyrics make themselves apparent in this same

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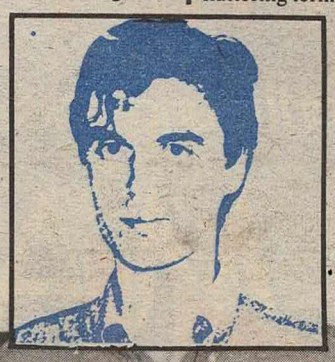


Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

From previous page

insidious fashion, via sudden dazzling couplets or single lines that grab you as Byrne's introvert-gone-psychotic delivery tortuously builds up and up, eyes reeling like wild horses in a flood, his pitching often totally awry but his sheer intensity galvanising because this man is truly grabbing hold of his songs, each and every utterance, like a drowning man grabbing straws.

Byrne's performance is, in fact, full of the tortured passion and gut-commitment that many of us were hoping for and found so disappointingly lacking in Tom Verlaine's recent shows in Britain. Like Verlaine, Byrne is totally the master of his chosen medium, yet there is an edge to Byrne that is so much more human.

Where Verlaine is oh-so calculatingly distant, Byrne's thrashing desperate need to communicate his songs grants his music a whole other dimension of sheer humanity and warmth a million light years removed from the cold arch-romanticism of Television's guiding light.

OFF-STAGE, sitting with his cohorts in Talking Heads, Byrne exudes all the cooped-up mannerisms of a caged bird. He seems to be suffering from some arch nervous defect that would need a constant ingestion of valium to assuage. Twitching almost, he sits hunched up in a chair, ungainly like a parody of look-alike Tony Perkins. When he talks, his voice is weak and reedy and often his attempts to explain certain facets of his songs — particularly his lyrics — lead him into weird tangential awkward ramblings that cause other members of the band, Tina Weymouth in particular, to open displays of ridicule which make him even more edgy. He looks embarrassed and bows his head slightly.

Observing him, I can't help feeling concerned for his obvious discomfort, as if any form of socializing causes the man to undergo real psychic pain. He later admits to the gross discomfort of what is really just a fairly casual conversation, and claims that performing affords him infinite more relaxation.

"I can express parts of my personality on stage that I would never dare do in any other context."

Byrne's past remains obscured by the haziness of his own recollections. He talks about working in art galleries in the past, though he didn't in fact paint, while he claims his previous vocation while in college was to write up detailed questionnaires, until song-writing became an infinitely more agreeable pastime.

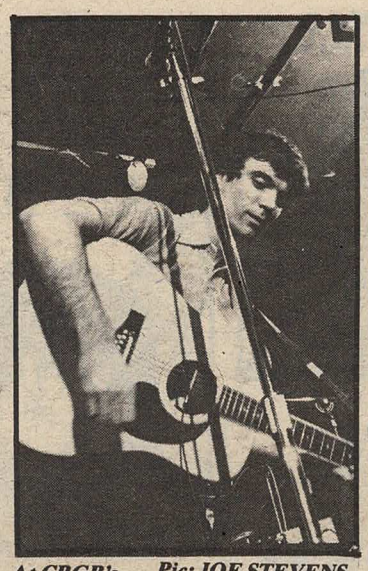
In contrast, the other three members of Talking Heads carry themselves in this social set-up with an ease and general open-ness.

Tina Weymouth appears fairly disinterested at first, more concerned with scanning the pages of the latest *Oui*, but is suddenly forthcoming when a question is either directed her way or else grabs her attention. Chris Frantz seems perfectly in sync with the whole interview routine, lavishing over most of his answers with great and entertainingly 'camp' detail.

And then there is Jerry Harrison, the newest member in the group, a veteran of only six months or less, but who has already obviously orientated himself into the consortium with great alacrity. Harrison is the most locquacious of the band and, with Frantz, the most forthcoming. His history as a musician is already full of worthy fodder for discourse, since he started his career as an integral founding force with Jonathon Richman in the Modern Lovers, about whom his reminiscences are nothing if not extremely witty.

"Well, you probably know that we started the Modern Lovers as a real cause — y'know, we were anti-drugs for a start, due to the fact that at that time in the States all the kids were just oohing themselves on quaaludes. So we'd go onstage and start our sets with this number called "I'm Straight" which would immediately cause all the audience to start throwing things — oh, rotten fruit, bottles, cans, anything — at us."

The Lovers' history was short due firstly to their corporate snooty attitude to playing clubs of the ilk of Max's Kansas City — "We didn't want to be associated with the N.Y. Dolls or this or that . . . so we never played anywhere" — plus the traumas that followed the band being signed by John Cale to Warner Bros, who



At CBGB's Pic: JOE STEVENS

after financing an album (produced by Cale — it was finally released last year by Beserkley) decided to drop the band, leaving them penniless in Los Angeles.

Even when the album was being made, Harrison claims there were problems.

"Well this was around the time when Jonathan was starting to want to write and sing only happy songs (laughs). So there'd be continual arguments between Cale and him over how we should sing certain numbers. Cale would be saying 'Now, Jonathon, I want you to sing this in a mean way. And Jonathon would just look at him, y'know — 'Mean? I won't sing mean! I don't feel mean!"

"And he (Richman) kept going through changes of direction. Like one time he'd be totally into the Velvet Underground and early Stooges, and then he was suddenly enamoured with Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks' and he'd want to alter his whole style. Also he's a total astrology freak. You know that song, 'Astral Plane'? Well he was always having these visions — or so he said — and writing songs about them. Things like . . . . oh God (he starts laughing again) 'I saw you by, the waterway, the waterway, the waterway' — just on and on. We'd have to tell him to forget it."

After the Modern Lovers broke up, Richman briefly went onstage backed only by a bunch of kids beating rolled-up newspapers in time to his songs, before disappearing altogether for a long spell to (according to John Cale) lock himself in his bedroom.

When Harrison is asked whether he feels more comfortable being in Talking Heads than Richman's motley crew he simply sighs, "Infinitely."

MUCH OF the conversation is taken up with the subject of the British New Wave and how the remarkably civilised T. Heads have found themselves having to cope with the more agressive elements at their concerts, particularly as they've been supporting the head-banger's friend, The Ramones.

Seems the atmosphere has never actually soured and that circumstances have been pretty agreeable all the way along.

From the other new wave bands of this country, T. Heads claim not to have incurred any particular animosity.

"Only Rat Scabies has caused a scene," claims Weymouth. "He appeared backstage at the Greyhound in Croydon and tried to get one of us to fight him. When we showed ourselves to be totally disinterested in that course of action, he contented himself with spitting on the floor and walking out. I felt rather sorry for him."

Meanwhile back in New York, the band have yet to break out of the New York club circuit set-up they've been working in for at least the last two years.

A record deal with Sire (whose head, Seymour Stein, is the only executive to have fully committed himself to the New Wave, having also inked The Ramones, Richard Hell, and now, apparently, The Dead Boys, —a Cleveland pastiche of England's punk excesses) has produced the single "Love Goes To Building On Fire", an addictive though comparatively slight song from the band's repertoire.

A Talking Heads album however is scheduled for September release produced by Tony Bongiori and with five backing tracks already in the can. Ten tracks are scheduled — all Byrne originals including "Pyschokiller", "The Book I Read", "No Compassion", "Happy Day", and "I'm Not In Love", the only unfortunate matter being the probable exclusion of the band's brilliantly terse rendering of Al Green's "Take Me To The River".

The band are still a guaranteed sell-out at C.B.G.B.'s on any given night, a not inconsiderable feat as many other similarly prestigious local bands are unable apparently to do the same — and on their own minor league waterfront they've gauged a strong cult audience.

But then there is something extremely addictive about this band's music — potent enough to make Byrne an object of paranoid fear in the eyes of Tom Verlaine (who according to Weymouth is very nervous of Byrne's status on the New York scene — as perverted a compliment as anything that can be divined from Verlaine's psyche one supposes). Meanwhile Byrne is also considered the most singularly brilliant new songwriter currently in the States by John Cale, and even Lou Reed has lent a sizeable quota of suspiciously paternal advice.

Weymouth: Yeah, I'd say he was actually genuinely trying to help us. I wouldn't say he was trying to rip us off, for example."

Byrne: "That's not true."

Weymouth: "How can you say that, David? I mean . . ."

Byrne: "Because he told me he ripped some of my ideas off. Not that I'm angry or anything."

How did the . . . uh gentleman go about this paternal business then?

"God . . . he'd invite us round to his apartment and insult us for a solid hour, particularly me. He'd always insult the clothes I was wearing, or my shoes. Then after that, he'd start to be more reasonable and actually have an agreeable conversation with us."

Byrne goes silent for a minute and then, for the first time, he seems calm and relaxed.

"Do you want to know . . . I'll tell you how much we've come on in the last two years, the real symbol of progress in Talking Heads. Now I can go round to Lou Reed's apartment and I can be rude to *him!*"

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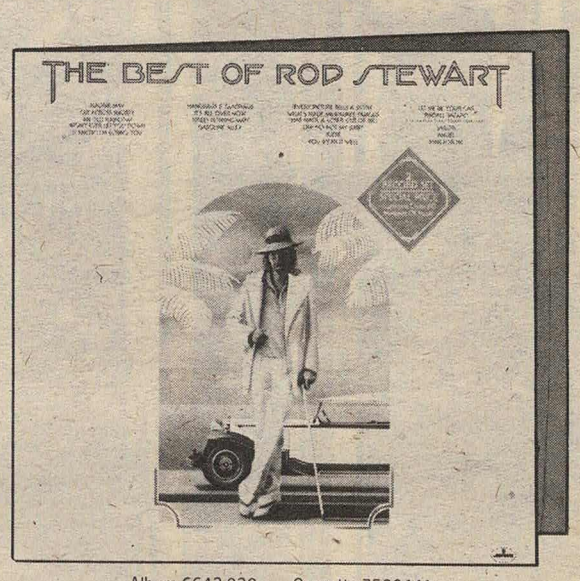

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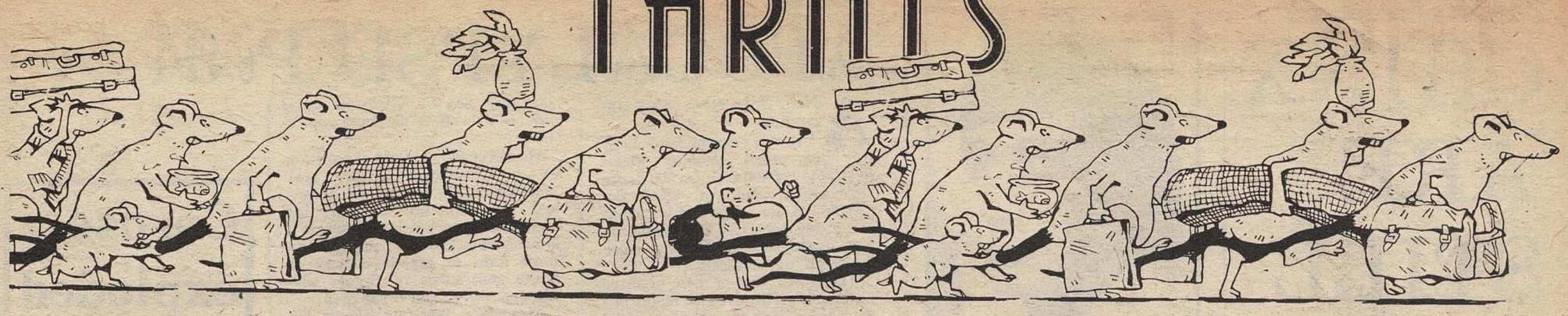


AFTER THE FLOOD...

Pistols nearly slain by 'Patriots'

IN WHAT MAY or may not be a backlash from the media hate campaign stirred up around "God Save The Queen", Sex Pistols Johnny Rotten and Paul Cook were both savagely attacked in separate incidents over the weekend.

Cook, the Pistols' drummer, was beaten up at London's Shepherds Bush tube station by six men armed with an iron bar. *Thrills* understands that while Cook didn't know who his attackers were, the gang identified him as a member of the Pistols. He was left bleeding from head wounds that required 15 stitches in hospital.

The assault on Cook on Sunday night followed an equally unprovoked and savage attack on Johnny Rotten the previous night — in which Rotten's face was slashed by a razor and two friends with him were also injured.

Rotten had been at a Highbury, North London, recording studio and was attacked in the car park of the nearby Pegasus hotel. He too was taken to hospital for stitches. Studio manager Bill Price also had his face slashed, and "God Save The Queen" producer Chris Thomas was cut on the arm.

Price was later quoted as saying: "It was obvious that Johnny was not so popular because of the record about the Queen. We are probably marked down for attack when he was recognised in the pub."

Virgin Records are suitably concerned about the two attacks, and have talked about taking special precautions to protect the Pistols. Said a spokesperson: "It looks as though punk rockers are in for a hard time. The attackers were not teenage thugs but men in their thirties.

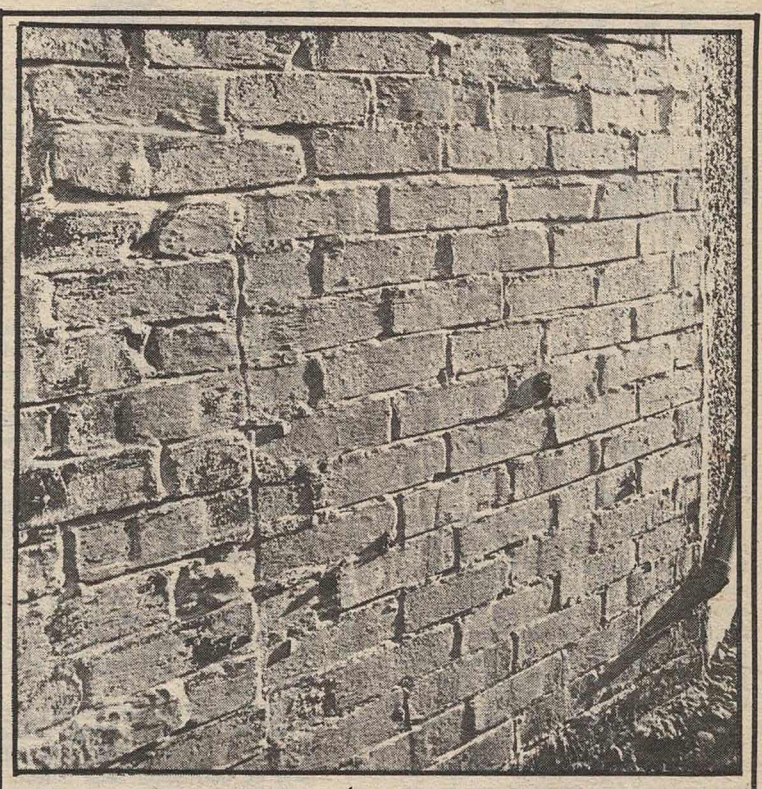
"We are worried that this could be the start of a wave of attacks on the group and other punk rockers."

However, both the Pistols' management and Virgin have dismissed the idea of hiring bodyguards. Virgin's Al Clarke told *Thrills:* "This would place the Pistols in the cushioned setting which they so despise about rock stars."

Clarke also confirmed that in both attacks Cook and Rotten were picked deliberately and known by their assailants as members of the Pistols.

As *NME* closed for press, Rotten was said to be recovering well — but Cook was still badly shaken and convalescing at home.

● In a third, unrelated incident reported in Tuesday's *Daily Mirror*, an un-named art director "working with the Sex Pistols" was beaten up in the street by four men. He was left unconscious with a broken nose and a broken leg.



GREAT LANDMARKS OF OUR TIME, No. 2

ON JULY 1st 1965 (sigh!) Rolling Stones Bill Wyman, Mick Jagger and Brian Jones were summonsed and, in one of the greatest courtroom dramas of the century, subsequently fined — for taking a leak against *this very garage wall!*

This attractive brick edifice is also believed by experts to be that behind which no less than five Status Quo fans were killed two years ago, knocking their skulls against it to the pandiatonic clusters and Aeolian Cadences of "Down Down".

Pic a spiel: CHALKIE DAVIES

JOURNALISM

Train-spotters *out*, P*nks *in*

WHILE PICKING up this copy of *NME* from your friendly downtown newsagent did you perchance see a strikingly good colour pic of Johnny Rotten glaring at you from the magazine stand?

Were you taken aback when you realised it was that Abraham of the Fanzines, *Zig Zag?*

What the H*ll is happening to those hippies in Aylesbury?

Since its inception over 8 years ago, *Zig Zag* has never exactly made any money. Two months ago they put Cherry Vanilla on the cover and the issue sold out, despite being banned by W H Smiths.

Hope dawned. The following month they fronted with Richard Thompson — and created an all-time record for low sales. The penny dropped. Ergo, viz. and etc.

Well known William Shakespeare-lookalike Peter Frame founded *Zig Zag*, and has stayed with it ever since. Despite a recent self-confessed relapse into laziness, Frame most earnestly didn't, quoth Frame, want to see his baby disappear.

"If *Zig Zag* is going to die, then its going to die like James Dean and I'm going to be at the wheel."

Editor for the last three months has been Paul Kendall, but as Frame claimed, "He didn't display the dynamic abrasive thrust that we expected." *(Dynamic?* Abrasive? *Zig Zag?* — Ed.) "So the Editor's chair has been taken over by *Zig Zag's* resident p*nk Kr*s Needs. Fr*ame is working under Needs and is overjoyed at the prospect. (This sentence is open to misinterpretation. — Ed.)

Does this mean that Z*g Z*g is going New Wave?

"*Zig Zag* has been new wave ever since it started. We were the first to write about Iggy, Kim Fowley, The Stranglers, The Flamin' Groovies, the first to interview an ex-Sex Pistol — in Nick Kent — and" (he stressed) "the first to have the words Punk Rock emblazoned on the cover."

Now *that* is something.

But what about the people ZZ used to write about? "I'm fed up with writing about boring old people who won't talk to me. Besides, I've already written all the masterpieces about those old fatties."

And how about the rest of those long imfornative pieces on people like Ron Wood?

"Ron Wood is Dead."

□ CHALKIE DAVIES & RON WOOD

You'll never walk alone again

GIRLS! HOW many times in the past ten seconds have you been on your knees for one reason or another?

Count 'em. Sickening, ain't it? And when was the last time a boy got down on his knees to you? Infuriating, ain't it?

Ah, but over in Florida, U.S.A., they know *how to treat a girl!*

Recently, 19-year-old William Wiest *crawled on his hands and knees* the sixteen miles from Orlando to neighbouring Apopka just for a glimpse of his beloved's ankles! What happened, see, was that Will's 16-year-old paramour Robyn Kent gave him the Big E in a fit of pique. Undaunted, William slithered back to her on all fours — but when he finally arrived on her doorstep, knees like Shredded Wheat, Robyn still wasn't satisfied!

She screamed! She cursed! She hurled a hairbrush, hitting him on his bleeding kneecaps! She called the police to take him away! She even tried to rip the antenna off the TV set to beat him off with!

"It all went wrong," William told *The Star.* "I wanted to show her how much I love her, but when I got to her home she threw a brush at me and called the cops."

□ JULIE BURCHILL

LOWRY

PEOPLE'S REPUBLICS

CHINX ARE STILL FINX, OK? OK.

NEXT TIME you're suffering from loss of memory, shingles, or plain old anaemia, how about grabbing some penis wine?

The cost of this precious beverage is just under £2 . . . plus a return fare to the People's Republic of China. For it seems that National Animal By-Products Corporation, up there in folksy ol' Shantung Province, have found a way to use the powdered pudenda of dogs, seals and deer to promote the health of Man.

Ever thought of your, you know, as a *by product?*

The mixture — one part of dog, one part seal and four parts deer — is said to produce a "robust and nutritious" wine, with a powdered compound available for home-brew fanatics.

And now, we hear New Zealand have got in on the act by exporting 1,000 deer penises to China to be ground up for the priapic tipple.

Confucius he say: Wise Man Crap On Animals, Cos Animals Don't Fight Back.

□ TOOLIN DALTON

WILDLIFE

RARE BIRD SEEN IN SWINDON

SCENE: DEVIZES Art Centre, Swindon. Time: last week. Playing: a group. Drumming: Charlie Watts.

Watt?

You may well ask why the skins man of the "greatest rock and roll band in the world" turned up to a show at an unknown theatre in the heart of Wiltshire.

And then shuffled his wire brushes for two and a half hours at a blues and boogie woogie charity concert watched by a mere 200 lucky punters.

You may well ask.

Well, the concert, which featured boogie piano kings Bob Hall and George Green, was in fact the brainchild of Ian Stewart, the Stones' long term session pianist.

The Osprey (Battereticus Cretinus): *its nests have been raided.*

Stewart wanted to get a top quality band together to record a special live album for release in the buoyant Deutsch boogie market. So he flew Charlie over especially for the gig.

Ian Stewart asked Bob to come up with a venue, and he suggested Swindon.

Ian told *Thrills*: "I asked Charlie to fly over especially for this concert as he is easily the best timekeeper in the world".

The group also included premier jazz session men Colin Smith on trumpet, Johnny Picard on trombone, Al Gay on tenor and Swindon bassman Nick Dean.

Thrills buttonholed Charlie shortly before he took to the stage, after only an hour's practice with a bunch of guys he had never seen before. He said: "This is just a one-off thing. I have never really played with this sort of band before, although I used to play with bluesmen like Alexis Korner in the early days.

"I have always liked this type of music. I listen to jazz and blues records — especially Charlie Parker — when I am at home".

Dynamite quotes, uh?

After the gig he said: "If we had about four gigs together then the sound would have been a lot better".

He also told *Thrills* of the Stones' plans for the rest of the year.

"We are just putting the finishing touches to the latest live album. It should be out within the next month or two.

"It includes some of the Toronto stuff and other live material. But some of it is totally new".

There are no plans for a Stones tour at the moment. But the band are going into the studios in September to cut another set.

Incidentally, the whole of last Sunday's concert (June 12) was recorded on Ronnie Lane's mobile. The gig itself lasted for two and a half hours, warming up with some early blues and rolling piano duets and solos.

The small audience went berserk, and were left screaming for more with only one encore to whet their appetites.

All the profits from the show went to local charities.

PAUL WILENIUS

DEATH

APOCALYPSE Pt 94

AND THE leaks keep on coming.

British Nuclear Fuels Ltd., the state-owned combine whose request to expand their nuclear waste reprocessing plant at Windscale, Cumbria is the subject of a current and highly publicised public inquiry, have announced detail of four more "mishaps" at Windscale.

The most recent of these occurred on June 12. It involved the failure of a nuclear fuel element in the core of the site's advanced gas-cooled reactor, operational since 1963 and a forerunner of the second-generation power stations being introduced into the UK grid.

The inquiry itself has heard evidence from Professor William Potts, biological sciences specialist at Lancaster University. Potts claims that the radioactivity discharged into the Irish Sea by Windscale could "return" to affect the local population.

He calculated the level of radiation in the Ravenglass estuary near Windscale at 20 times above normal and has expressed concern that accumulation in fish of Caesium-137, a radioactive element, might cause some form of genetic damage to future generations of Britons who consume fish caught in the area.

Meanwhile President Carter has lost the first round of his battle to move the USA away from a "plutonium economy". The House of Representatives science and technology committee voted 19 to 11 against Carter's request to reduce funding for the experimental American fast breeder reactor complex at Clinch River, Tennessee.

ANGUS MacKINNON

INCARCERATION

GETTING BUSTED Pt 95

MORE THAN twice as many people as expected made an appearance at the House of Commons last Wednesday for the *Release*-organised lobby on the proposed cannabis law amendments.

Considerably more than 500 people from as far away as Wales and Scotland made an appearance to call out their MPs from the House to discover their views on the cannabis debate.

The main points at issue are the amendments to the Criminal Law Bill which would abolish prison sentences for possession of cultivation of cannabis, do away with the charge of "allowing premises to be used", and remove the extra power given the police under the cannabis laws to stop and search people.

From the various comments release collected it became clear that generally Labour MPs like Marcus Lipton and Michael Stewart were in favour of legislation, whereas Conservatives favoured decriminalisation. Some favoured neither, including Neville Sanderson, MP for Hillingdon and local magistrate, who said: "Anybody done for cannabis can expect real heavy sentences."

Then he turned to the lobbyists and said: "You should all be at work. You should do overtime instead of being here. You should have the bloody dogs set on you."

One unexpected offshoot of the lobby was that a smoke-in has been planned for Hyde Park on the afternoon of September 10th. Meantime the amendments to the Criminal Law Bill will be debated in the House of Commons next month.

Meanwhile in Southern Ireland next month the cannabis laws are to be amended so as to remove prison sentences for possession of cannabis for first and second offenders and making the maximum fine for first offenders £50, for second offenders £100. They've beaten us to it.

DICK TRACY

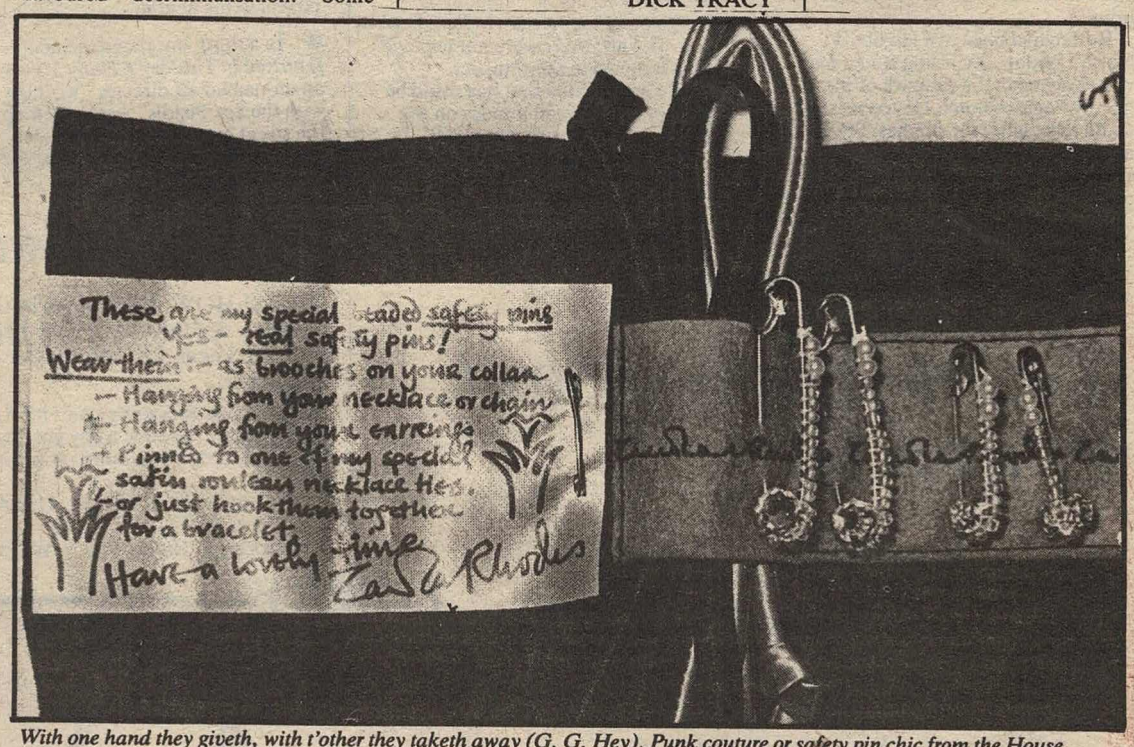
Corpse exploded while it was being cremated

A BODY being cremated exploded because of a heart "pacemaker" device still in it, Ipswich Borough Council's environmental services and property committee heard yesterday.

The tiny device's mercury-powered batteries overheated and blew up, endangering crematorium staff, said technical services chief Mr. Reg Marden.

"It sounds extremely dangerous to me," committee chairman Mrs. Margaret MacDonald remarked.

From the Ipswich Evening Star


These are my special beaded safety pins
Yes - real safety pins!
Wear them - as brooches on your collar
- Hanging from your necklace or chain
- Hanging from your earrings
- Pinned to one of my special safety pin collar necklaces Here.
Or just hook them together for a bracelet
Have a lovely time
Zandra Rhodes

With one hand they giveth, with t'other they taketh away (G. G. Hey). Punk couture or safety pin chic from the House of Zandra Rhodes. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

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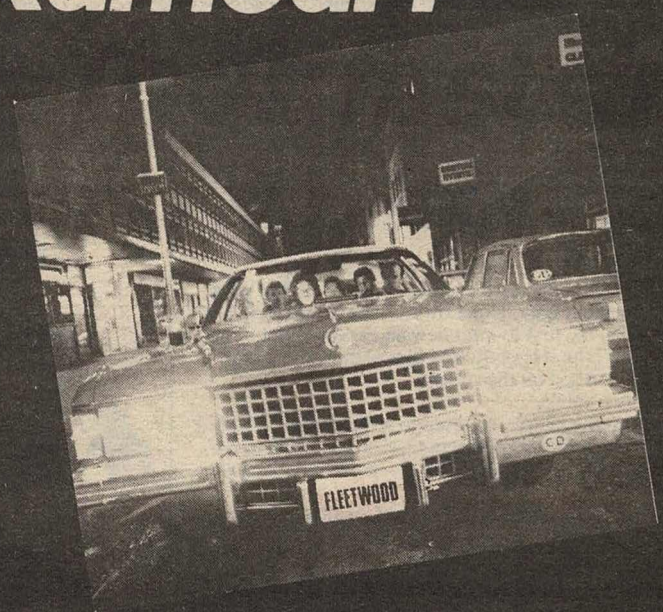

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ARE THESE MEN

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

BRISTOL GIRLS think you want a hand with your washing when you ask them if they would like to do a line.

Ask them for a mirror and they think you want to powder your nose.

Meanwhile, geriatric jobsworths prowl the Colston Hall in dicky-bow penguin uniforms, telling slick city guys to go sit in their seats.

"Wiv the band, in I, John?"

"Bain't matter *who* yoo be with, oi want thee *sitting daoun.*"

Tom Verlaine and Debbie Harry glide into the dressing-rooms of power, but my purpose down in Redneck County is to experience the *raison d'etre* of those well-bred yokels, The Cortinas.

Inside the changing-cupboard, the punks are packed tighter than a crab's arse at seventeen thousand fathoms. *(Careful, Tone, that's an Old Wave expression — Ed.)* The Cortinas may be middle-class school-boy punklings, but down in Avon County they're the only action anyone's getting. I ask Jeremy Valentine (that's probably his real name) if they mind being Big Fish in a Small Pond.

"I like living in Bristol!" Jeremy bellows. "It's dull, it's boring, there's nothing to do and *I like it.*"

Lemme tell y'all 'bout Jeremy. I'm not startled by the roaring belligerence with which he answers my questions, because that's the way he talks, always starting his sentences with an exclamation mark. He's built with the puppy-fat beefy physique of the school-yard bully, and wears a Ford building-site jacket so convincingly that one would never guess he's studying for his A-levels. Intelligent eyes, slicked-back barnet and double chin: he looks like a junior version of Garry Glitter. But with a brain.

In comparison, the other Cortinas look like fresh-faced Oxfam refugees. Daniel Swann is the tiny young chap who plays drums. With quiet self-assurance he informs me that he's just become the first Cortina to attain non-schoolboy status.

"I left because I just want to play in the band," he squeaks. "And also because I have just failed all my 'O' levels."

Yeah? Ah, that's too bad. Tell me, Daniel, you seem like the most committed member of the band, so what's the truth behind the rumours circulating the New Wave powder-rooms at the Music Machine, huh?

"What rumours?" Jeremy The Blare demands.

The rumours that the band might not be touring this summer because certain unnamed members have got to go on holiday with, uh, their, uh, mums and dads . . .

The scam is heatedly denied, although Daniel admits that a couple of the Cortinas are less keen than he is to get out on the road. "It's up to Miles if we go on the road or not," Jeremy says. (That's Miles Copeland, who runs the Cortinas' label "Step Forward" with the help of *Sniffin' Glue's* Mark P.) "We leave the decision to him and do what he says."

I tell him what I think of this attitude and the atmosphere gets decidedly heavy . . .

Out on stage in the Colston Hall, which resembles the type of gaff where amateur Giblet and Sullivan concerts are held, the Cortinas are opening for Television and Blondie with what turns out to be the best received set of the night. They look slightly lost in the gaping hall, after the Covent Garden Roxy where I'd last seen them, but they still give the local lads all the encouragement they need. Their music has changed little since their Roxy period: soft-punk rock with lyrics that range from the extremely humorous to the blatantly stupid, Valentine hanging his bulk from the mike or stamping his feet petulantly like an overgrown spoilt brat, and bawling like a butch Dave Vanian.

Lead guitarist is Mike Fewins, who gets in some good, short solos while looking every inch an apprentice encyclopedia salesman who has had his big toes nailed to the floor.

Dexter Dalwood, on bass, moves hunched like a crab dwarfed by his Rickenbacker and, after gangling Nick Sheppard on rhythm guitar, he frequently diverts your attention from the crass though amusing overkill of Jeremy. Decked out in all red, Sheppard plays and moves like he's the bastard grandson of one Wilko Johnson, although his scatter-gun runs don't let up from the opener of "Fascist Dictator" to the encore reprise of the same.

"I'm a Fascist Dictator / Yeah, that's what I am / I'm a Fascist Dictator / I ain't like no other man . .

The first time I heard it, I decided the Cortinas were klutzes who deserved to have their eyelids nailed to a plastic Iron Cross. After hearing it a few more times I reconsider, and realised they were just sheltered boys who've never had National Front thugs marching past the end of their street on a Saturday afternoon. Their romantic rural heritage has enabled them to pen a ditty entitled "Fascist Dictator" about an autocratic love affair, which is unfortunately both lyrically ambiguous and musically very *catchy*.

However, if it's meant as a shock-tactic then it's gonna work, although it will earn the Cortinas the type of cheap publicity that always leaves a nasty taste in the mouth.

"Defiant Pose", "Tired Of Compromise" and the B-side of the single, "Television Families", are all mildly addictive songs of mock-anger, harmless aggression and token "rebel" gestures. These lads are the Nils Lofgren of Punkdom. They should do very well.

"Playing In The Subway" is their autobiographical piece concerning their days of Romantic Squaler: run-ins with the law, when they lived out the title and made the pages of the *Bristol Evening Post* before packing up and going home to the semi.

The much-touted diverse musical influences never reveal themselves during the gig, although the standard of playing is consistently high. Backstage, apres-gig, the dialogue reaffirms my opinion of the Cortinas as an enjoyable young rock band who have got so much to learn that their snot-nosed, naive belligerence is not so much offensive as it is pathetic.

"The Clash complained that the plush hotel they stayed in down here wasn't good enough for them," Daniel says.

Maybe they did that because they live in slums in London and want to screw all they can out of the record company . . .

"Singing political songs about *the dole* isn't *fun!*" Jeremy snorts in disgust.

After the band have been safely dropped off at their homes, we head down the motorway, and I sing a little song:

"I don't want love coz I don't need it / I don't want love coz it's too easy / I'm a Fascist Dictator / Yeah, that's what I am . . ."

I'll see you in the sewer, dahling . . .□ TONY PARSONS

If you miss the top twenty on Thursday, you can catch it again on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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ALL PRATS?

Yes.

SO FAR IT's been a confusing summer for NME's own elder statesman of rock Mick Farren (44).

It all seemed to start about the time that this redoubtable veteran appeared onstage with Lemmy's Motorhead at the Marquee three months ago; since then, Farren (53) has conspired to have his first record in seven years released, has had what the man describes as a "breakdown", has appeared in amateur happy snapper David Bailey's fanzine *Ritz* (twice), has finally made "Pseud's Corner" in *Private Eye*, has had a warrant issued for his arrest, has been involved in a physical fracas, and has seen a major portion of his living room go up in smoke.

To the beginning . . . fresh from the giddy delights of cutting his first record in years (for New York's super-chic ORK Records) while on working holiday in the Big Apple, Farren (21) returned to his penthouse apartment in London's bohemian Ladbroke Grove to file the several American reports that NME readers have recently been privilege to, to work on his latest trilogy of novels, to continue with several science fiction stories and a projected coffee table book on great rock'n'roll hotel damage bills, to update the twentieth volume of his collected memoirs and gaze meditatively on the placid face of his stuffed aardvaark (really).

It was apparently while coping with the particularly hazardous mental exploration involved in scribing the latest Farren novel that things started to get out of hand. A fiendish double suicide sequence apparently tipped the balance of the Farren grey matter into the abyss whose depths the author had dared to sound. Fiction and fact blurred.

Our artist suffered from what might commonly be called a case of "the terrible whirling pits".

"Yeah, dig man, I'm having a breakdown," piped the distinctive Farren tones in the phones of the NME offices late on Friday afternoon. "I can't review Dolly Parton and I'll be out of circulation for a while." (No relation).

For several agonising days, nothing more was heard from the Farren eyrie beyond rumours that he had been engaged in several all-night verbal workouts in the cosmic gymnasium with ex-Dr Feelgood guitarist, the scorpionic Wilko Johnson (47), who consoled Farren with the information that "it happens to me every three days. Don't worry about it."

Farren's first re-entry into rock-'n'roll London's swinging social circuit was at the Ramones jubilee bash in the King's Road, where the fellow's appealingly forthright social manner — accosting people with a brandished bottle — appeared to upset several younger members of New Wavedom.

A few days later he was sighted again, this time displaying another notch in the weathered visage, the apparent result of a *contretemps* with an over-zealous punter in downtown Camden's less-than-exotic Dingwalls niterie.

Then came *Private Eye*, bearing at the closing section of Farren's "Notes Towards Defining Minimalism In The Ramones" as an entry in Pseud's Corner, a feat only achieved once before by an NME scribe, when Tony Tyler made the spot in 1972 with a piece on Vinegar Joe *(Vinegar Joe?? — Ed)*

The Old Timer in action recently.

Then, the same morning as an ORK Records discography flopped on the Ass. Ed's desk, proclaiming the release of a picture sleeve single by El Farren ("Lost Johnny / Play With Fire") with the words that "the lord of loud" was "back" (we didn't know he'd been away), came the news that the warrant was out for his arrest following his alleged failure to appear in court on a charge of defacing a bridge in London's "Little Venice" with spray-can graffiti. It was perfect kharmic vindication of ORK Records' claim that The Big F "helped start British punkrock" *(so howcum he spends five hours listening to The Grateful Dead? — Ed)*

It later transpired that Farren's non-appearance had been occasioned by a court clerical error, thus quashing speculation that Farren (32) had reverted to 1968 and "gone underground".

At this point, most mortals would be justified in believing that their hail of misfortune had ceased. So did Farren. At least until he awoke to find a pall of smoke issuing from the living room of his sumptuous bohemian apartment. Investigation revealed a portion of the room's historic artefact-encrusted decor to be ablaze. The fire required five buckets of water to douse it, and the ensuing smoke also necessitated the opening of the flat's windows, an act unrecalled in Farren's ten year occupation of the pad.

The aardvaark was undamaged.

At the time of going to press, Farren (207) was believed to be staying in the fashionable "Little Poland" district of Fulham. "Dig, I'm beginning to feel like Ulysses, man," were his last words. "Are you still having a breakdown Mick?" asked *Thrills*. "I can't bleedin' afford to," replied Farren.

CAPTAIN NEMO

NO NEED TO ASK ABOUT THIS MAN

LONE GROOVER — BENYON

SPEAKING AS AN M.P. I THINK LOS SNOTTOS RECORD WHICH HAS A LINE IN IT SUGGESTING THAT THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH SOCIETY SHOULD BE BANNED.
SPEAKING AS A JOURNALIST ON A SUNDAY NEWSPAPER THAT PRINTS TIT'N'BUM, LIES, FILTH AND SENSATIONALISM, I AGREE, I MEAN IT'S DISGUSTING!.....
PARDONEZ MES GONZOIDS Y'RE TALKIN' TRASHOLA— TH'RECORDS AS HARMLESS AS AN AMOEBA WITH A BLACK BELT IN KARATE
Y'RE USIN' IT F'SELF PUBLICITY.
SSHH! OF COURSE WE ALL KNOW THAT~IT'S PART OF THE BIG GAME!
SO Y'ADMIT IT— GREAT! I'VE JUST CUT THIS SINGLE WHICH IMPLIES, Y'KNOW ALMOST, THAT LOTTSA PENSIONERS, WELL SOME, ARE SENILE.
YOU WOULDN'T DARE!
GASPO!
—HA! WAIT TIL I BRING THAT TO MY CONSTITUENTS ATTENTION. I SHOULD GET A FEW 'NATIONWIDES' OUT OF IT.....
AND A FRONT PAGE WITH A CENTRE PAGE SPREAD!
FANTASTICO! LETS HOPE NOTHIN' MORE IMPORTANT CROPS UP T'GRAB TH' HEADLINES, LIKE TH' DISCOVERY OF MARTIAN SPIES! HA! HA!
NO WAY! I'VE GOT THAT PENCILLED IN FOR AUGUST!

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Still Going Strong

POLK SALAD ANNIE: IT (AND SHE)

TONY JOE WHITE fills in the fallow years

THERE'S AN intangible something about Tony Joe White that puts me in mind of Elvis; but whoever he looks like, he is disgustingly handsome.

In a rural kind of way that is; annoyingly likeable, for his good humour, quiet sincerity and unaffected personal charm; and altogether far too butch to be fashionable at a time when Freddie Mercury represents one extreme of chic and Johnny Rotten the other.

I shouldn't think he gives a damn though. He seems to be happily settled with his lady, who, if my ears didn't deceive me, is the same Le Ann that he serenaded on record eight years ago. And he's far from having a hard time.

He certainly didn't look anything as he eased into his seat in the lounge of his London hotel, declined a cigarette and sipped his fruit juice.

"I don't smoke or drink man, I'm trying to watch my body. I really like to do it too ya know, I like to drink beer. But when you're travelling and meeting people every day, after the third day of hangovers I don't want to talk to anybody and I'm really hard to get along with. I don't do interviews, I don't do nothing. So I leave it alone man, so I can get on with my work."

As mentioned in *NME* a few weeks ago, Tony was in Britain to promote his debut album ("Eyes") and single ("Hold On To Your Hiney") on the 20th Century label, his first release at all for two or three years — and his last hit was sometime before that, possibly "I Got A Thing About You Baby" back in the early '70s.

It's a pity that he went out of fashion, for when he first broke through with "Polk Salad Annie" in 1969 I thought he was about the best contemporary exponent of the essence of rock 'n' roll (as opposed to the numerous recreators of what rock 'n' roll had been); still do think he's among the best in fact.

Trouble is, he has never sounded quite hungry or angry enough. He was and is a rock'n' roller, but a mellow one. Even his boogies are non-toxic.

On meeting him for the first time I'd judge that his easy-going personality has contributed to his low profile.

But equally, his previous contract with Warner Brothers didn't help his career.

"During that time I had a lot of my songs in the charts by other people," he reflected, "but not much out on me. I was with Warner Brothers for five years and they kind of lost me in the shuffle, man. They got six or seven hundred acts and they can't watch each person.

"They would take my sessions and say 'O.K., we'll have a release on that', then they'd pay me off and not release it for a year or two. It was a very weird time man, 'cause I had some really nice songs.

Born in Goodwill, raised on catfish 'n' hush puppies.

"Like 'That Loving Feeling', which is on my new album. I offered that to Warners, but they said it sounded too much like Isaac Hayes. So I took it to Isaac instead and he put it on his 'Chocolate Chip' album and it went gold. This kept going on man, so finally it got to where I wouldn't send 'em to much. They would pay me my money, anyway.

"Finally the five years was up and I got with 20th Century, who seem to like all kinds of things that I'm writing.

"Warners just kept wanting another 'Polk Salad Annie'."

ALTHOUGH WARNERS bought the rights to "Polk" and all of Tony's early recordings, they were originally released on the Nashville-based Monument label (1968-70).

Before that he'd been gigging in clubs in Texas for four or five years. And before that he'd been growing up in swamp country, where he was born on the 23rd July, 1943.

"In a real small place called Goodwill, between Oak Grove and Mer Rouge", up in the north-east corner of Louisiana, just west of the Mississippi."

I'd taken a map to the interview and we found the place where Goodwill would be noted if it was big enough to be noted. We also found Ferriday, where his brother lives; a town that is famed in rock 'n' roll circles as the birthplace of Jerry Lee Lewis. (I just thought I'd throw that in for local colour.)

"My folks live in Bastrop now; I was down there just three weeks ago. It was Mother's Day and we all went fishing. My mama really likes to fish, I do too . . . bass, brim, catfish.

"Hey, you know, a place in London would go down really well if somebody would open a catfish house, with those little cornbread balls. They call 'em Catfish 'n' Hush Puppies. It's cornbread, little chips of onion, pepper in it, and back home the restaurants will have a big pond out back where they raise the catfish. Feed 'em corn, raise 'em up, and every day they're fresh in the restaurants. It's real good."

So where were we? Oh yeah. When he left school he drifted to Texas in the early '60s and started hustling gigs with a couple of small groups, first as Tony and The Mojos, then Tony & The Twilights.

"Doing Top 40, a couple of Elvis things, some Beatle things . . . just whatever was happening on the radio at the time . . . Everybody wanted to hear 'Wooly Bully'.

"Eventually I saved up enough bread to take a week off and go to Nashville, trying to get someone to hear these songs I'd been writing. The second day I was there I made contact with Monument and they really dug 'em man. It was real luck to do it that quick."

With typical record company logic, Monument, although they had signed Tony because of his compositions,

There's no denying that there's been a void in the British rock 'n' roll scene during the last few years - for something more subtle than Status Quo, but less sophisticated than Bad Company. With this in mind, it was decided to fill that particular gap with LIAR.

Those who consider that the music biz process involves little more than cynical manipulation of public tastes might find their suspicions confimed by press releases such as this (which accompanies the Liar Album, which has also particularly distasteful sleeve art-work).

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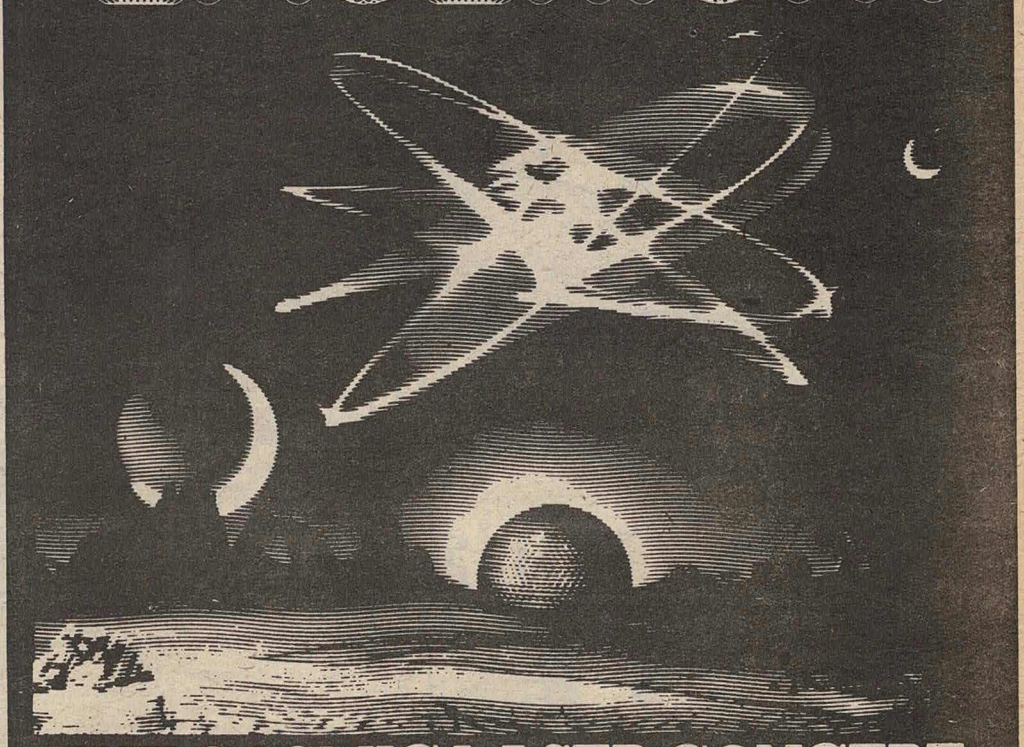

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first gave him a Ray Stevens composition, "Georgia Pines", to record. It flopped. So did a much better release, his own "Old Man Willis". He recorded a bunch more tracks in Nashville and went back to the clubs in Texas.

"Next thing I know, I get a call from Paris, France. This guy wanted to interview me. The record 'Soul Francisco' had hit over there."

ENCOURAGED BY the European interest, Monument put a bit more effort behind their man and his fourth single, the justly famed "Polk Salad Annie", eventually broke out all over the place in the summer of '69 (after first being a hit in France again).

Suddenly he could hardly go wrong.

"Roosevelt And Ira Lee", "Groupy Girl" and "Save Your Sugar For Me" gave him more hit singles; three albums provided rich pickings for other artists to plunder. Did he like any of the various interpretations of his songs?

"Oh yeah man, really. I love Brook Benton's 'Rainy Night In Georgia', it's beautiful. I like the way Elvis and Tom Jones did 'Polk Salad Annie', I thought they were both really cookin' tracks. Dusty Springfield, she did 'Willie And Laura Mae Jones' real nice too.

"Elvis still does 'Polk' every night, that's one of his hot spots. He gets down on the floor and gets after it man. For the live version they invited us to Las Vegas to watch the recording. It was good.

He says he's already got about forty unpublished songs from which to chose ten for recording sessions this month.

Meanwhile he's hoping that unprejudiced ears will get to hear the variety of moods on the "Eyes" album.

"I had heard, before I arrived in London, that some of the press had hit on the album and said I've given up my swamp sound.

"That's crap man, because I still got four swamp songs on the album. But I can't be doing that all the time. What if I was to do one hour of 'Polk Salad Annie'? Halfway through everybody'd be snoring.

"To me it's better to sing a nice love song like 'Eyes' or 'We'll Live On Love' and then jump into 'Texas Woman', that old funky boogie thing, or 'Swamp Boogie', 'Hold On To Your Hiney', something like that. That keeps your mind open.

"And anyway, it's nice to talk to the ladies every now and then. I haven't suddenly changed, I've been writing these different kind of things through my whole career."

"Eyes" was produced at Ardent studio in Memphis, produced by Tony and features his band: Don Chandler (keyboards), Billy Wayne Herbert (bass) and James Goran (drums).

A small amount of overdubbing was done in LA but basically it's as straightforward as any of his previous recordings. Not a release to knock you sideways by the way, but recommended all the same.

By the time his next album's out he should be back in Europe for a tour, possibly taking in Britain, although we're no longer top of the priority list these days.

Not for Tony Joe since he's always been more popular on t'other side of the Channel.

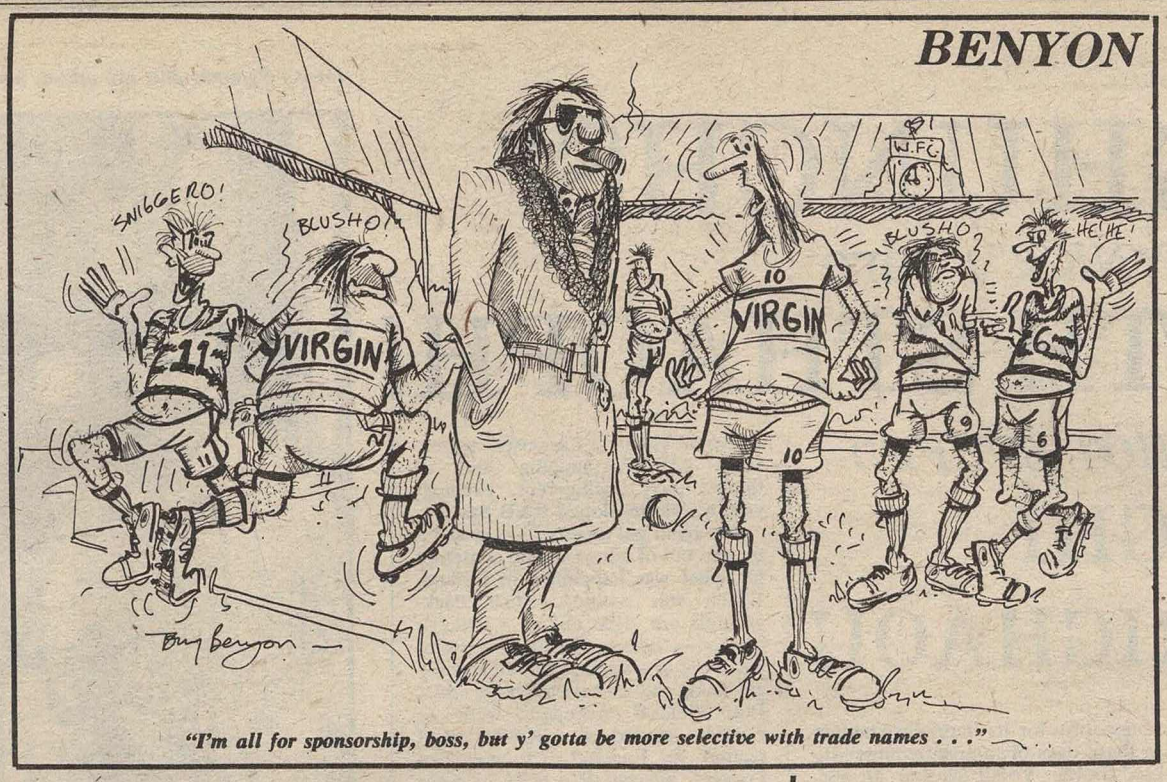
"They're talking about me doing concerts in Europe in the fall. I believe I've got a hit record in Germany with 'Swamp Boogie'. I did a big TV show over there last week and they said that should tip it over, get it in the charts.

"I was on a show with Boney M and their producer was talking to me and told me they're gonna do a version of 'Roosevelt And Ira Lee' next month.

"He said 'You got any more songs?' I said '*Yeah* man I got lots of songs. How many you want?' He said 'Send me about eight.' I said 'Great!' They really like my stuff over there man."

Oh no. Just what the world's been waiting for. Teutonic disco versions of southern swamp rock. Let me out of this page, I can't stand it . . .

□ CLIFF WHITE



"I'm all for sponsorship, boss, but y' gotta be more selective with trade names . . ."

MEMORIES OF THE OLD NEW WAVE . . .

So, according to Cliff, Mr. Good took this unassuming lad aside and instructed him accordingly:

"Pretend you're in a delirium—try and make like you're suffering from a fever—now 'BAM!'—you've just been stabbed . . . okay?"

So Richard twisted his face, racked his body and pretended he was in a delirium, clawing at his hair and frenziedly jerking his body. Then suddenly he twitched violently as an imaginary knife slid between his shoulder blades, severing the left ventricle of his palpitating heart.

Now he gets £600 a week.

And you tell me he doesn't earn it . . .?

Cliff can tremble his lip

Viewers of that raucous, weekly teleritual called "Oh Boy" will have seen Cliff Richard in action—twitching knee, trembling lip and all.

Some folks say his act is "crude exhibitionism". The screaming "cats" hotly deny this and say he's "got the message".

He is a fervent admirer of Elvis Presley—in fact he is alarmingly like the "Pelvis"—give or take a twitch.

He owes his success, he says modestly, to the expert guidance of Mr. Jack Good, the producer of "Oh Boy".

The producer wanted Richard to sing in that agonised, tortured, pain-racked manner which may sound like a howling neurotic in a thunderstorm—but is mighty good for business.

Just to remind you that there was a time when Cliff Richard was the bete noire *of the establishment.*
From the Daily Mirror Showbiz Annual, *circa 1960. Sent in by Robert Parrott, of Barnet, Herts.*

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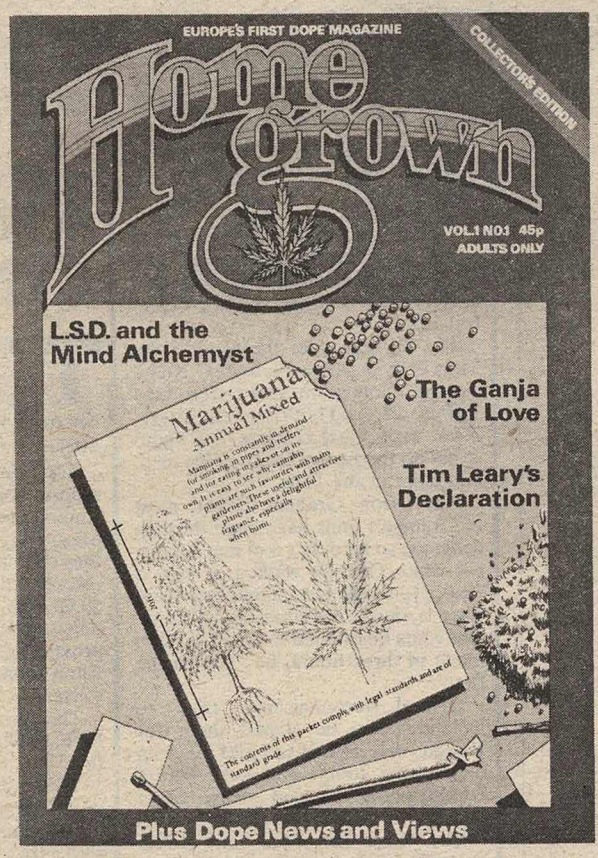

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These PA*UGHUNCHS!

*(That's Irish for "P*NKS!")* are HOUGHTH STHAOPH!

(That's Irish for "HOT STUFF!) says AENGHI EIGHORRIGHAOU

("Angie Errigo")

ARE YOU READY for Irish punks?

Actually the Boomtown Rats would have no argument about being called new thingie. The Boomtown Rats are some band. I first saw them in Dublin a couple of months ago, in a jam-packed pub, performing for a frenzied audience that was noteworthy for its happy excitability in these days of rampant contemptuous coolth. You'll pardon an old-timeuse for thinking these boys get off something like the Stones circa 1963.

Taking if from the top, the Boomtown Rats are singer Bob Geldoff, keyboards player Johnny Fingers (who ought to be called J. Pyjamas, because he lives in them), bassist Pete Briquette, drummer Simon Crowe and guitarists Gerry Cott and Gary Roberts. Theirs is the feisty, aggressive, adrenalin-pumping end of things, dirty, belligerent, exciting, with a well-developed R&B base.

The band got together a year and a bit ago out of boredom and contempt for what was happening in Ireland. Which was nothing. Their backgrounds are right out of a rocker's primer — Johnny Fingers, for example, went to college for about a week, got slung out and went on the dole, Bob Geldoff travelled, went to Canada, landed in a Kosher meat factory in England. "It was like Dante's *Inferno*. We used to wear wellington boots and steam rose from the blood on the floor." Back in Eire he too wound up on the dole and got the band together.

At the time they were all listening to R&B and then heard the Feelgoods. "That was almost a crystallisation of what we wanted to do," Geldoff says. "I just thrived on the Feelgoods because their whole attitude was so admirable and still is. They appear to be honest. I think it's due to the Feelgoods that this new wave thing has come about."

Joynny Pyjamas plus two others. Sorry, three others. Pic: HANNAH.

Does he feel like part of a real new wave then? "I would say so, in that the new wave as far as I'm concerned doesn't imply a certain type of music or a certain form of journalese. The new wave is a different attitude to what has gone before, and in that respect we're very much so. We're not prepared to accept what has come to be acceptable and normal." In Ireland, where you're either a show band or you're nothing, they took off fast by being unacceptable and abnormal.

"We thought, 'Christ, this is getting serious', so we used to give away pounds of raw liver to people as prizes. It caused notoriety, but it was also tremendous fun." Other hijinks included letting live rats out in the audience and showing blue movies at gigs, "which was *totally* unwelcome — you don't *do* that in Ireland." No.

The Rats hired trucks and played in the streets; then, in emulation of the Naughty Rhythmes tour, took to the road with two other bands as the Falling Asunder Review. They found the venues themselves, got local police and boy scouts to put up posters and took turns opening and headlining, helping to open up a whole scene for new bands. "Unfortunately," Geldoff grimaces wryly, "a lot of them are just punk showbands."

"So that's all behind us, and one thing that pisses me off is people here saying 'Oh, they're trying to jump into something, a bit late, sorry lads.' I don't mind starting again. Au contraire, dear, I find it quite stimulating."

Geldoff agrees it's hard being big at home then coming over here and starting from scratch, but they feel they've done as much as they can in Ireland.

The big step over the water came when Rats manager Fochtna O'Kelly, went to Phonogram with a demo tape and intro from Thin Lizzy's manager. A&R man Nigel Grainge was about to set up the Ensign label on his own, and leapt at the Rats.

Apart from Graham Parker, most of Grainge's finds have been through contacts, so he didn't feel much interest when O'Kelly walked in with a tape. He'd only ever signed one band after a demo introduction to them. But when he listened to the Rats tape, made in three hours, he "fell on the floor".

Several reconnaisance trips to Ireland later, he signed them for Ensign, determined to build them up on a grass roots level here before concentrating on too many other bands.

The Rats recorded an album recently in Cologne, with Graham Parker producer Bob Lange, but it won't come out for a while yet. First the band is going to do some heavy gigging, boosted right now by appearances with Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers.

"It's pointless releasing the album now when nobody here knows us," Geldoff says firmly. "If it came out now you'd have to do a big hype job and I don't want that. We want a credibility that definitely comes from people who see the band. I think we could have had a build-up in the press here while we were working in Ireland, but if people come to see you because they've been hyped and you're not what they expected they're disappointed. Rather let them discover you and say you were good or shit, and if they like you bring their mates, and make it gradually."

Personally, I find it hard to describe what the Rats do other than say it's explosive. Although he doesn't like it, I'll call Geldoff a Jagger for the new Depression. Their songs are fresh and strong — "Born To Burn", "Lookin' After Number One (I Don't Wanna Be Like You)" — and the two oldies they resort to to give new audiences an anchor — "Route 66" and "Barefootin' " — are red hot.

Geldoff disclaims: "I've had the thing that I look or act like Jagger, but I can't see it. Our songs are not like early Stones. If I do seem like him, I can't help it, believe me, it's completely unconscious. The Stones were the background music of my adolescence and they made me aware of the blues, but every band comes from something else. We definitely come from the R&B thing, but we've swung off it."

So it's over to you. Discover them for yourselves. I can't imagine anyone not being turned on. As Geldoff says, "If we can do it in Ireland there's no reason why we can't do it here." And be warned. He means it when he says "I'm determined to take England out."

AND FINALLY..

THE BOB DYLAN answerphone tape recently reported in *Thrills* may be the most exclusive but it's not the only star tape in town.

The *Los Angeles Times* recently reported on a company called Communico who specialise in personality taped messages which they call "Hellos". These are recorded 20 to a cassette, and sell for $9.95 each. Using a whole slew of impersonators, the company can provide "messages" from the likes of Elton John, Johnny Cash and Jimmy Carter.

The most popular, however, is the Richard Nixon voice which goes like this:

"Hello. I've temporarily stepped out of the office. You are being taped on a machine guaranteed not to erase, with a tricky little delete function so you can leave any (bleep) message you want, like a good American. Listen, could you make an 18-minute message so I could get those (bleep) off my (bleep)?"

The voice then gradually fades, chanting: "I will be back, I will be back . . .

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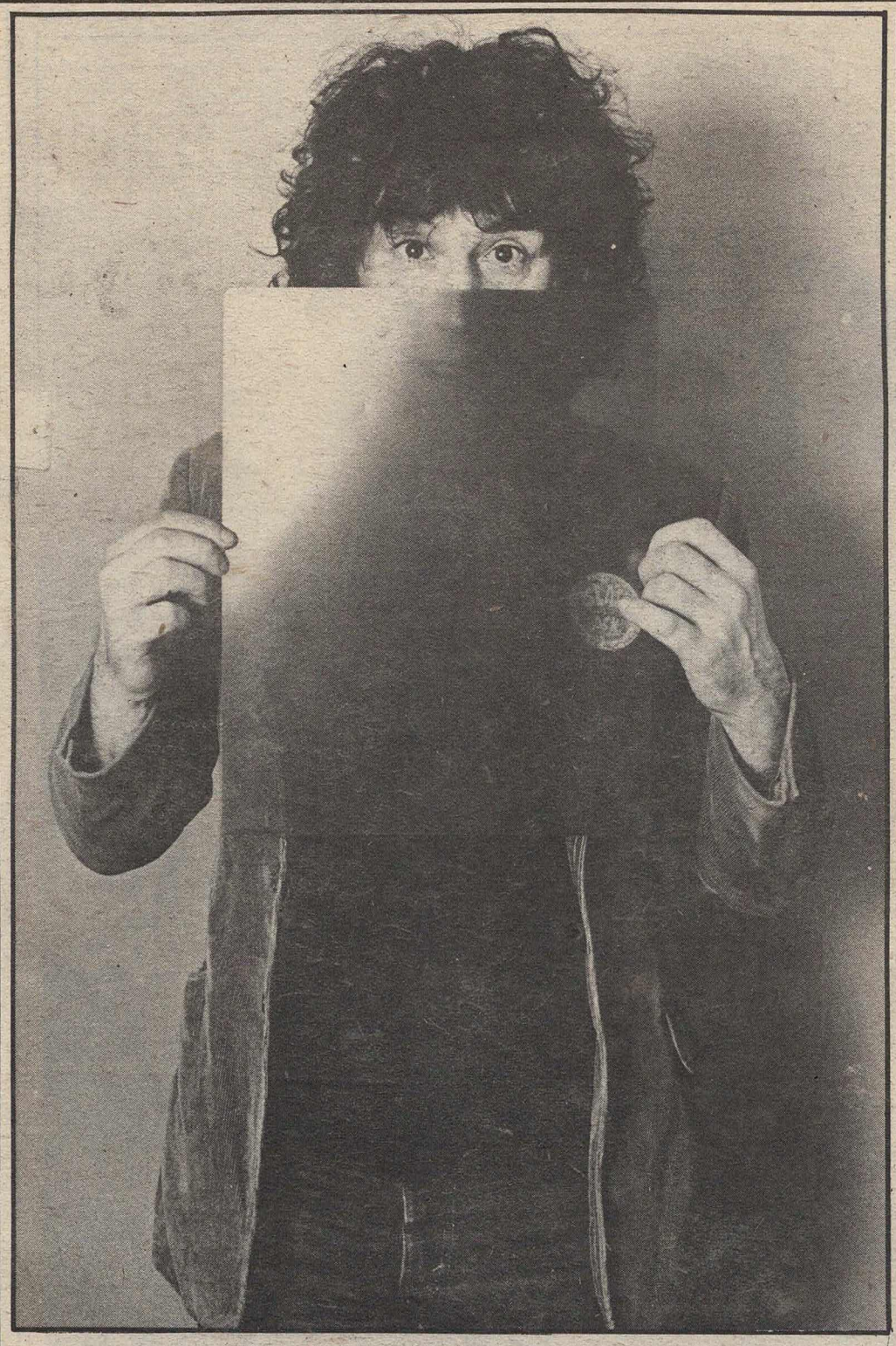
THE MEAT OF THE MATTER

A discussion of the respective virtues of sheep's brains, raw mince, or monkey's brains sucked through a straw. Plus a bit about ALEX HARVEY. By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY



HARVEY sheltering behind X-Ray. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

"YOU WERE talkin' about raw meat," says Alex Harvey, meditatively chewing on a piece of raw minced steak. We're sitting around the kitchen table in Chris Glen's house — that's Chris Glen, bass player for The Sensational Alex Harvey Band — the garage of which is proving to be a convenient locale for rehearsals.

Harvey is eating raw steak because it's part of his diet; a diet imposed by the residual complications of his back injury. The back injury caused what you call your Serious Repercussions: pressure from a displaced vertebra on the nerves of the spine with resulting havoc to the central nervous system. No fun, ma babe. Hence v. limited alcohol, careful avoidance of overstrain, careful diet and ...

"You were talking about raw meat ... there's this place — I think it's in Borneo — where they eat monkey's brains. What you do is you strap it down, saw off the top of its head ... if you're bein' social you invite a few friends round and you stick a hollow bamboo shoot intae it. It's polite not to suck up too much brains ... you just sip it nonchalantly.

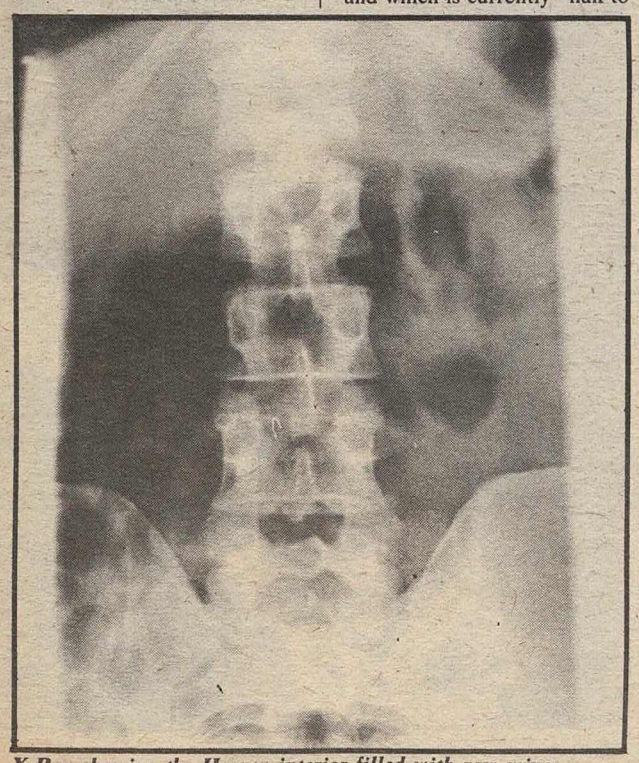
"How's it taste? Unfortunately, I never got a chance to taste it. I had raw sheep's brain with some Arab geezer, and that was very sweet."

"Ummmm ... did you experience any particular psychological change after eating the sheep's brain?"

"Yeah ... I thought I'll go an' be a hippie an' drop out."

NOW HOLD on just one cotton-pickin' chicken-scratchin' glue-sniffin' minute and let's get some background on all this ... righ now. The Sensational Alex Harvey Band is celebrating its fifth year of operation, getting set to go into the studio and start working on another album to coincide with its Grand Comeback Gig at the Reading Festival in August. The score so far stands at seven group albums, plus one by SAHB without Alex and one by Alex without SAHB.

The one they're routining at the moment will be the eighth and still looming over the horizon is the Big One — the Grand Massivo "Vibrania" project which Alex has been rabbiting on about for years and which is currently "half to three-quarters written."



X-Ray showing the Harvey interior filled with raw mince.

Assuming that Alex and his collaborator, SAHB keyboardist and Johnny Kool alter-ego Hugh McKenna, get their collective finger pulled out, "Vibrania" should be unleashable sometime in '78 as SAHB album number niiiiiine.

It would seem, therefore, that rumours of SAHB's demise were worse than baseless: indeed, the band has outlasted the short-lived rock and roll magazine that printed a premature obituary last year.

Survival and growth would seem to be the order of the day: nae bother, Jimmy. Nae Sweat.

So there we are eating Ryvita and cheese in the Glen kitchen: Alex and Zal Cleminson and Chris and Jenny Glen and Mountain Records propaganda chief Shirlie Stone and Chalkie Davies and your humble servant. Hugh McKenna ain't there because he's got a serious case of the screaming shits and drummer Ted McKenna — Hugh's cousin — ain't there because Hugh ain't there.

Alex looks ten years younger and ten pounds heavier than he did last time I saw him on the road. He's also a good deal less wired: his extensive period of rest and recuperation has rendered him considerably less manic. These days his flat-out craziness has smoothed back down into the old mellow madness of a couple of years back: he's still weird as a coot but nowadays it's a happy, sane weirdness.

Anyway, judge for yourself as we return to our interview. We rejoin Alex as he meditatively chews and swallows another piece of raw steak, stares into space for a week or two and then turns to the reporter and asks the musical question, "What's happenin'?"

The reporter resolutely avows not to be taken in by such an old trick and replies, "You're what's happenin', baby!"

Somebody mentions the fact that the police have apparently granted themselves a licence to whack hell out of The Sex Pistols. Harvey exhales with a hiss.

"It's the same old story. *The same old fuckin' story.* It's the same as burnin' witches at the stake. There was an island in the north-west of Scotland where they useta draw a line across the floor and if any baby came to be nine months old and couldn't walk across the line then they suffocated it. People who were left-handed useta be cursed" — he pronounces it in the old two-syllabled manner: kur-sed — "same as if you were black or a mod or a teddy-boy or a bohemian.

"It also gives the police a chance to stop arresting each other for selling pornography.

"What's happining is all so *predictable* ... what is a punk, anyway? It's a good expression, though ... a good four-letter word.

"The whole situation with that ... with the record company and the management, when we did the first album 'Framed', we said, 'Don't try and pick a commercial single off the album because the BBC won't play it', and it was *true*. Even when we had a hit with "Delilah', Donald Zec ... I think it was from the *Daily Mirror* ... phoned me up when I was in America. He said, 'Congratulations Alex, you've made it after all these years' " — Harvey breaks down in self-mocking laughter — " 'why don't they play your record on the BBC?' "

"I says, 'Well, you tell me.' This upsets me, because I think we're the quietest band about. You tell me another band that says, 'Don't buy any bullets, don't make any bullets, don't shoot any bullets. Don't cause riots.' We've *stopped* about three. We're banned from playin' in the Usher Hall in Edinburgh. The reason why we're banned is that somebody's uncle said to somebody else that at the end of the act we pissed all over the front row of the audience."

Howls of disbelieving laughter from the assembled company. I mean, The Sensational Alex Harvey Band are renowned for whipping it out on stage but *this????*

"We never," continues Alex, "did that at all."

"We never knew we were banned from the Usher Hall," interpolates Chris Glen, "until we were playin' at the Caledonian Theatre in Edinburgh and the manager comes up to us and says, 'After the gig you'll keep the dressin' room tidy and behave yerselves. We don't want any of that trouble you caused at the Usher Hall. I'm not havin' people pissin' in the front row. We'll have none of that.

"After the show he come back and said, 'I don't know why people say these things about you. You're well behaved in the dressing room ...' We just did a normal gig and he was expecting Alex to throw a hand grenade into the audience or somethin'."

"That's probably the trouble," resumes Alex. "We're not outrageous enough.

"And I tell ye we've had some provocation. There's been times when I've almost got *angry* ..."

Alex quotes a remark made by Picasso to the effect that the happiest years of his life were when he was struggling. I reply that he ended up having a song written about him by Paul McCartney.

"Alex ... would *you* want to have a song written about you by Paul McCartney?"

"Well, that's all right ... I would love Paul McCartney ... I'd like Lennon to write me a good song." He stubs out his Marlboro and mutters, "I can remember 'em supportin' us at Grangemouth Town Hall."

Collapse of assembled company.

"The Silver Beatles backin' a singer called Johnny Gentle. We were the resident band and I saw 'em and thought that there was sometin' there."

"You were a household name in Grangemouth," prompts Glen.

"It was a whole different system then at dances like that. All the guys would come in and stand at one side and all the chicks would come and stand at the other and there were certain rituals you'd gotta go through. You had to spit a lot and sorta walk aboot. Then the dance starts and usually along about then the fight starts. I don't suppose all that's changed too much."

LEMME TELL you something about this interviewing lark. Normally, rock stars need a gun at their heads to make then talk about anything other than their new album. Harvey, on the other hand, will cheerfully blather on in his inimitably stream-of-consciousness manner about everything under Old Sol *other* then his immediate musical plans. Even a direct question along the lines of, "Tell me about your new album" is met by the likes of ...

"It's going to be a rotten rip-off album ... no, it should be good. We're being allowed ten days to make it. You think I'm jokin'? I finally taught the band how to play E major. They can play E major really *guid* now.

"I want to plug a record I made. It's called 'The Loch Ness Monster.' We finished that last year and it was just first-hand interviews with people that had actually seen it: not once but *several times.* Water bailiffs, policemen, Muhammad Ali's cousin — no, really — poachers, priests, a chief prior out of the abbey. At one record store it outsold Abba — who they tell me are a first-rate band; I've seen them on TV and they look quite good — without any advertisin'."

Since Mountain — Alex's record company — had leased the "Alex Harvey Presents The Loch Ness Monster" album to K-Tel, I would've thought that they'd've lavished their customary berserko-saturation TV campaign ploy on it.

"So did I. So K-Tel: screw you! I mean, it's something to outsell Abba at a surburban record centre in Brent Cross..."

Hey, don't knock Brent Cross. Blast Furnace and The Heatwaves have been known to rehearse in the Brent Cross area.

"... plus it's a rock and roll record even though it doesn't have any music on it."

"You think we should be allowed to make another record?" queries Glen. Alex asks me what I thought of the SAHB-without-Alex's "Fourplay" album and I opine that it was a v. well-made album but had a slightly awry sophistication-to-balls ratio.

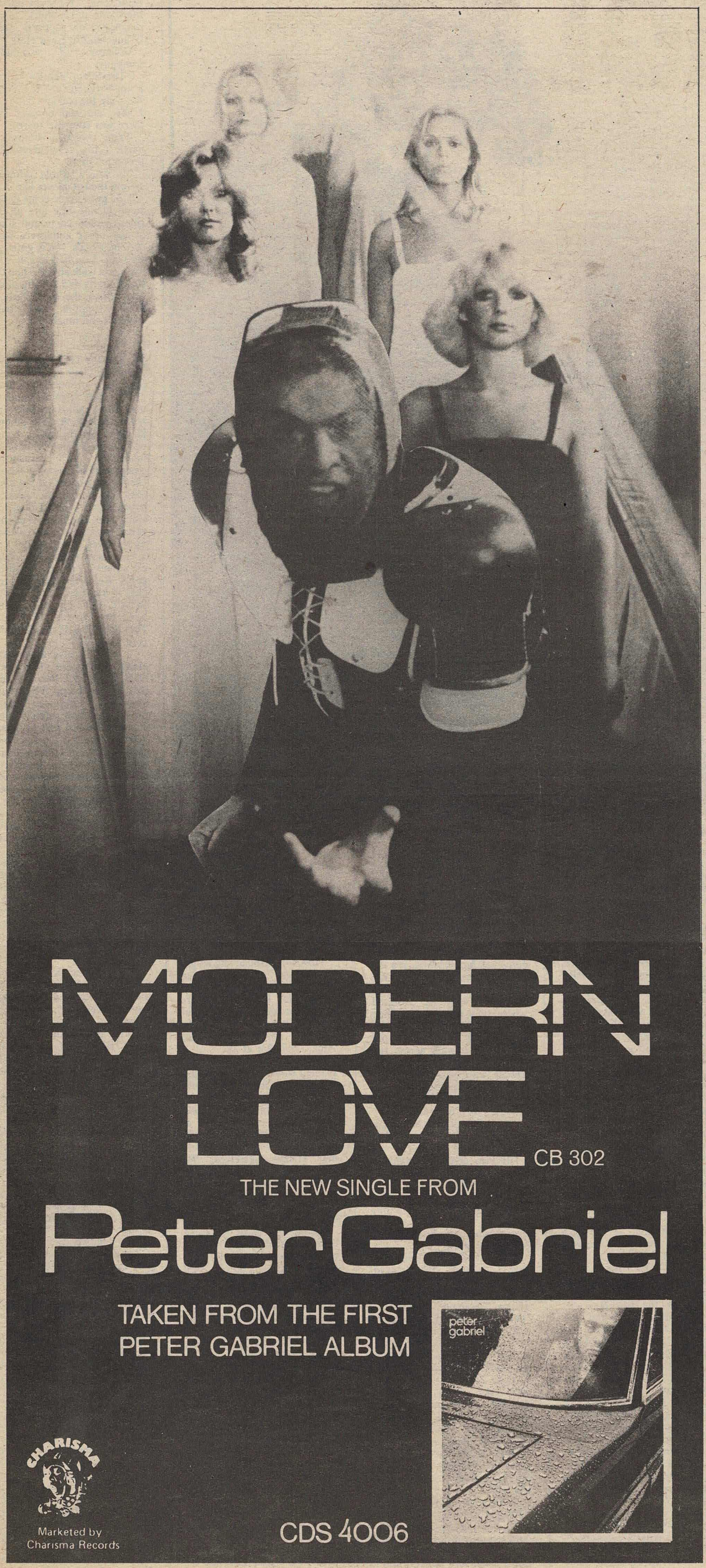
"See?" howls Alex gleefully. "That was 'cause they couldn't play E major at that time."

"We weren't *allowed* to use it," offers Chris Glen mournfully. "Alex told us to make an album without an E major on it."

Jesus ... that amounts to outright sabotage.

"That's what it is ... it's as good as bannin' bare asses or The Sex Pistols. Why don't they just ban E major? You could lead the campaign. Bands could be imprisoned for playin' E. Let's crumble the whole rock and roll machine by bannin' E and A. We could patent those chords and then fine anyone who plays 'em ... they could have stewards in the halls just waitin' for those chords."

"Now," says Glen, "we're allowed to use A and E and they've given us two days in the studio to do the album ..."



Fabuloso groupo defies ashes of crud

EIGHTY-ONE of the little devils this week, and virtually all of them attaining heights of mediocrity unparalleled in the history of Western Civilisation — until next week. If you heard them on the radio, you'd be straining to switch stations after an average of 30 seconds. So much so that anything vaguely original rises like a Phoenix from the ashes of crud, which must make **MINK DE VILLE's Spanish Stroll (Capitol) . . .**

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

Produced by Jack Nitzsche, it's the best thing he's done since "Thus Spake Zarathustra". The vocal sound *is* Lou Reed, and the whole thing sounds like The Velvet Underground taking on bossa nova and winning hands down. A shambling compulsive riff and the best Spanish influenced single since "Speedy Gonzales". Great but then there's . . .

THE WURZELS: Farmer Bill's Cowman (EMI). One good reason for devoluting Somerset. They made a great record last year — "Morning Glory" — but this is just something you'll find yourself whistling against your better wishes. Gabba, gabba hay?

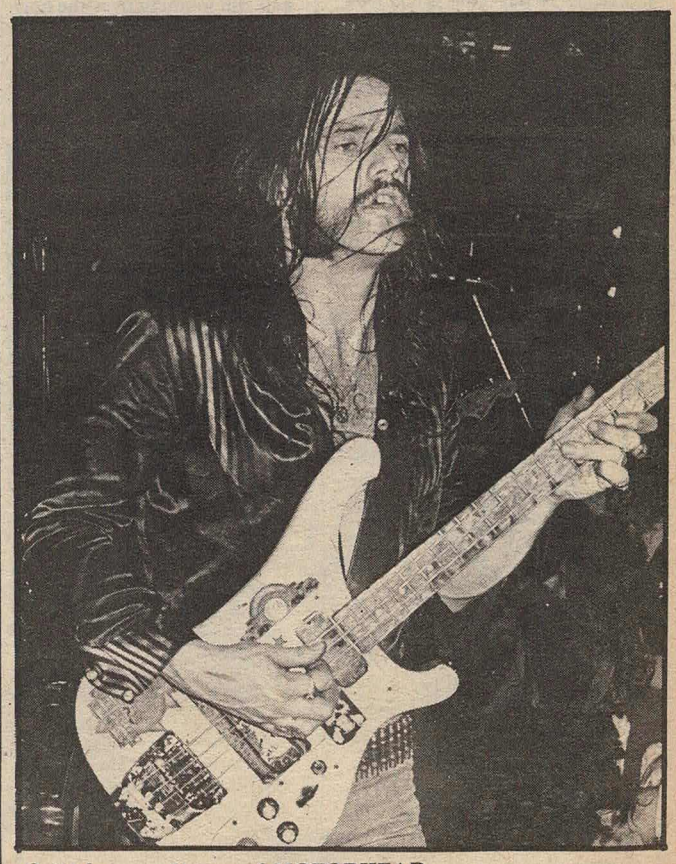
MIKE BATT: The Walls Of The World (Epic). The man behind Britain's answer to The Muppets strikes again. Womble mastermind Mike Batt is after your susceptibilities with this one. Nice, commercial easy listening. Three down, 78 to go.

SMOKIE: It's Your Life (RAK). Smokie go reggae, and in the process discover that Rastafarian isn't just a Trenchtown hairdresser. Another sure-fire hit from the pens of the Chinn/Chapman machine, it's probably No. 1 already. Good single, next.

MOTORHEAD: Motorhead (Chiswick). Hey, wait a minute guys, I know it's the first time I've done this, but even *I* know the difference between a seven-inch single and a 12" album, and this is . . . Oh, I see, a 12" single. Almost had me fooled there. Sounds like it was recorded on a cassette underwater, but the energy cuts through and even makes old farts like me think that maybe this New Wave thing might catch on. Almost single of the week, but I couldn't fit it on the juke-box.

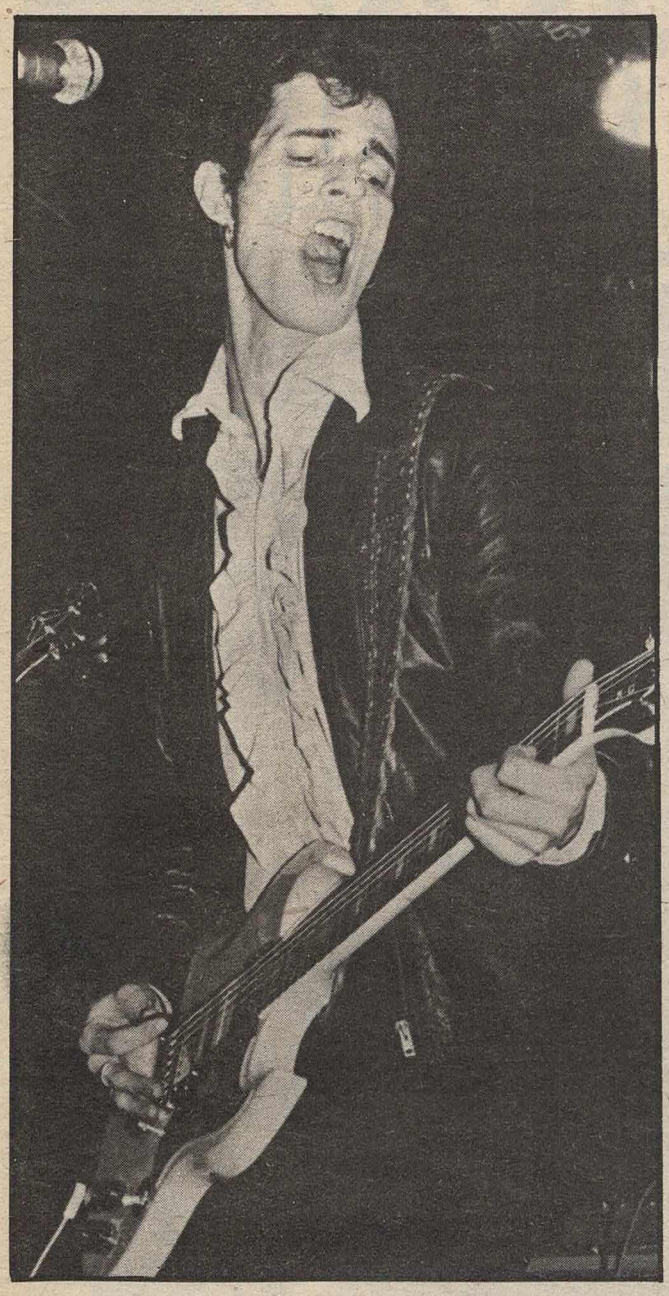
THE KINKS: Juke-Box Music (Arista). *"It's only juke-box music"* sings the astute Raymond Douglas Davies, with one eye cocked on single sales, but not this one methinks. Happy birthday though Ray.

DAVE MASON: So High (Rock Me Baby and Roll Me Away). (CBS). Good brass arrangement, good guitar, mediocre single. *"My imagina-*



Quite hot . . . Lemmy of MOTORHEAD

SINGLES



Hot . . . Willy of MINK DE VILLE

tion is driving me wild", sings Dave Mason, so how come some of it didn't reach this record?

ANDY ARTHURS: Listen To My Brain (Kapounding) (EMI). A riff as insistent as tax demands. A hit (Jonathan King isn't even mentioned on the label, how can his ego stand it?)

PETER GABRIEL: Modern Love (Charisma). Heavy metal follow up to "Solsbury Hill". Good lyrics, great backing, especially Keith Emerson's organ, oh sorry. Deserves to be a hit.

GARY GLITTER: A Little Boogie Woogie In The Back Of My Mind (Arista). Lyrics not up to Wordsworth's usual standard, but should send the paunch shooting up the charts.

GUYS 'N' DOLLS: Mamacita (Magnet). Ah, at last, the law of averages dictates that Jonathan King's name should crop up somewhere, and here he is producing a song written by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil (who seems to have stop ped doing stuff with Bertholt Brecht). Easily the best Guys 'n' Dolls single this week.

HIGHLIGHT: California (EMI). Awful 'summer' record. Why are we subjected to records telling us how great it is in California? What's wrong with Wiltshire? *"California, land of the sun/lots of space for everyone"*. It's not the San Andreas fault!

ALBION DANCE BAND: The Postman's Knock (Harvest). Silly choice for a single. They should have taken "I Wish I Was Single Again" off the "Prospect Before Us"

REVIEWED THIS WEEK by PATRICK HUMPHRIES

album. Can't see it charting (as they say) but thanks for the memory.

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN: Angelo (Pye). "Fernando" revisited by courtesy of the English Abba. One verse and innumerable shitty choruses to fade.

BEST RE-ISSUE OF THE WEEK

THE BYRDS: Goin' Back (CBS). Goin' back, sure, right back to those heady days of 1967. Great record then, great record now. Nothing much has changed except Dave Crosby's hairline.

GEORGE HARRISON: It's What You Value (Dark Horse). Some dime-store philosophy on top of an unmemorable tune, not so much pathetic as disappointing. (And my God, this is only the edited version)!

MARY McGREGOR: For A While (Ariola). Anthem for insomniacs. Zzzzzz.

BUZZ: Jubilee Rock (Crystal). Who writes this stuff? A song, a smile and a disaster area (thank you Peter Hogan).

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL: My Baby Thinks She's A Train (Capitol). I knew it, the skiffle revival. I thought dese guys was country, but not now. Reminded me of Johnny Duncan and The Bluegrass Boys, which is no bad thing if you're over 18. Somebody should make this their record of the week.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: Spirits in the Night (Bronze). Blinded by the light of the spirits in the night? You guessed it, Manfred Mann meets Bruce Springsteen, again. The verses are okay, but the choruses only build up to dissappointment.

THE EVANS BROTHERS: Seven Days Of Loving You (Arista). Produced by Andrew Oldham, but The Rolling Stones they're not. There are many things they're not, and very good is one of them.

PEACOCK: Rose Marie (United Artists). At last, the man himself, the mask behind the mask, and Jonathan King is back to impregnate "Peacock" into the subconscious of the nation for six weeks, then vanish, only to return in another guise. You can knock the bloke, but he has got a knack for making memorable, disposable pop 45s. Who else would have the gall to charge 70p for a single whose *total* playing time clocks in at three minutes dead?

DAVID CASSIDY: Saying Goodbye Ain't Easy (RCA). So this is what happens when the pimples burst and there's nowhere else to go. A lachrymose ballad with about as much 'sincerity' as a greetings telegram.

TAVARES: One Step Away (Capitol). Oh yeah, the follow-up to, or is it the one before the one after, their last hit? Does anybody care? Those who bought whatever it is will have got this one by now, and those who haven't, wouldn't want it anyway.

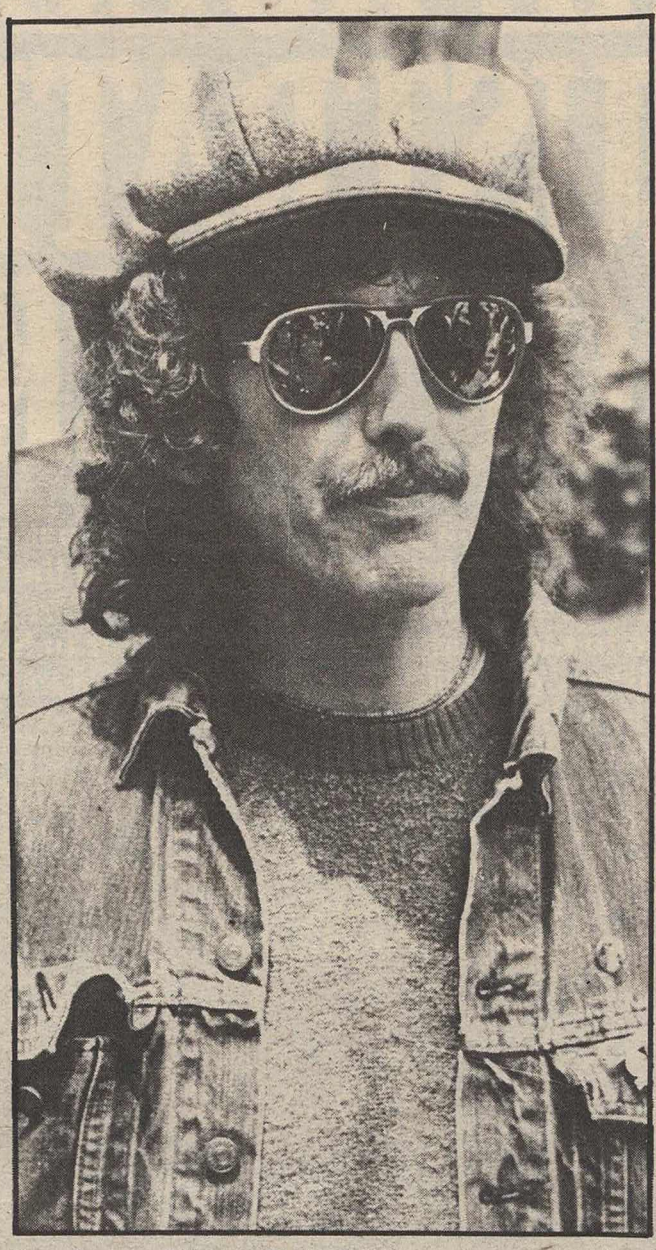
WEIRDO OF THE WEEK

JOE & VICKI BROWN (Accompanied by the Dovedale Junior School Choir): All Things Bright And Beautiful (Power Exchange). Just what the label says, folks, bringing back happy memories of junior school assembly. My Mum liked it, and she's a good barometer (the trouble is keeping her on the wall). For Mums and schools everywhere, can't fail (probably will though, which blows my credibility).

SMOKEY ROBINSON: Vitamin U (Tamla Motown). Dylan once called Smokey Robinson "America's greatest living poet", but then said he had confused him with Arthur Rimbaud (who you don't hear so much of these days since he ended up playing bass with Patti Smith), Well, Walt Whitman's come up with a cut above your average disco fodder. Tastefully produced and sung, but disposable.

DONNA FARGO: That Was Yesterday (Warner Brothers). The female Kris Kristofferson, the American Angela Rippon. Why was it that so many Country records made Everett's Bottom 30? Well, here's one good reason. I mean, I came to dance, and she just wants to talk!

WIDOWMAKER: What a Way to Fall (Jet). Somebody should tell these guys that it's 1977. Strictly for those who can't afford the new Deep Purple album. Terrible.



Not so hot . . . GEORGE HARRISON

LES PENNING: The British Grenadiers (Polydor). Could pick up a few sales due to the fact it sounds like a Mike Oldfield single.

OSIBISA: The Warrior (Bronze). Dig dem jungle riddums. Insistent, and a cut above the average dross, but will probably end up as a record that DJs with nothing better to do will insist on talking over.

STYX: Crystal Ball (A&M). Innocuous acoustic intro, heavy metal chorus and synthesiser solo, something for everyone. I liked it.

JAN & DEAN: Sidewalk Surfin' (United Artists). Re-released to cash in on the skateboard craze. Can't see 'em singing it as they whizz round the South Bank, but should bring back sunny memories for those who never did manage to go surfing.

DO YOU SINCERELY WANT TO BE BORED (DISCO PAP)
T-CONNECTION: Do What You Wanna Do (T.K.); LONG JOHN BALDRY: On Broadway (G.M.). He should have stuck with the fat pianist from Bluesology.

DAVE PRESTON: Getting Ready (Polydor). THE EMOTIONS: Flowers (CBS). ENCHANTMENT: Sunshine (United Artists). KELLY MARIE: Run to Me (Pye). There must be someway outta here.

ALAN PRICE: Meet the People (Jet). Some sort of attempt to combine 'political' lyrics and a catchy tune and singalong chorus (*"La, lala, la"* in case you missed it). I like Alan Price though, and there's someone blowing a hot trumpet in there.

EXCLAMATION MARK OF THE WEEK

VERA LYNN (with THE JORDANAIRES!) Who's Sorry Now? (EMI) Oh come on now, Dame Vera Lynn, bastion of the White Cliffs of Dover, with Elvis Presley's old backing group, recorded in Nashville! Whatever next? Gracie Fields at CBGB's with The Ramones? Gabba, gabba eh?

WHAT ROX TO THE SUMMER EQUINOX? — see p.33

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Portrait Of The Artist As A Moody Bugger

THE ONLY THING one can expect from someone like Van Morrison is the unexpected.

F'rinstance, the front cover of Van Morrison's new album — his first in something like three years — comprises a series of 15 sullen portraits of the singer. The first 14 smudges are impenetrable, giving absolutely no indication what's on his mind. It's the final shot: the one in the lower right-hand corner of Morrison feigning a half-hearted smile that's the clue.

The album's title, "A Period Of Transition", is not, as most people assume, a reflection of the music contained therein. The title refers specifically to the packaging concept and nothing else.

Seemingly, on the day Morrison set aside for shooting the sleeve, he awoke in the kind of lethargy that has inspired many a blues man, reached for the nearest set of threads, drifted into the studio, slumped down at a table and stared blankly into the eye of Ken McGowan's camera lens. By the time the photo call was over, the dense fog had lifted from Morrison's brain, hence the final smile and the album title.

"I'd been through so many moods, from the moment I'd gotten outta bed that morning until I'd finished posing for those photographs, that I felt I'd passed through a very definite period of transition."

Thank you, Van, but don't go away — just make yourself comfortable on the bed 'cause I'll want to speak to you again in a few moments.

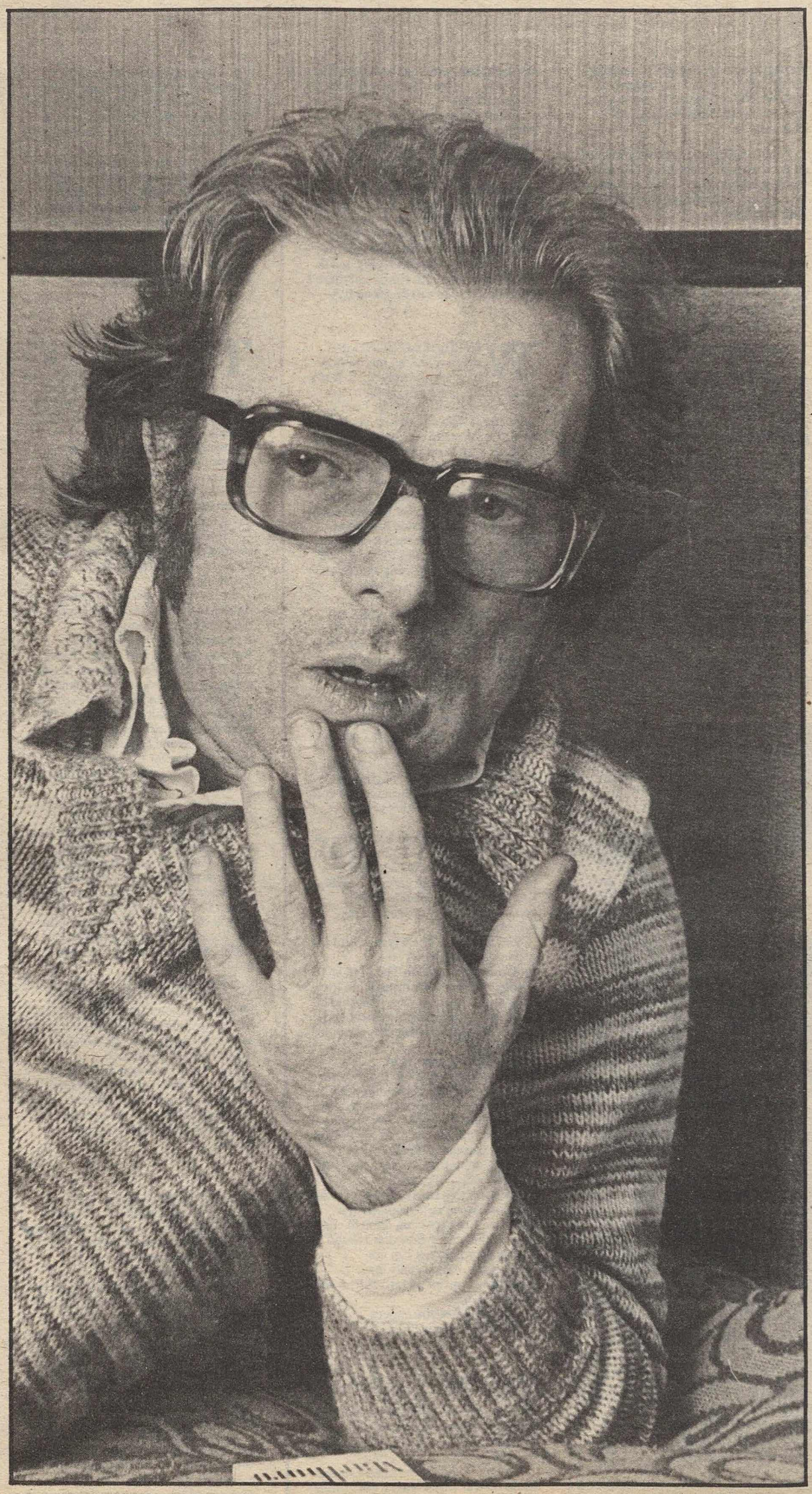
AS IT TRANSPIRES, the music that Morrison had created to accompany the sleeve wasn't indicative of a transition — more a de-classification of style. A premeditated return of fundamental basics and an eagerly-anticipated album which, for the first time in Morrison's career, divided his critics.

In his own good time, Morrison details the circumstances that led up to the making of this particular album and his motivations — but not until I've laid down a few facts and Chalkie has changed the film in his camera.

After what seemed like an eternity of Cult Figurehood, the Summer of '73 saw Van Morrison finally approaching a justly-deserved peak of Mass Popularity.

In the wake of a highly-productive five-year cycle which had produced such subliminal masterworks as "Astral Weeks", "Moondance", "His Band And Street Choir", "Tupelo Honey", "Saint Dominic's Preview", and "Hard Nose The Highway", Morrison barnstormed across America and Europe and by way of a permanent souvenir of a memorable event left behind "Too Late To Stop Now" — a remarkable in-concert double album which accurately caught both Van The Man and the collective muscle of the Caledonia Soul Orchestra firing on all cylinders.

He returned again the next year — this time without the Caledonians — and instead fronted a pick-up band comprising Pete Wingfield (piano), Jerome Rinson (bass) and Dallas Taylor (drums) for selective gigs which included Knebworth and Montreux. After which he returned briefly to Ireland to soak-up inspiration for "Veedon Fleece".



In a moment of road-fever, he may have insisted that it was too late to stop now, but in the event he did just the opposite. Except for a truly powerful, if somewhat obscure, jump-band single ("Caledonia"), that was practically the last anyone was to see or hear of Van Morrison.

FOR THE NEXT three years, Van Morrison went to ground. It was the kind of extended self-imposed lay-off that many artists have no option but to choose when they're either "physically incapacitated" or desperately trying to disentangle themselves from contractual commitments. In Morrison's case, neither of these really applied.

In the ensuing silence, all that managed to filter through the inevitable veil of privacy were second-hand rumours that Morrison had mooted albums with his 1974 European band; a collaboration with The Crusaders; an R&B set under Al Kooper's supervision; a blues 'n' skiffle date with Bill Wyman, and something or other with Phil May. Many of these projects never got beyond being discussed, whilst anything that was actually laid down in the studio has still to manifest itself.

The fact that Morrison probably produced more good music per album than any other artist apart from Bob Dylan and Joni Mitchell, led people to assume that this temperamental master of artistic perfection was just being overly pernickety and that reports of sessions being prematurely short-circuited should not give undue cause for concern.

What people didn't appreciate was that Morrison had been locked into one particular direction for so long that the Caledonia Soul Orchestra had all but run out of mileage. In his estimation, it no longer served a practical function.

"IN 1973," Morrison begins in his lilting California-tinged Irish brogue, "that band was at its peak and I was beginning to realise that there was nothing else to do within that particular context.

"What a lotta people didn't realise was that we'd been doing practically the same show for five years and that by the time we came to Europe, the only difference was the addition of the string section.

"It had been extremely enjoyable working with those musicians, but instinctively I knew when it was over."

Well it might have been an appropriate time for a change of policy but, to his consternation, Morrison discovered that the events of the last five years had temporarily all but drained his stamina. At this specific juncture, "Veedon Fleece" amounted to just about everything Morrison had to state for the time being.

The lad was knackered.

The next three years weren't so much given over to experimentation as to recharging his artistic energies.

"I just got completely saturated with doing it . . . bands, gigs, recording, the business." He pauses. "It's funny because truthfully I never

"You do what you're doing and if it's going to happen, it will and there's nothing you can do about it."

Van Mo

ever imagined that it would happen to me."

Van Morrison may not have a reputation for spreading himself thin either on record or on the road, but such is the intensity with which he approaches his work that he fell victim of his own unrelenting drive.

"I'd constantly be writing and recording even if I didn't use it."

Seemingly, for a musician to own his own recording studio is like giving a drunkard a brewery. Morrison simply OD'd on Scotch Tape.

"I got burnt-out on recording," he admits casually. "When you're free to go into the studio anytime day or night, it's quite easy to overdo it — and that's precisely what happened to me.

"One day, I found out that I just wasn't getting into it any longer and something told me to take an extended rest."

But isn't three years pushing it a bit, old son?

"It really did take that long," he replies. "During part of that time, I got into experimenting with different people, but many of the things I planned never really got off the ground.

"You'll talk with someone for ages and it'll sound great, but then when you actually get around to doing it . . . well, it doesn't always work out the way you planned. One guy's got a big business trip happening with his record company, I've got something going with mine and the freshness with which you started to discuss the project rapidly loses its original momentum.

"And all the time, all that I wanted to do was to try something different because I honestly felt that musically it just wasn't happening for me. As simple as that."

MORRISON DOESN'T choose to place too much emphasis on any of these aborted projects. "It was no big deal," he suggests with a slight shrug.

This bloke is quite probably the last of a fast-dying breed; one of the few artists to successfully transcend both the '60s and '70s without ever once compromising his artistic integrity or, worse still, degenerating into a pathetic parody of himself.

Easier said than done — yet he's aware that if, as a performer, he'd been fashion-conscious, a three-year sabbatical, the likes of which he has just concluded, could have been professional suicide.

"I think that what I'm doing is understood," he reckons without sounding in the least bit patronising.

"As far as I'm concerned," he continues, "it's not on a level of whether what I do is hot or not, it's just a matter of if it *holds up*.

"If you can play an album by an artist that was done say . . . er, five years ago and one that was recorded quite recently and dig them both just as much . . . that's the only criteria anyone needs."

When discussing his work, Morrison prefers not to isolate one specific album, but to view his dozen years as a recording artist as an entity.

"If," he says, "you have to start thinking that you *have* to do specific things to break through to the masses . . ." He doesn't finish the sentence, instead he begins another:

"You do what you're doing and if it's going to happen, it will and there's nothing else you can do about it."

WHILE ADMITTING that every artist, no matter how idealistic he may be, is beset with certain pressures, as far as his own career is concerned he hasn't been beset with any that he can't handle or that have motivated him to deviate from his principles.

Van Morrison attired in silk harem loon pants, gold *lame* bomber jacket, assorted scarves and streaked hair is an image I couldn't, for the life of me, envisage. Neither could Morrison, even though he's amused by the idea.

"My path just seems to wind itself through some other thing which, at times, I don't even know what it is . . ."

As if to emphasise the point, he raises himself up from off the bed on which he is reclining, by his left elbow to conclude: "So let's just say that whatever I decide to do, just kinda sorts itself out satisfactorily."

He returns his stocky frame to its original position as he continues.

"The commercial thing is fine, but you can never really pin it down. Artists suddenly get real hot and then, when they're as hot as they're ever gonna be, they just as quickly get cold and that's the way it always goes . . ."

He smiles.

"Honestly, I don't know what it all means except that you either do what you think is right and stick with it — or you go along with current trends. But whatever you decide to do, you've got to be prepared for the consequences."

Van Morrison The Myth — and the attendant sycophancy — is something from which The Man is trying to disassociate himself. In his estimation, an artist with that kind of image is in acute danger of becoming terminally typecast. He uses the word "expectancy".

"People begin to get a preconceived idea about a particular artist and that can sometimes work against you . . . most definitely. And as far as I'm concerned, I think that at this point in time I need to break a lot of that expectancy down."

He momentarily switches the roles of performer and punter.

"I know from experience I go to see some artists *expecting* a particular thing . . . I'm expecting them to come up with that and if they don't then I'm disappointed. *But*, if I'm *not* expecting it, they usually do something I haven't heard before and I'm turned on.

"The moment you expect something, you never get it."

PERHAPS Morrison is more fortunate than most.

Audiences inevitably ankle in not to participate in a stylised Greatest Hits re-run but to listen to *him*.

"Yeah . . . I suppose I can balance things out far easier than a lotta other cats," he muses. "I don't have to say I'm *not* going to do my records. Instead, I can do a few more of the more well-known things and also slip in a few nice things thay may not be acquainted with . . . er, kinda ying-it and yang-it."

Once again he pauses and, after carefully studying the lighted end of his cigarette, looks up and admits:

"But it took me a helluva lot of dues-payin' and a lotta hard work."

Freeze the frame, while we leave Chalkie to take this week's cover and turn the clock back to around 8.00 pm last Wednesday evening . . .

THE FUNCTION OF The Press Reception is not just to cram as much free food and drink as you can down the gullets of your guests, but to duly inform the media that an artist is in town and pushing product.

Only aspiring artists deem it necessary to perform. There are exceptions.

When, at the invitation of Harvey Goldsmith and Warner Brothers, I sauntered into Maunkberrys' — a small but exclusive West-End niterie — I found the premises seething with roadies setting up equipment and a film-crew checking out their hardware.

Once we were packed together tighter than a Northern Line tube train during rush-hour, Mac Rebennack (keyboards), Mick Ronson (guitar), Mo Foster (bass) and Peter Van Hook (drums) began warming up on some blues changes.

Suddenly, Van Morrison — dressed in a black silk shirt and white denim trousers — slipped up to the microphone and began to wail passionately over the backdrop.

Familiar blues standards, a couple of cuts from "A Period Of Transition", and some even newer songs constituted the first half.

Following a short interval, the band was augmented by Bobby Tench, Brian Auger, Roger Chapman, Peter Bardens and friends for impromptu workouts on such familiar changes as "Turn On Your Love Light" and "Rock Me Baby". To the left of the small stage, Graham Parker lurked behind his shades and ate his heart out.

A few hours after this interview and a nightmarish confrontation with Nicky Horne on Capital Radio, Van Morrison and friends climbed onstage at The Speakeasy for yet another unpublicised appearance.

The music Morrison and Friends chose to perform at Maunkberrys' was quite similar in overall context to that encapsulated on his current, somewhat "controversial", new album.

IT'S AN album which, at first, sounds slightly flat in terms of production — and, by comparison with previous recorded efforts, slightly uninspired in its brass arrangements.

To ensure anything like maximum appreciation, one needs to drastically boost the bass, crank the volume to something approaching stun and keep playing both sides incessantly.

As one becomes familiar with its every nuance, it becomes apparent that the album is a somewhat over-subtle reaffirmation of Morrison's seminal R&B roots.

So take Morrison's explanation of the album's title on trust and don't go seeking any non-existent hidden meanings. (Similarly, if you're desirous of Morrison's lyrical brand of romanticism, better check out his earlier works, for "A Period Of Transition" is light on songs but heavy on basic riffs, hollers and chants.)

I put this to Morrison.

"That's precisely what it is . . . . just getting back to basics . . . . the blues . . . . the funkier things I enjoy doing . . . . there you go."

According to the perpetrator, it's just another method of publicly de-classifying the preconceived image that many people have of him.

"Quite recently," he explains, "I dug out all my old blues records and there's something about that kinda music that still turns me on. But you see, I was in that singer-songwriter phase . . . . progression . . . . what-have-you . . . . I ain't knockin' it, but I realised I was missing out on all the many other things that I can do and, more important, enjoy doing . . . . and the moment you start to think that you're one thing, you're not."

WITH THIS new album, Morrison implies that he's consciously attempting to integrate himself as the singer with a club band — as opposed to his familiar stance of singer-songwriter with a backing band.

No-one writes for Van Morrison better than Van Morrison, but he

Pix: CHALK

Morrison

Thrill to the clash of rapier-like wit as ROY CARR confronts the Belfast genius.

argues that he derives just as much satisfaction from singing other artists' material: preferably old blues standards.

"Howlin' Wolf," he speaks the name with respect and then begins to warble, "'If I hurt your feelings, please tell me . . . .' that kinda stuff. I love Willie Dixon . . . . love Mose Allison, in fact I'm seriously thinking of recording a couple of Mose's songs . . . ."

The word Skiffle is dusted off and slipped into the conversation with Morrison stating that he hasn't altogether dismissed the idea of recording an album of blues and skiffle music.

"As a matter of fact, I was talking about that the other evening, 'cause I started off in a skiffle group and there must be millions of other musicians who also began their careers playing that kind of music and I feel that there's still something to be gotten out of it.

"The trouble today," he continues as he lights up another cigarette, "is that too many people tend to dismiss things as being unfashionable, but years later realise the opposite to be true.

"I think that it's part of the gig for musicians like myself to make people aware where certain things have their roots and that things just don't materialise from outta nowhere. It opens up musical cultures that they might not realise exist.

"Nobody is forcing anything on anybody, but if there's something in it that they can enjoy and even learn from, that's good enough."

Seemingly, that's why Morrison released "Caledonia" as a single way back in 1974, before slipping out of sight.

"Unfortunately, there wasn't too much response to that record . . . . wasn't a positive vibe for that particular kinda music.

"Around that time, I had a tendency to get back into that kinda energy music, because it's important to do things that originally got you into music in the first place . . . . it's important to do those things every once in a while.

"OK, so it may not be regarded as hip, but it's still an integral part of what you're doing.

"It's that whole expectancy thing again."

HE FEELS that the commercial failure of "Caledonia" and the outbursts of controversy that have accompanied the release of "A Period Of Transition" manifested themselves because he failed to be predictable.

"I don't feel that this feeling of expectancy comes so much from the people who buy my records, but from the people who review them. When I released the new album, they might have wanted to hear something else.

"It's that locking - you - into - a - particular - style thing again. So you get some writers saying why don't you do something like you did before . . . . they think they really want it but at the same time they really don't want you to repeat yourself."

Without any tinge of resentment, Morrison argues that had he recorded another "Astral Weeks"-type album, he'd have been severely castigated for not doing something new.

"Years ago, I resigned myself to the fact that you just can't win . . . . you can't please everybody. You win some and you lose some. That's what life's all about . . . .

"I mean really, you can win *all* the time. You're not winning, you're not losing and you don't get anything for nothing."

AT 31, Van Morrison remains one of the truly great figures of his generation and, and as it is reflected in the work of other artists, an innovator whose influence has never been more stronger.

If not for Van Morrison, the likes of Bruce Springsteen, Phil Lynott, Bob Seger, Graham Parker and Elvis Costello may not have been inspired to express themselves through Morrison's stance.

He's deeply flattered, but finds even more gratification in the fact that such artists publicly acknowledge his contribution.

"It's good . . . . very positive that they admit where they got their influence. And why not . . . . I've always admitted that my influence was Ray Charles."

However, it goes far beyond ego-stroking and the influence name-game. Van Morrison remains a creative force *(One duff album in three years is creative? — Ed.)*, whereas far too many of his immediate contemporaries have burnt themselves out or opted for cosmic buffoonery.

Morrison considers the implications carefully before replying.

"What I think happens is that there's a couple of ways to go. You can reach a point where you can see that you're in a position to acquire a lotta things . . . . financial security . . . . do a lotta things you wouldn't normally be in a position to do if you were really into the music to the exclusion of everything else.

"So at this point in any artist's career, they have to make some kinda decision as to precisely why they're doing it.

"Personally speaking, I still wanna get as much fun and as much genuine satisfaction out of making music when I'm 40 as I am now — or when I started out with Them — because that's what I do better than anything else.

"Now, if I start ignoring that and think I can clean up for a couple of years . . . . buy a house in the Bahamas by doing something else that's not really me, then I'm in trouble.

"At some time or another, most artists go through an identity crisis about who they really are and when they finally realise that they're not what they thought they were but have built up that part of their identity to the point where it's overtaken everything else and gained momentum . . . ."

His conclusions are self-explanatory.

"It's a very very fine line," he adds by way of a post-script.

He makes no real secret of the fact that he almost found himself treading that hypothetical fine line.

"Thankfully," he reveals, "I'm still hungry enough to want to make good music, but only because I took time off. I honestly feel that if I had just carried on regardless and not stopped to think things out I wouldn't be hungry.

"I stayed hungry because I was prepared to let it go for a while . . . my body told me I had to rest up . . . from experience, I think it's very necessary for an artist to do this once in a while.

"It must be difficult for so many artists because they have to do their particular thing within the context of what's happening. No matter how hard you try, you can't be a total individual to the point where you lose track of what's going on, yet you can't go with the scene as it is. So somewhere in the middle it gets terribly difficult for artists to operate because someone like Chuck Berry has done so much to begin with . . . Little Richard as well.

"They see all this new stuff happening and they must wonder what the hell is goin' on because they started most of it. I guess it must seem real weird to them!"

Almost as weird as some dishevelled pud hollering "G–L–O–R–I–A" with Them and less than four years later creating such a meisterwerk as "Astral Weeks".

He laughs.

"For a very long time, I didn't realise just how good some of the records I made with Them were. It's funny, you do one thing and then you go onto something else thinking well that was old hat, but when in later years you see the total picture it all makes sense.

"The minute you start denying something that you did, I think you're in real trouble . . . no matter what it is . . . deny that and you're denying part of yourself.

Though he has always been aware that many great artists have suffered because of their failure to conform or at least compromise, he took all this into consideration when making such albums as "Astral Weeks" and "Moondance".

"I had to take the chance that I wasn't going too far out on a limb and getting stuck. I had to take the chance otherwise I might never get to the other side of what I was trying to achieve.

"Sure, I knew that it might not work, I might not be in tune with what people wanted to hear, but at the same time as something inside was pushing me to do that, I felt it was strong enough to be right and you have to go through it to come through it.

"Take Lenny Bruce. The things he was busted for are now totally acceptable and successful. You need look no further than The Tubes."

Point taken.

After almost 10 years of self-imposed exile on the West Coast of America, Van Morrison has decided to transplant his activities back to Britain. With the cherubic Harvey Goldsmith directing his business activities, Van Morrison has decided on a low-key re-entry programme into public life.

"In the past," he says, "I know that I've been too reclusive — most definitely."

So apart from sporadic hit'n'run gigs with whoever's available, what are Van Morrison's career prospects?

"I really dunno," he admits, as pleased as punch. "I'm in one of those periods where I don't have a clue what I'm gonna do next. All I do know is that I wanna get out and play with all kinds of different people . . . you know I've been a little reclusive in the past."

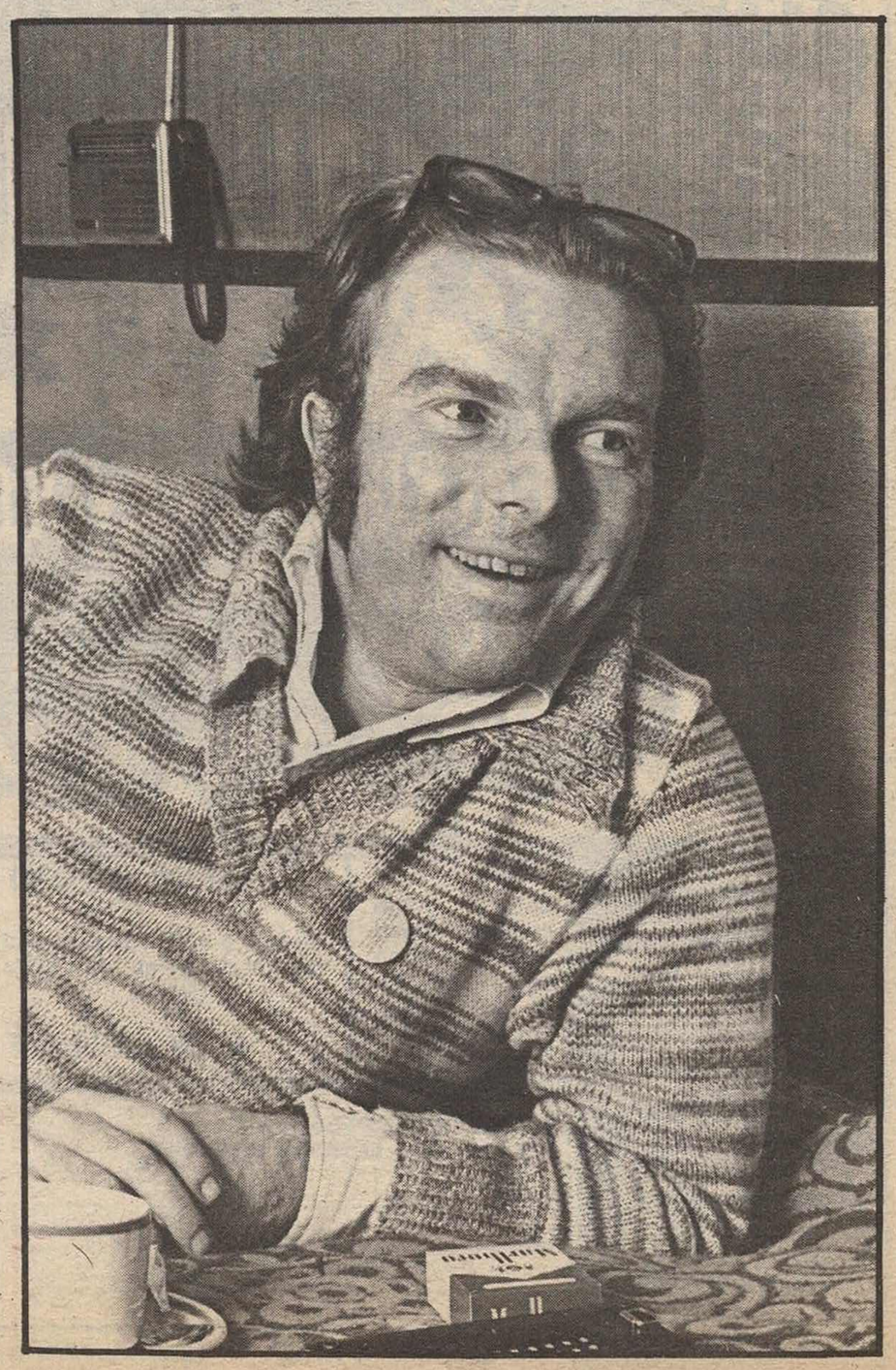
You already said that. *(We'd noticed — Ed.)*.

"Maybe some people will think that I'm trying to throw them through a loop or something, but I just wanna keep loose and see what happens. 'Cause if you feel that you've gotta do something, you can't stop and start thinking if it's gonna sell, you just have to rely on your instincts, and my instincts tell me to do what I'm doing right now and I'm sure it's right."

The evening Morrison re-affirmed his prowess down at Maunkberrys', I was standing less than five feet away from the stage, totally absorbed in the music, when Chiswick Records' house-producer Roger Armstrong grabbed me by the shoulders and in his thick Belfast drawl confessed: "This is more than just enjoyment for me, it's almost a religious experience."

I think I understood what he meant.

IE DAVIES



Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

PLEASE CONFIRM the existence of an album titled (I think!) "Brian Jones Presents The Pipes Of Pan At Jajouka"? Could you also provide a catalogue number for this record if it really exists? — **P. JOBSON, Ceres By Cupar, Fife.**

WHAT WAS the title of the Stones' stadium entrance music, as featured in *All You Need Is Love* ("The Swinging Sixties Come To An End") recently? — **COLIN ANDERSON, Aberdeen.**

● **The Jones-instigated recording featuring North African musicians was released on Rolling Stone COC 49100 but has since been deleted. The theme used by the Stones in Tony Palmer's Rock Follies was "Fanfare For The Common Man", an Aaron Copland composition discussed in this column in this column just a few weeks ago but now provided with hit single status via a version recorded by ELP. Okay, you Picts, that's your questions answered — now can we have our turf back?**

I'VE FOUND an album called "Zoo", on the old Major Minor label. Could you tell me anything about the band who appear on the disc? — **CLIVE PARTON, Preston, Lancs.**

● **Zoo was a French outfit, loosely based on Blood, Sweat And Tears, one of the band's gimmicks being that Daniel Claret and Michel Ripoche, Zoo's sax-men, often laid down their horns to indulge in bouts of violin interplay instead. Originally fronted by vocalist Joel Dayde, they featured English David Clayton-Thomas soundalike Ian Bellamy during their tour of this country in 1970.**

ROLLING STONES meet RONETTES, probable date January '64 when they toured together. But can you identify individuals? Our conclusions, after scanning old Ronettes pix, are at the bottom of the page.

LOOKING BACK: THE STROLLING BONES

Jajouka? No, I've never tried . . .

Contracted to Riviera-Barclay Records in France, Zoo's discs were released here first by Major Minor and later by RCA. But the band achieved little success and eventually faded to join the ranks of the great might-have-beens, though Dayde eventually staked some claim to fame with a hit version of "Mamy Blue", while Breton brothers Andre and Michel Herve, who played keyboards and bass respectively with Zoo, are currently part of Alan Stivell's band and appear on his recent "Before Landing" album.

CAN YOU LIST all albums made by Canadian group The Guess Who? — **CHARLES NASH, Bristol.**

● **The earliest album I can trace by Burton Cummings' Canuck caperers is "Shakin' All Over" (Scepter 533), which came out around 1968. During the following year they signed for RCA and cut "Wheatfield Soul" (RCA ANL 1-1171*), a million-seller. Next came "Canned Wheat" (ANL 0983*), then American Woman" (LSP-4266*), "Share The Land" (LSP-4359*), "So Long Bannatyne" (LSP—4574), "Rockin' " (LSP-4602), "Live At The Paramount" (LSP-4779), "10" (APL1-0130*), "Artificial Paradise" (LSP-4830), "Flavours" (CPL-0636*), "Power In The Music" (APL1 0995*), "The Way They Were" (APL1-1778*) and two compilations, "The Best Of The Guess Who" (LSPX-1004*) and "The Best Of The Guess Who Vol. 2" (APL1-0269*). I have provided American catalogue numbers only here, those marked with an asterisk(*) still remaining in the catalogue. "Shakin' All Over" is currently available on Springboard 4022, while somewhere along the way there was an album called "The Guess Who Played The Guess Who" which appeared on PIP 6806, though I know no further details about this particular item. Any info on this particular subject would be gratefully received.**

WHAT IS Phil Manzanera doing at present? What plans has he for the future and *especially* when is his new solo album going to be released? — **PATRICK TAYLOR, West Bridgford, Nottingham.**

● **Mr Targett-Adams (well, you didn't think Manzanera was his real monicker, did you?) is currently alive and well and playing in the States, where he's keeping Bryan Ferry company until the end of July. An album is scheduled for release in September but EG Management say no title has yet been decided upon and that they are unable to reveal the identities of Phil's cohorts in this venture. Rotten lot!**

WE NEED SOME help! We want to have a "Goodies Stall" at the Reading Festival this year and we wondered if you could let us know who to get in touch with and who, if anyone, we need to get a licence from? — **APRIL AND KEV, Farnborough, Kent.**

● **The National Jazz Federation, who promote the Reading shindig, say that if you write to them at 90 Wardour Street, London W1, and state exactly what you want to sell, quoting prices etc., they'll answer all your queries for you.**

CAN YOU supply a complete discography of all albums (with catalogue numbers) recorded by Simon and Garfunkel? — **PHIL SWAN, Coventry.**

● **Possibly the toughest British album to find by the duo is "Simon And Garfunkel" (Allegro ALL836), a compilation of material which stemmed from Paul and Artie's early teen years when they recorded as Tom and Jerry. Released here in 1967 by Pickwick, the elpee was quickly withdrawn when a legal battle was threatened, though copies still turn up from time to time. After signing to CBS in 1964 the twosome cut "Wednesday Morning 3 a.m." (63370), then came "Sounds Of Silence" (62690), "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme" (62860), "Bookends" (63101), "The Graduate — Original Soundtrack" (70042), "Bridge Over Troubled Water" (63699), and a "Greatest Hits" compilation (69003). Paul Simon, who had recorded a solo album, "The Paul Simon Songbook" (62579), as early as 1965, then went off on his little ownsome to cut "Paul Simon" (69007), "There Goes Rhymin' Simon" (69035), "Live Rhymin' " (69059) and "Still Crazy After All These Years" (86001); while Artie, failing to catch Kris Kristofferson in his bid to hang his hat on the Hollywood sign, returned to the recording studios to cut "Angel Clare" (69021) and "Breakaway" (86002), reuniting with Paul for one track, "My Little Town", which appeared on both "Breakaway" and "Still Crazy".**

CAN YOU advise if Kristofferson and Coolidge have recorded any albums other than "Full Moon" (A&M AMLH64403)? — **R. J. BITHELL, Gateshead.**

● **Yup, Kris and Rita can also be found billing and cooing on "Breakaway" (Monument 80547) — but I must admit I preferred the days when it was just him and Bobby McGee!**

I RECENTLY HEARD an amazing Jack Bruce track — a setting of a piece of prose by Samuel Beckett *(Waiting For Godot,* etc). Can you tell me the name and number of the album from which it was taken? — **SEAN LATHER, London N15.**

● **The album to which you're referring is almost certainly Mike Mantler's "No Answer" (Watt 2) released by Virgin in July, 1974. The record, which feature a trio comprised of Mantler, Bruce and Carla Bley, contains an interpretation of Beckett's "How It Is" monologue — though it has to be said that when it comes to the Abbey Theatre stuff then Bruce is outclassed by Jack MacGowran, whose Beckett-produced "MacGowran Speaking Beckett" (Claddagh CCT3), on which he reads extracts from *Endgame, Molloy, Malone Dies, Echoes Bones, An Abandoned Work* and *Watt,* is quite superb.**

WHAT EQUIPMENT is used by guitarist Mick Schenker of UFO? — **IAN 'SPIKE' MILLIGAN, Perth 6000, W. Australia.**

● **A chain letter — on real chains — has just been slipped under the toilet door informing us that Schenker, who formerly strummed for The Scorpions, currently uses a white flying V guitar, 3 Marshal 50-watt amplifiers, 6 Marshall 4 × 12 cabinets and a Vox wah wah pedal.**

LEFT TO RIGHT: Brian Jones, Nedra Talley, Bill Wyman, Ronnie Spector (nee Bennett), Keith Richard, Charlie Watts, Estelle Bennett, Mick Jagger.

PARK HALL
CHARNOCK RICHARD
CHORLEY
LANCS

THE SECOND
JULY WAKES FESTIVAL
JULY 15 · 16 · 17

SATURDAY 16th
BARBARA DICKSON
HEDGEHOG PIE
GALLAGHER & LYLE
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
SPECIAL GUESTS
BOTHY BAND
DREW McCULLOCHS' ALMANAC
MARY ASQUITH
Compere · NOEL MURPHY

FRIDAY 15th
FIVE HAND REEL
GAY & TERRY WOODS
SPECIAL GUEST
GORDON GILTRAP
CRYPHON
THE ROSS MACFARLANE BAND
TOM YATES
THE BUSHWHACKERS
SPRIGUNS
Compere: WALLY WHYTON

SUNDAY 17th
LEO KOTTKE
Richard & Linda THOMPSON
JUNE TABOR
THE PAUL KING BAND
The TANNAHILL WEAVERS
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Old farts mount massive counter-offensive

In which overnight sensation THE PIRATES grab some of the action while ROY CARR reminisces...

FATE PLAYS the strangest tricks. For years, The Pirates shared a similar fate to Bo Diddley. In their respective roles as innovators, they opened the door for a whole generation of Sixties rock bands, but in the ensuing stampede were left holding the handle.

If the name Bo Diddley is synonymous with a specific beat, then The Pirates are instantly associated with a particular group style that has often been emulated but never actually improved upon.

For as long as I can remember, The Pirates have always looked a bit shady. Nowadays, they appear quite fearsome. When you talk about rock 'n' roll heavies, one need look no further.

Bass-player Johnny Spence could be easily mistaken for a psychotic South-London villain who snaps fingers for pleasure. Drummer Frank Farley resembles a swarthy wrestler and basks in the boos of the crowd. And guitarist Mick Green, can only be a hustler who helps goods fall off the backs of lorries.

As the late Johnny Kidd's backing group, The Pirates were Britain's seminal R&B band. The precursors of the electric power trio and, if you catch my drift, the only three man four-piece band in history.

I'll elucidate.

The Pirates main attraction has always been guitarist Mick Green who, between 1961 and 1964, singlehandedly perfected the highly complex technique of playing both lead and rhythm simultaneously.

Using a Fender Telecaster Deluxe, Green somehow synthesized the very best aspects of Scotty Moore's finger-pickin' Sun sound, a basic urban R&B back-beat and a few choice Diddley rhythms into a highly personalised dry, tense, barbed rhythm chop, and played with such aggressive skill that, in next to no time, he revolutionised British guitar.

Without question, Mick Green contributed as much as The Yardbirds' Holy Trinity of Clapton, Beck and Page to the development of comtemporary rock guitar.

Precisely how Green achieved his unique modus operandus, nobody has quite managed to suss out. Ask him and he claims that it's much easier to illustrate than to discuss. Be that as it may, it served as a basic blueprint for not only the 60s British Beat Boom, but in later years Dr. Feelgood and, currently, a large section of rock's emergent frenetic fourth generation.

BRITAIN'S first bona fide underground band, The Pirates pre-dated the initial R&B boom and — despite backing Johnny Kidd on such hits as "Shakin' All Over", "Please Don't Touch", "I'll Never Get Over You" and "Hungry For Love" — never really succeeded in achieving mass recognition. While other groups played endless package tours, The Pirates seemed content to roam around Europe playing roots-level beat clubs and ballrooms.

By the mid-60s, Mick Green had quit to join Billy J. Kramer, Johnny Kidd was dead in an auto smash and The Pirates had disbanded. It was left up to others to capitalize on the band's legacy.

That's exactly how things remained until just six months ago when The Pirates and yours truly both caught each other totally unprepared for what was about to happen.

Out of sheer curiosity, I ankled into London's Dingwalls one Tuesday evening in November and was stunned by what confronted me. Billed as a one-off reunion, The Pirates erased the twelve years that had elapsed since they last performed together and played with a spontaniety one rarely sees these days.

It may have taken me a couple of days to recover but, in my review, I claimed that there wasn't another guitarist currently playing on a British stage who could compare with Mick Green.

Like I said, that was six months ago. I've been back quite a few times since then to see if perhaps I'd been a little over-enthusiastic — but I still haven't reversed my initial opinion.

Seemingly, I'm not the only person who diligently checks out the Gig Guide each week to see where The Pirates are plugging-in. Not only do their supporters trail them around the country, but a group of the most ardent camp-followers recently hauled ass to Holland for a week, to keep tabs on their progress.

IF YOU measure a man's greatness by his degree of modesty, then Mick Green must surely keep the lowest profile around town. Truthfully, Green is the only musician that I've ever encountered who is almost apologetic about being so bloody talented. To make matters even more bizarre, Green can't relate to his near-legendary reputation, so he doesn't even bother to try. It exists and he's grateful, full stop.

Not only does the modest axeman find it most embarrassing to discuss his prowess, but up until recently, he was totally oblivious to the fact that his name was held in great reverence by his contemporaries.

Before I proceed any further, it needs to be firmly established that The Pirates, are by no stretch of the imagination a one-man band. Both bassist / singer Johnny Spence and drummer Frank Farley perform a most integral role in the success of the band. Without one another, The Pirates couldn't operate in such a unique fashion and they are the first to admit it.

By the same token, Spence and Farley readily concede that Green is their trump card, while at the same time speculating that the Star Of The Show has never surpassed his achievements with any other rhythm team.

"When the three of us play together", remarks Spence, "everything seems to come across quite natural, and I believe that to be the secret. Mick can do whatever he wants in the knowledge that Frank and I are always there right behind him."

After Green quit, at the end of '64, to become one of Kramer's Dakotas, Spence and Farley stayed behind before drifting through a succession of other backing bands.

On occasions, their careers again criss-crossed as they signed-on with Billy Fury, Julian Covay and Cliff Bennett. Spence then went into the motor trade, Farley became a strip club bouncer and Green lived five years of La Dolce Vita in Las Vegas pickin' ballads behind Engelbert Humperdinck. This was followed by three years with the ill-fated Shanghai before all three once again found themselves back together again and trading under their old colours.

However, it was more by accident than intent.

Somehow, Spence and Farley fell back into the business a couple of years ago on a semi-pro level at a nite-spot in Surrey. As their Sunday evenings were free, they decided to run their own rock gig and called up Green who had just jumped ship from Shanghai and was at a loose end.

One gig for old-time's sake was suggested. Even though they had absolutely no intention of any permanency for The Pirates, by mutual consent they agreed that instead of just a solitary session, The Pirates, (according to Farley) "would play a couple of karzee gigs before calling it quits".

Those gigs just happened to be a Tuesday at Dingwalls' and a Sunday at the Roundhouse.

I caught them at Dingwalls', then shortly afterwards watched as they came close to stealing some of the thunder from Eddie & The Hot Rods at a crowded Roundhouse, promptly booked them for NME's Christmas knees-up (again at Dingwalls') and watched it escalate from there on in.

A few more facts:

Contrary to rocklore, NME's Christmas thrash isn't simply an excuse to get nominated for Teazers' coveted Falling-Down-Gets-You-Accepted Award. Cram the cream of the British rock scene within four walls and someone is bound to do a deal of one kind or another.

Within an hour of having been joined onstage by Feelgooders' Lee Brilleaux and Wilko Johnson (who kept on jabbering, "I've waited 15 years for this moment"), The Pirates were off in a corner talking shop with former A&M chief and Warner Brothers' talent-broker Larry Yaskiel. By the time last orders were called, The Pirates agreed Yaskiel's offer was too good to pass up.

FOR BOTH parties concerned, it was something of a re-entry into the deep-end of the game. The Pirates hadn't seriously contemplated accepting any further engagements after that night while, having just returned from an 18-months sabbatical in Israel, Yaskiel was searching for just the right act with which to launch 77 — his new independent record production company.

Yaskiel's wasn't the only offer, but The Pirates took into consideration his ability to nurture both emergent and underestimated talents — like Leo Sayer, Peter Frampton and ELO — which, before his departure had earned him a reputation as one of Europe's premier record men and accounted for over 55 million records sold in North America alone.

Continues over

Y'gotta look mean these days, boys. That's it. Hold it.

Got it. OK — you can relax . . . Mine's a mild and bitter.

GERIATRICS FAZE PUNKS

From previous page

Yaskiel explains his rationale for his impulse signing of The Pirates — a band that hadn't played together since 1964:

"I'd been out of the music business for some time and after reading with amusement about any number of fads like a Glenn Miller revival, the 40s nostalgia craze, *Rock Follies*, the first thing that hit me full in the face on my return to London was punk rock.

"As none of these other fads had any lasting significance, I reckoned that with so many new bands springing up, there must be a very valid reason. Because, to begin with, it wasn't some record company hype. However, because the wrong aspects of what people termed 'punk rock' was the easiest for Fleet Street to digest, the whole movement got blown right out of all proportion.

"Yet, in these austere times I can find these aggressive attitudes quite understandable."

He qualifies himself.

"If I were in my teens, and was raised on a diet of watching people in Ireland blowing each other up on TV, civil war in Africa, hi-jacking, riots, strikes, political assassinations, the nuclear arms race, starvation, hate, racial prejudice and no immediate job prospects ... well then, I'd find it laughable that the public would be disgusted because a girl bit her boyfriend's ear at a rock gig and made it bleed, but nobody minded that whilst I was sitting in front of the tele eating my Marmite *real* people were being slaughtered between cosmetic commercials.

"Those same people who got all righteous when The Sex Pistols used a couple of unsavoury words during a TV interview!

"As, in the beginning, the music wasn't saying enough ... maybe it was saying too much! People focused in on the less important aspects and turned it into a freak fashion show. All that was really happening," he observed, "was that this new generation of kids were only trying to create some unpretentious high-energy rock 'n' roll to help work off their frustrations.

"Now, when I saw The Pirates, it immediately struck me, like many others who were eager to sign them, that right here was the real essence of no-nonsense rock at a time when punk is just about getting right down to basics and re-interpreting things to fit the current social climate.

"Sure, I could have dashed down The Roxy and signed one of a dozen new punk bands, but for the moment, why look beyond something as unique and vital as *this* band, because everyone acknowledges that The Pirates were one of the most important catalysts in the development of British rock.

"When The Pirates played the NME party," he concludes, "I not only saw people who would normally be considered too blase to dance around in such an unimhibited manner getting off on the band, but I couldn't believe the number of well-known musicians like Phil Lynott and John Entwistle and younger bands like The Damned, The Flamin' Groovies, Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers and the Pistols that crowded to the front of the stage to cheer.

"Nobody was concerned with The Pirates' past achievements, it was the sheer power of what they're doing right now that got through to those people exactly the same way as it got through to the Hot Rods' fans at The Roundhouse.

"So how could they lose?"

THE PIRATES were caught right off-guard by the sudden upsurge of interest in their Second Coming. They undertook those first few crucial gigs with a makeshift programme; numbers they could blow on without rehearsal.

But events overtook them so rapidly that, without coming off the road to replan their strategy, they amended their original set as best they could. With their backs against the wall and their reputation on the line, not only did they refurbish their repertoire but began writing their own material. They didn't have time to stop and take stock of the situation they had suddenly been catapulted into and it was this sense of urgency that helped them sustain the momentum.

Having prepared themselves to die the proverbial death, they were not, as they had anticipated, being supported by first generation necro-teds, but 18-year old spike-heads.

Sure, The Pirates had to graft to keep abreast of themselves, but starting all over again from scratch wasn't as difficult as they had first envisaged. In fact, it proved to be something of an asset.

"We're not intersted in how The Pirates sounded ten years ago," Green confided to me after one gig. "We're only interested in what's happening right now. You see, we owe to to ourselves to try and do something constructive as The Pirates."

"Sure," says Spence, "we play a few songs we played in the old days, but we perform them as we all feel they should sound today, and it's because of this approach that we're drawing such a very young audience."

"The kids come along expecting nothing," argues Green, "and as far as they're concerned those numbers sound brand new to them. If they didn't, they wouldn't want to know."

IT'S ONLY a matter of time before the Feelgoods connection is brought up in any conversation. It's absolutely no secret that Wilko Johnson modelled himself lock, stock and Telecaster on Mick Green and, as it transpires, it was Wilko who continually pestered Green to seriously consider a permanent Pirates reformation.

It is Green's unsolicited opimion that The Pirates owe as much to the Feelgoods as the Feelgoods are indebted to The Pirates.

"The first time I ever heard the Feelgoods on the radio", admits Green, "I really though it was *us*. Fine, so the Feelgoods made it by using many of the things that The Pirates developed — as far as we're concerned, that's great and shows how valid our approach has always been."

"When we first went to Hamburg with Kidd," growls Farley, "we were just what people used to call, *a typical beat group* — and then we heard all these Scouse bands playing all these fabulous songs which we'd never heard before ... 'Casting My Spell' and 'A Shot Of Rhythm & Blues' were just a couple of 'em. When we came back to this country we were a different band entirely.

"In fact," he recollects, "our own 15-minute set, which we used to play before Kidd came on stage, was always far more R&B-slanted than his part of the show."

Spence corroborates this statement. Johnny Spence may have become The Pirates vocalist by default, but as the four originals on their already-completed-soon-to-be-released-but-I'm-not-sure-on-which-label album substantiates, the man has improved beyond all recognition.

Comprising seven songs recorded one Saturday evening "live" at The Nashville and another seven cut in just three days down at Rockfield, this Vick Maile-produced debut illustrates the style and confidence which now graces the band's vocals.

Cutting an album on the run in just four days has had the desired effect, for this is how The Pirates should be enjoyed: no-holds-barred — reaching a zenith on such originals as "Gibson, Martin and Fender", the manic "Don't Mention It" and the insidious throb "You Don't Own Me", which they co-wrote with Quo's Alan Lancaster.

Crafting material that can accurately showcase The Pirates' instrumental prowess has come quite natural, and to their collective credit, they haven't taken the easy way out. Fourteen tracks on one album subtantiates that they haven't become complacent and cut Mick Green loose for endless guitar solos. As it happens, guitar breaks are kept to no more than a chorus or two, and because of this kind of discipline, The Pirates generate optimum ernergy.

It's this high intensity — as opposed to volume — that enables The Pirates to deliver such lethal payloads as "Lonesome Train" and "Milk Cow Blues" on the Nashville side and "Drinking Wine" and "Do The Dog" on the Rockfield cuts, without falling victim to their own virtuosity.

IN FRONT of a crowd, The Pirates attack their hardware with nothing less than intense hatred; almost as if they're succeeding in draining every last ounce of life-blood from their instruments.

Mick Green scrubs at his fretboard with high-speed savagery, Spence rolls his eyeballs and pumps at his bass like a bullworker and Farley, yeah, Farley ... prefering to stand behind his kit for most of the set, matches John Bonham in the blacksmith approach to drum-thrashing.

Come in Vic Maile.

Without attempting to compromise him in his position of having produced the formative works of the Feelgoods and The Hot Rods, Maile nevertheless concedes that, without being forced to draw comparisons, the tracks he's just produced with The Pirates succeeded in capturing the rough-and-ready ambience that has consistantly eluded the other bands he's taken into the studio.

"Recording The Pirates," states Maile, "was much easier than I had originally anticipated. Once we had the tapes rolling, it was like having *two* bands playing together — to the extent that on quite a few tracks there was absolutely no need to do any overdubs whatsoever.

"Now with other bands, it's essential that, on record, they need to fill out their stage sound with a certain amount of overdubbing and, by doing so, correct any weaknesses. I always felt this when I was recording The Feelgoods, though you know how Wilko always felt about doing overdubs.

"But it wasn't really necessary to do may overdubs once The Pirates were in the studio, because Mick Green already sounds like two guitarists!"

Any doubts that The Pirates might be a Rock Revival band have long since been vanquished.

"Far from it," Maile insisted, "I'm very much into what many of the new wave bands are doing, and there's no doubt about it, The Pirates are valid in respect to what's happening in rock at this very moment."

WITH JOHNNY SPENCE and Frank Farley having been side-lined for so many years and Green working out of Las Vegas, it could well have emasculated their collective talent. Nothing could be further from the truth.

You can match The Pirates against any other power trio any day of the week.

"There are some things", Green muses, "that you just don't lose. You just tuck 'em away at the back of your mind until such time as you need them. That's what we did."

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PLATTERS

CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH

Crosby, Stills And Nash (Atlantic)

PREDICTABLY IT'S a creeping disease on this waterfront. After all everyone knew that Crosby, Stills and Nash would *have* to get back together sooner or later.

Crosby and Nash have been playing housey-housey for years as rock's odd couple in residence. All it needed was for Stills to suffer even more critical abuse, miserable attendance at his concerts, pitiful album sales and one more rebuke from Neil Young for him to stick his tail between his legs and go actively hankering for this tweesome threesome reunion.

Everybody knew that they'd bearhug each other and, pausing only to re-affix their hearts on that combined denim sleeve, shoot the route down to Florida to coo and bill over a democratic, tasteful sliver of songs, shape up an album, sell it to the highest bidder and settle back on their yacht to shell in the shekels as ever.

Everybody knew also that *Rolling Stone* and Cameron-Crowe would get the exclusive grist on the inner sanctum temperament, throw in a cover to punch home the scam, and after dutifully questioning the motives of a band (?) who've constructed their entire career from ceaeselessly crying "wolf", conclude that, yes, this is The Big One.

Just like you all know I'm going to give this album a bad review if only to complete the sequence.

But let's take to the task in a systematic, businesslike fashion — below the belt bitchery being about as redundant a stance as the impoverished poeticism and world weary posing of this product's auteurs.

Democratically conceived just like its predecessor back in halcyon '69, this record boasts an intimate, tasteful production — spartan instrumentation throwing a full spotlight on the trio's harmony work, which, for all its precious pitching, is extremely well crafted and nigh perfect intonation-wise.

These are CS&N's good points. The album's bad points easily outweigh them.

The problem starts with the simple fact that all three figures are currently stranded in various stages of utter impoverishment regarding their baleful attempts to write 'convincing' songs. Each writer is stuck in his own hackneyed style of composition — Nash most obviously, seemingly cemented to a piano stool and condemned merely to croak out painfully slow, poe-faced paeans to his own sensitivity.

He is the most deadeningly offensive of this trio — God, is there anyone working within the singer/songwriter medium who currently takes himself more seriously and has less to back up such a numbingly pretentious stance? I dearly hope not, for Nash, writing from a grotesque posture of wounded, ultra-pious innocence, provides this effort with not one but two cringing nadirs.

"Cathedral" is a song about the author's experience of taking acid in Winchester Cathedral. It's full of bloated strings, tortuously clumsy piano chords and lyrics loaded with couplets like "Open up the gates of the church and let me out of here/Too many people have lied in the name of Christ" *ad infinitum.*

In ascending order, Crosby has three songs showcased here, Nash four and Stills a generous five. The latter's got a few more cliches of his own to flex on but in the end he's just as impoverished as Nash. Virtually since the decade was ushered in Stills hasn't come up with a new riff, instead grudgingly content to trot out his old faithfuls with less and less camouflage to hide his creative bankruptcy as tepid solo album follows album.

"CS & N" shows that nothing's changed on this wicket and this time even those dippy harmonies can't hide as much. Stills had apparently gone through a divorce just before this album was recorded — this plus his continuing decline from a popular musician who once commanded respect to a buffoon grievously lacking credibility or an audience have reaped a mighty upward tilt on the angst-o-meter. The only problem being that Stills' attempted painful eloquence with his old ready-mades again seems horribly contrived ad phoney.

He enters on an acoustic (sorry 'wooden' — and how) number which is a dead ringer for "Helplessly Hoping". The title of the same is "See The Changes" which proves once again the long held Buddy Miles theory that musicians ceaselessly boasting about their 'changes' are in fact stuck in the most and deadly of formulas.

"Fair Game" is Stills puckering up his latin shuffle which he started with Buffalo Springfields's "Uno Mondo" and has continued to grind out at any point when a song's artifice is losing its impact and a change is needed. "Dark Star" and "I Give You Give Blind" are eminently forgettable. Still's nadir is struck in no uncertain terms with "Run From Tears" which clinches all his inadequacies in one song. This is Stills the morose, passionate 'bluesman' (he even tells us as much at the start) — all broken machoid real man emotional grit that becomes postured as his singing turns the attempted naked feelings of lines like "I'm drowning/I'm fighting/Something special in me is dying" into embarassing egocentricity so cloying as to be thoroughly unsavoury.

Naturally he has to finish things off with an electric riff that he's trotted out on anything from "Four Way Street" to the Manassas albums — but by then the song has become such a hideous exercise that any change is for the better.

Two down, one to go. David Crosby, for one who comes on so like a complete clown, emerges out of the album with more respectability than his two compadres combined. Crosby's ace up the sleeve has remained his ability to concieve intriguing, original melodies and chord progressions which veer out of a tasteful jazz-tinged left field. This talent has been shown far better elsewhere — almost anywhere else, come to that, from the first CS&N album to his *truly* innovative contributions to the Byrds in the mid-60's.

But at least "In My Dreams" and "Anything At All" are convincing and succeed in their own right with sturdy, mysterious progressions and lyrics that either (as in the case of "Dreams") are forgettably innocuous or actually *say* something. With "Anything" Crosby kicks off with a couplet "Anything you want to know just ask me/I'm the world's most opiniated man". Well, at least he's being believably honest and providing a touch of human weakness into this mess of ultra-'sensitive' posturing. Nothing much really, but marooned on this record anything half-way decent is welcome.

For all's said and done this is an utterly feeble effort. It's the old strength in numbers ploy as three musical deficients try to muster some dint of the old star dust of Woodstock yesteryear, hoping it will mist over their combined terminal condition. Predictably enough, this album is as much an aesthetic disaster area as it'll be a commercial success.

Nick Kent

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD

Goodbye Blues (Fantasy); The Best Of Country Joe McDonald (Golden Hour)

THINKING OF Country Joe as a Frisco flower child barks you up a wrong tree of considerable proportions; close but no cigar. Nearer to it: a Berkeley politicofolkie who got psychedelicised and dived

headfirst into rock and roll.

The new album "Goodbye Blues" — his nineteenth or whatever — is an easy listening experience for people who like being jabbed in the ass with lapel badges to ease their consciences about being flat on their backs.

Joe turns Woody Guthrie's "CarCar" (here retitled "Let's Go Riding In The Car") into a would-be witty Statement On Pollution, tweaks the sensibilities with "Blood On The Ice", a harsh and scarifying song about what it takes to make someone a sealskin coat, goes on for several painful minutes about how "Primitive People" are having a tough time of it in the So-Called Modern World, delivers a cute singalong about the "Little Blue Whale" and rhymes "Victor Jara" with "Che Guevara" in "Copiapo."

"Wilderness Trail" sinks a few barbs into the hides of people who talk about getting back to the simple life in the country and then just stalk about with guns blowing the heads off of the wildlife and "TV Blues" savages the tube." Me, I'll take one "Save The Whale" button and leave the album be.

The Golden Hour album is compiled from the Vanguard albums that contain Joe's best work with and without the Fish

If nothing else, it demonstrates that Country Joe was never a man to stick to one thing too long. There's material from "Thinking Of Woody Guthrie", from his country album "Tonight I'm Singing Just For You", from his album of adaptations of the World War I poetry of Robert Service, from the three excellent post-Fish albums (there were a lot more than three, but I said *excellent)* "Incredible! Live! Country Joe!", "Hold On It's Coming" and "The Paris Sessions", and a haphazard fistful of Fish tracks including "Fish Cheer And I - Feel - Like - I'm Fixing - To - Die - Rag", "Janis", "Here I Go Again", "Love Machine" and — best of all — "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine."

As a neat everything - you - wanted - to - know - about - Country - Joe - but - never - bothered - to - ask package that leaves no loose ends that aren't worth following up, I reckon this fills the bill pretty good. Gimme an F!

Charles Shaar Murray

THE MUPPET SHOW

(Pye)

IF THE media successes of Johnny Rotten and the Muppet Show reflect the operations of a common subculture, it may be that this augurs well for the future of Western Civilisation.

Away, dank spirits! To the abbatoir with the mediocrity of 1970s pig capitalism and its dedication to the sterility of our spirits! Move forward the frontiers of the New Renaissance! *La nouvelle vague* est arrive!!!

Go, place your stylus in the groove that moves.

Hear The Muppet Show and understand all there is to understand.

Suffer the raging emotions of Scooter and Floyd's "Mr Bassman". Empathize with Rowlff's marvellous triumph of content *and* form in the emotively pastoral "Cottleston Pie".

But enough of dropping minor stars names. What of the real meat of these pictureless highlights from the ATV show of the same name?

Wherefore Sam The Eagle, wherefore Rowlff, wherefore Jack Parnell? Wherefore . . . Yeah, it's had to come down to personalities yet again. Nouvelle vague or no, see it's all showbiz.

Yes, Kermit, Fozzie Bear, Miss Piggy; the albums pages salute the genius of the ruling triumvirate of Muppet Land.

Just get next to the Stanislavsky.like loathing that the vituperate Kermit injects into his rejection (get next to the assonance also while you're at it) of Miss Piggy. Delight as she triumphs over pain on her beautifully elegiac run-through of "What Now My Love". Understand how it feels to be a tie-wearing bear on Fozzie's stirring "Monologue".

And, finally, know what it's like, as only Kermit can, to Be Green.

Indeed, "Being Green", the lush closing track, kinda says it all.

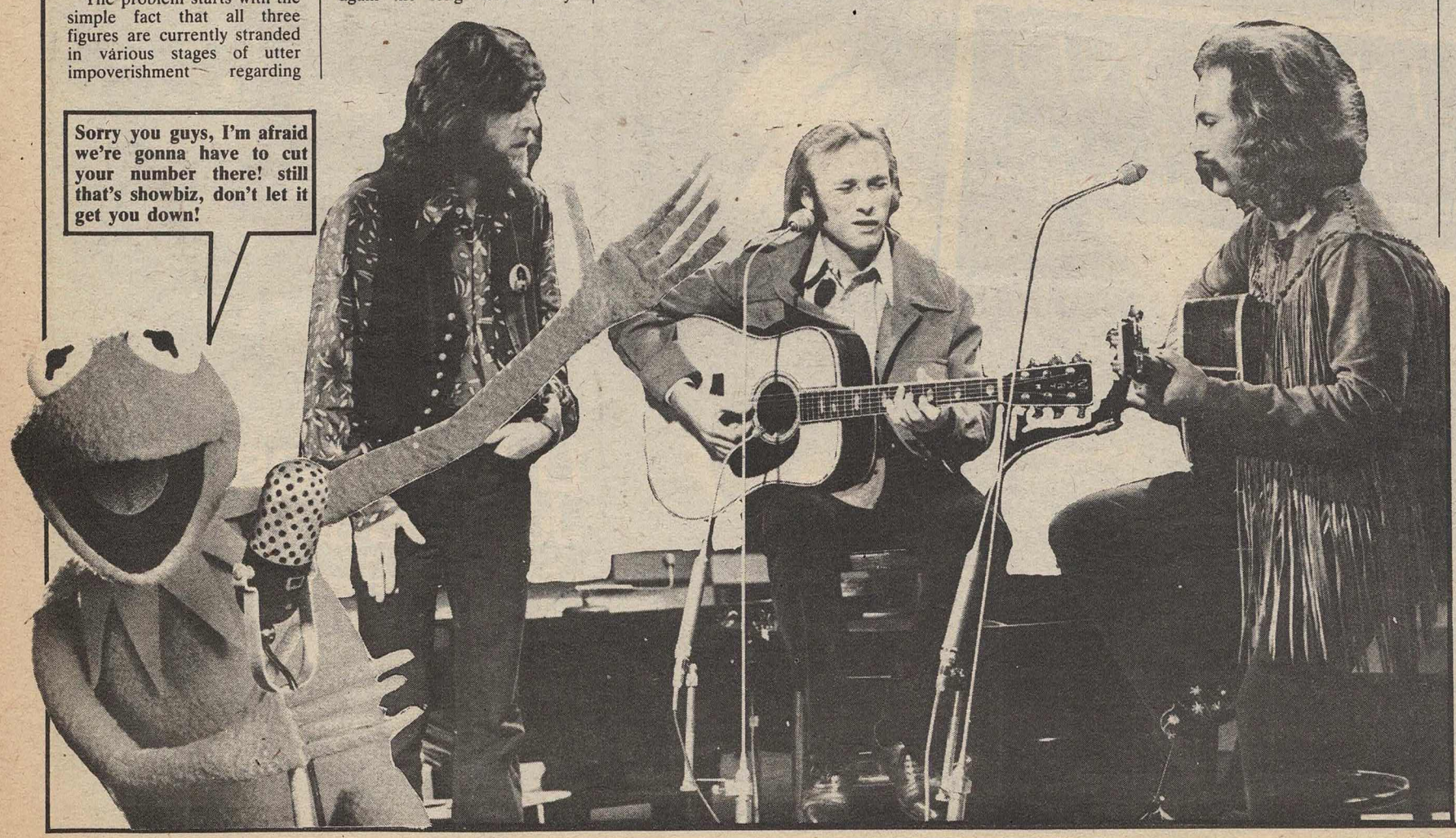
But then, that's Kermit for you.

Chris Salewicz

Old Farts Special

C, S, & N: Sorry, but it's a wet one.

NICK KENT wrinkles his nose in disgust.



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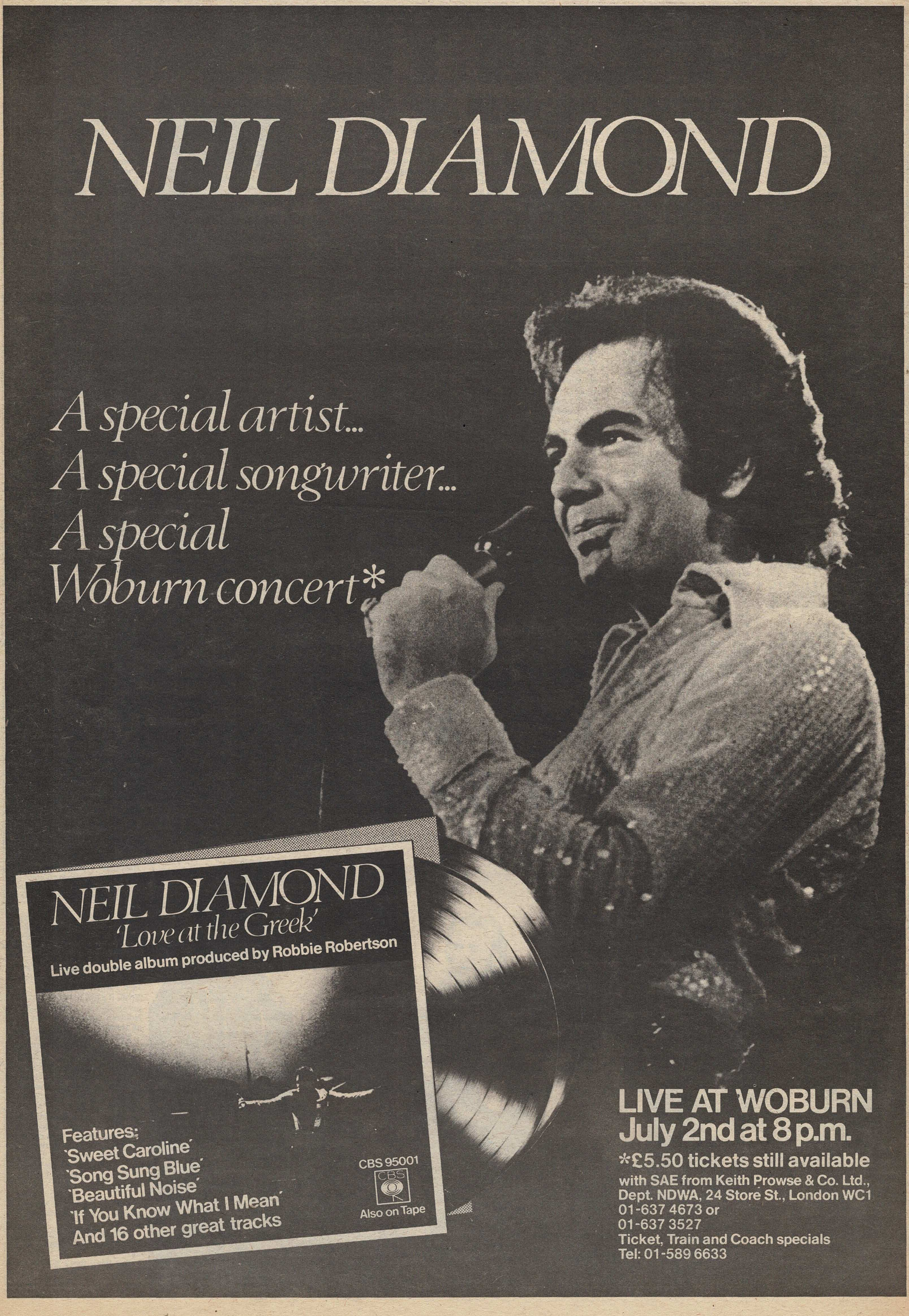

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PLAYERS

HALFWAY TO 1978

ALBUMS

1. **TELEVISION** Marquee Moon (Warner Bros)
2. **THE RAMONES** Leave Home (Sire)
3. **BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS** Exodus (Island)
4. **LITTLE FEAT** Time Loves A Hero (Warner Bros)
5. **THE STRANGLERS** Rattus Norvegicus (United Artists)
6. **THE CLASH** The Clash (CBS)
7. **TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS** (Island)
8. **MUDDY WATERS** Hard Again (Blue Sky)
9. **DAVE EDMUNDS** Get It (Swansong)
10. **THE JAM** In The City (Polydor)

BUBBLING UNDER: **David Bowie** Low (RCA); **Iggy Pop** The Idiot (RCA).

. . . in which The Almost Entire Staff of the World's Most Equinox-Conscious Rock Weekly plot their Best Of — So Far — In 1977. Brian Case (Jazz), Patrick Humphries (Folk), Penny Reel (Reggae) and Cliff White (Soul) can be blamed individually for the ethnic selections.

SINGLES

1. **SEX PISTOLS** God Save The Queen (Virgin)
2. **THE RAMONES** Sheena Is A Punk Rocker (Sire)
3. **THE STRANGLERS** Peaches/Go Buddy Go (United Artists)
4. **THE CLASH** White Riot (CBS)
5. **DAVID BOWIE** Sound & Vision (RCA)
6. **ELVIS COSTELLO** Less Than Zero (Stiff)
7. **THE STRANGLERS** Grip/London Lady (United Artists)
8. **BOB MARLEY** Exodus (Island)
9. **PETER GABRIEL** Solsbury Hill (Charisma)
10. **DENEICE WILLIAMS** Free (CBS)
11. **WEATHER REPORT** Birdland (CBS)
12. **TALKING HEADS** Love Goes To A Building On Fire (Sire)
13. **JOE TEX** Ain't Gonna Bump (Epic)
14. **BOSTON** More Than A Feeling (CBS)
15. **GRAHAM PARKER** Hold Back The Night (Virtigo)
16. **THE DAMNED** Neat Neat Neat (Stiff)
17. **RONNIE SPECTOR** Say Goodbye To Hollywood (Epic)
18. **STEVIE WONDER** Sir Duke (Motown)
19. **BOB SEGER** Night Moves (Capitol)
20. **DAVE EDMUNDS** I Knew The Bride (Swansong)

BUBBLING UNDER: **The Table** Do The Standing Still (Virgin); **Van Morrison** Eternal Kansas City (Warner Bros).

BEST COMPILATIONS

CHUCK BERRY Motorvatin' (Chess); **VARIOUS ARTISTS** A Bunch Of Stiffs (Stiff).

BEST RE-ISSUES

MC5 Back In The USA (Atlantic); **IGGY & THE STOOGES** Raw Power (CBS).

JAZZ ALBUMS

1. **DAVID MURRAY** Low Class Conspiracy (Adelphi*)
2. **COMPANY** Company One (Incus)
3. **DEXTER GORDON** Homecoming (CBS)
4. **JULIUS HEMPHILL** Coon Bid'ness (Arista)
5. **NEW YORK LOFT SESSIONS** Wildflowers (Douglas)
6. **DON CHERRY** Don Cherry (A & M)
7. **DON PULLEN** Solo Piano (Sackville)
8. **JOSEPH BOWIE & OLIVER LAKE** (Sackville*)
9. **MILT JACKSON** At Kosei Nenkin (Pablo Live)
10. **DOLO COKER** Dolo! (Xanadu*)

*denotes Import.

FOLK ALBUMS

1. **BILL CADICK** Sunny Memories (Trailer)
2. **BERT JANSCH** A Rare Conundrum (Charisma)
3. **FIVE HAND REEL** For A' That (RCA)
4. **ALBION DANCE BAND** The Prospect Before Us (Harvest)
5. **FAIRPORT CONVENTION** Live Fairport (Help)
6. **STEELEYE SPAN** Old Masters (Chrysalis)
7. **DAVE SWARBRICK** Swarbrick Two (Transatlantic)
8. **ROYSTON & HEATHER WOOD** No Relation (Transatlantic)
9. **JETHRO TULL** Songs From The Wood (Chrysalis)
10. **MARTIN CARTHY** Martin Carthy (Topic Reissue)

REGGAE 45s

1. **CORNELL CAMPBELL** The Investigator (3rd World)
2. **DENNIS BROWN** Here I Come (Morpheus)
3. **GREGORY ISAACS** Slave Master (3rd World)
4. **CARETAKER** Majority Rules (Stonehouse)
5. **RAS ELROY** Sticks Man (Slate)
6. **RAS IBUNA** Diverse Doctrine (Grove Music)
7. **THE ROYAL RASES** Kingston Eleven (Neville King)
8. **ELLA HOLT** Shark Out Deg (Locks)
9. **GREGORY ISAACS** Mister Cop (Golden Age)
10. **BLACKSTONES** Revolution Time (Sunshot)

All available on British release.

SOUL ALBUMS

1. **THE COMMODORES** Zoom (Motown)
2. **BOOTSY COLLINS** Ahh . . . The Name Is Bootsy, Baby (Warner Bros)
3. **LATIMORE** It Ain't Where You Been (TK)
4. **DENIECE WILLIAMS** This Is Niecy (CBS)
5. **BOBBY BLAND** Reflections In Blue (ABC)

SOUL 45s

1. **DOROTHY MOORE** For Old Times Sake (Contempo)
2. **WILLIAM BELL** Trying To Love Two (Mercury)
3. **JOHNNIE TAYLOR** Love Is Better In The A.M. (CBS)
4. **BOBBY PATTERSON** If He Hadn't Slipped Up and Got Caught (Contempo)
5. **JOE TEX** Ain't Gonna Bump No More (Epic)

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VARIOUS
Best Of Car Wash (MCA)

WHO CAN ever forget Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong? One of the great twosomes of our time, almost on a par with such luminaries as Rotten and Vicious, Donny and Marie, Fear and Loathing, they produced gems like "Just My Imagination" as easily as the Queen produces corgis.

Car Wash is a reportedly OK movie dealing with a gang of them happy black folks on a hard day at the auto-shower. It features George Carlin, The Pointer Sisters and Richard Pryor and is gilded by the collective larynx of a group of people calling themselves Rose Royce.

These happy minstrels have already given us two hit singles ("Car Wash" and "I Wanna Get Next To You", both featured here in edited state) and a double soundtrack of which very little has been heard.

Is this album, I sigh wearily for the ninth time in two seconds, really necessary? Well, tracks like "Zig Zag", "Water" and "Doin' What Comes Naturally", a large chunk in the middle of side one, are only an extended exercise in irrelevance and negligent brass meanders that suffer from an over busy orchestration, the curse of most modern soul.

"Carwash" features a burbling acapella intro driving into a background of half-throttle brass to which Rose Royce strut their stuff in a manner that would not disgrace Tammi and Marvin.

They tackle the daily grind with admirable fortitude; *"Work and work my fingers to the bone!"* chortles a female Rose Roycer gleefully in a classy voice which is sweet even when stridently employed.

After aforesaid slab of trashy instrumentals comes "I'm Going Down", the type of lushly orchestrated, substandard ballad that Motown are wont to fling at their unfortunate chanteuses.

A breathy exhortation of fatal infatuation, it's interspersed with distraught sobs of such meticulous synchronization that I felt moved to snigger with malicious mirth. Grovel, grovel. Yeuchhh!

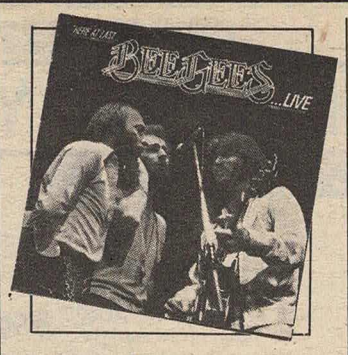
"Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is" (a rather unwise choice of title in the light of the title of the previous track) could be from any of the better boisterous soul combos. I was irked by the self-conscious git-down hollers of "Talk is cheap!" "Raht on!" "Rock Steady!" and "Puddup or shuddup!" from various Rose Roycers, but when these irritating harpies quit the backing track moves along with considerable panache.

Side two opens with "I Wanna Get Next To You", gorgeous even if it is "Just My Imagination" with a nose-job. "Daddy Rich" is a messy celebration of material wealth totally lacking in conviction and rhythm. "You Gotta Believe", the only song to feature the Pointer Sisters (who said "Who?"), is a monotonous low-key shuffle executed with much aimless percussion.

The dreary "YoYo" is as silly and repetitive as its title and whilst "Sunrise" (also minus the sound of a human voice) is a fitting end to an album incorporating three good songs and a wagonload of trash.

If you bought the singles, there's nothing here you want. And if you didn't buy the singles, don't lose sleep.

Julie Burchill



BEE GEES
At Last — Bee Gees Live (RSO)

NOT SO long ago, it was possible (if uncharitable) to dismiss the Bee Gees as mere purveyors of schmaltz — Beatles' copyists with a crippling weakness for maudlin ballads. But their last two albums have changed all that, spawning an astonishing number of hit singles.

"Jive Talking" from "Nights on Broadway" was the first indication that something was happening. Instead of that familiar nasal warbling, the Brothers Gibb had opted for trademark disco falsettos.

The strength of the song depended on its formidable riff, also on its cunning arrangement and production, the work of Arif Mardin.

Then came "Children of the World", and with Mardin replaced by Karl Richardson and Albhy Galuten, the Bee Gees were still demonstrating a consummate command of disco trickery. From that album came no less than five A-sides, all hits for the Bee Gees and other people in various parts of the world.

And now, with the Gibbs established as the premier white exponents of studio funk, there's this double live set, which features the best of *all* their material.

There was the risk that complex arrangements carefully assembled in the studio would come apart onstage. Happily, that's not the case, thanks to the immaculate backup from the likes of Blue Weaver (keyboards), Alan Kendall (guitars), and Dennis Bryon (drums).

The band easily gives the Average Whites a run for their money, ably assisted by six horn players, and what's more, the Gibbs write better songs than the AWB ever managed.

The set opens with something of a soft sell. "I've Gotta Get A Message to You" is followed by "Love So Right" — a curious time warp as the band switches from golden oldie to latest strut with barely a pause for breath. "Can't Keep A Good Man Down" closes the first side, with its eccentric little brass riff, and its absurdly catchy chorus.

The second side is devoted entirely to a medley of oldies, and demonstrates the Gibbs' talent for memorable melodies. It's surprising how many of these songs have lingered on.

The classic is "New York Mining Disaster 1941", a song that would have not been out of place on "Sergeant Pepper", despite its obvious stylistic debt. Others are barely less robust: "Massachusetts", "World", "I Started A Joke", "To Love Somebody", among them.

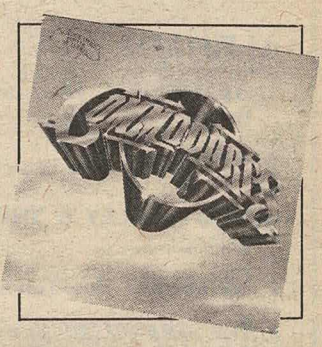
No matter how soppy the words, there's no knocking the force of the tunes. The likes of Rod Stewart and Elton John should be blessed with such songwriting talent. The medley does tend to go on, through nine cuts in all, but it's hard to see which ones they'd dump.

The very same cluster of songs might have served if the Bee Gees had ended up at Batley Variety Club. "You Should Be Dancing", which opens side three, shows why they're at the Los Angeles Forum instead.

"Dancing" has more power than in the studio. The horns do an extended work-out that never loses momentum, and the band power into "Boogie Child" just to show it was no fluke. The final side has three gilt-edged songs: "Wind of Change", "Nights on Broadway", and a superb "Jive Talking".

If you want to hear how some of the sharpest operators in the business can turn black music innovations to their own multi-million dollar advantage, then this is essential listening.

Bob Edmands



THE COMMODORES:
Zoom (Motown)

THIS ALBUM has caused me more brain damage than my love life and if I didn't think it was worth the hassle I'd have given up on it weeks ago. But it is worth it — as I'm now trying to tell you for the fourth time.

The Commodores don't breathe a word about tearing down, beating up, or even mildly contesting the establishment; nor do they hate themselves, despise their neighbours or despair for the future of mankind.

So you see, subject-wise it's all fairly insubstantial stuff.

Except that musically and technically "Zoom" is as solid as a rock; as in rock and roll.

As it happens, The Commodores see themselves as rock 'n' rollers. Which just goes to show there's still a major culture shock twixt the doers and the watchers, particularly when the doers are American and black and the watchers are British and white.

A full quarter of a year after its release, "Zoom" still sounds like the best album of '77, despite strong competition from Deniece Williams, Bobby Bland, Joe Tex, Parliament and The Isley Brothers, the runners-up so far.

On reflection I suppose there are just about grounds for thinking of The Commodores as a soul act, even though *they* don't, because young black America's approach to music is distinctly different to young white America — most of the time.

On seven of the nine tracks this increasingly tight sextet have refined the obvious influence of Stevie Wonder and The Ohio Players to the point where they've paid off their

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IMPORTS

BOBBI HUMPHREY and **Scarlet Rivera** have much in common. Scarlet's probably the better known of the two, thanks to her involvement with Rockin' Robbie's Rollin' Thunder shindig, though Bobbi's been around longer on the record scene and has half a dozen Blue Note albums to her credit in the most recent Schwann catalogue.

Both currently have albums that would seem important to their respective careers, Dylan's Stra-happy sidekick coming up with "Scarlet Rivera", a Jimmy Wisner-produced debut album for Warner Brothers, and Bobbi, a jazz flautist who's also a pretty fair vocalist, making a bid for upper market acceptance via "Tailor Made", her initial outing on Epic.

Aesthetically speaking, Rivera's offering is streets ahead. Fronting a fine little band comprised of keyboardist Dominic Cardinale, a flautist, vocalist Rolly Hui, ex-Esther Phillips bassist Ed Mikenas and Gary Burke, a percussionist also played on the Dylan gang show, she stretches out on material that ranges from "Wicked Witch Of The East", a crunching jig of heavy proportions, to "Gypsy Caravan", ten minutes of pure tea-room romanticism.

Richard Pryor

Poor Bobbi is ill-served by her initial big-time romp. No info is provided on the album sleeve and if you didn't already know that Ms. Humphrey flute-tooted in Mann-made fashion then you'd be led to assume that her only donations to the proceedings were the vocals that occur on some tracks.

Musically she's not got it all that hot either — the songs and the uncredited arrangements are often straight out of rent-a-disco (Upper Manhattan branch) and one way or another, the whole deal would appear to be the waste not only of Bobbi's undoubted talents but also of a great opportunity.

The tragedy of it all is that "Tailor Made" will probably prove to be her biggest seller to date and her next offering will be fashioned in equally lacklustre vein.

I think it's equally likely that **Leon and Mary Russell's**

debt and begin to show a musical profit.

"Won't You Come Dance With Me" is everything in one track that Wonder's "Key Of Life" could have been had it not been dissipated over two and a half years and four and a half sides. "Squeeze The Fruit" boogies sharply with the attack of early Funkadelic and the compulsive bounce of pre-wealth Ohio Players; "Brick House" is so damn funky the bass and drum mix is like being whacked upside the head with a hollow log.

In contrast, the title track is a fresh edition of the harmony ballad style that The Commodores are almost single-handedly returning to fashion (modern production and arrangement but the same irresistable charm as a fifties doowop).

"Easy" is more of the same, hovering over a gospel piano melody until it's scooped up in the metal talons of McClary's guitar. A great finale, and possibly the most likely to succeed in Britain.

But then all tracks are potential singles; three or four of them obviously destined to be million sellers in America. Whether or not they'll do any good over here is this month's prize teaser.

Cliff White

PAT METHENY
Watercolors (ECM)

THIS TIME aquamarine. Another round from the Gary Burton Quartet's young American guitarist.

Cut the credits, count to four and Metheny sounds a lot like The National Health's Phil Miller. Calm and collected as he unreels long melodies, curt and catchy as he flecks off angled chords.

"Bright Size Life", Metheny's previous set, was saved from nagging tonal uniformity by the luxuriant bass of Weather Report's Jaco Pastorius. "Watercolors" is likewise saved by the presence of German basso supremo Eberhard Weber.

Weber plays an amplified upright bass — which still doesn't explain how he manages to make it sound like a distant choir, a cello quartet, a French horn section or, most characteristically, a whole bass orchestra of warm, resonant grandeur.

But one monumental musician doth not an album make. It's not that Metheny's licks are without interest, just that they seem oddly casual, lack urgency, seem to verge on the facile.

Only once does Metheny threaten to cut the quick. "Ice Fire" is an arresting solo piece; his electric rings through a brief raga structure, wedging harmonic dazzle every which way.

"Sea Song", "River Quay" and the other group pieces are too languid for my taste. Drummer Danny Gottlieb taps safe, goes out of his way to avoid undue tension. Pianist Lyle Mays shows promise and flair, even if he does knead his rich chords with an ear cocked at Keith Jarrett.

All the material is Methany's (which may account for the set's failure to grip firm); I'm not too convinced he's a strong enough stylist or writer to lead — yet. Less of the limpid lagoons, Mr Metheny, more of the breaker surge.

Go for the Burton Quartet's recent "Passengers" instead, which also has Weber aboard but combines tranquility with strength.

Angus MacKinnon

ARETHA FRANKLIN
Sweet Passion (Atlantic)

WHAT to do with Aretha Franklin? The question must echo around Atlantic's New York offices whenever it's time for her to make another record.

Last year someone had the idea of having her do a soundtrack album and putting the writing and production chores in the hands of Curtis Mayfield: a decision obviously inspired by Mayfield's recent artistic and commercial success doing the same thing for the Staple Singers on "Let's Do It Again".

Dispensing with lush settings, Mayfield let the simple excitement of Gospel-style singing come through, backed by a small band and tight vocal arrangements. "Sparkle" saw Aretha in the hands of a sensible, sympathetic producer; "Sweet Passion" does not.

Aretha never really makes a bad album. The presence of her voice could redeem almost anything. However she's very much at the mercy of settings various producers have created for her.

Lamont Dozier, a Motown veteran, won this job. He tackles the task as though "Passion" were a Barbra Streisand album. He swamps the lady with overbearing brass and string arrangements on such MOR specials as "What I Did For Love" and a half-dozen other ineffectual soft ballads. He leans towards formula disco (again over-orchestrated) on "No One Could Ever Love You More" and "Touch Me Up" (an unfortunate title, and the lyrics are even worse).

The one departure is a piece of contrived scat jazz that begins with Kiki Dee's "I've Got The Music In Me" and goes absolutely nowhere.

Aretha sings her way through this mire with as much conviction as can be expected. Her voice is as strong and emotional as ever but, apart from "No One Could Ever Love You More", the songs are too innocuous and badly arranged for her to inject any feeling.

Paul Rambali

DELANEY AND FRIENDS
Class Reunion (Prodigal)

THE DELANEY in question is Delaney Bramlett, formerly half of the "blue eyed soul" singing duo Delaney and Bonnie who received superstar patronage in the late sixties by George Harrison and Eric Clapton.

His "friends" these days aren't such an illustrious company as they were. 'Names' like drummer Jim Keltner, reedsman Chuck Findley and the ubiquitious Clydie King and Sherlie Matthews on back-up vocals contributing to this desultory affair. Bramlett merely demonstrates how limited his abilities are.

Certainly he has a certain feel for Southern music, be it R & B and its concomitants or country, but his songs are ill defined and sloppy, the production unsuitable and the mix is far too string heavy.

One to avoid.

Steve Clarke

MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS
Anthology (Motown)

IF MARTHA and the Vandellas had never made another record "Dancing In The Street" would still have assured them of a hallowed place in pop history.

Everybody knows "Dancing In The Street". The Motor City hit Factory surpassed itself, and so did Martha Reeves. It was everything and more than the title implies but, contrary to the sleeve notes on this anthology, it was never a number one.

It made number two in '64 but it couldn't topple the Animals' "House Of The Rising Sun" and, despite six other U.S. Top Twenty hits, Martha and the Vandellas never scored as high in the charts again. Nor did they ever make quite as good a record.

The most interesting thing to emerge from this anthology is how little Martha Reeves had to do with the success or failure of her records. She had a good voice, initially sounding like a more soulful Carole King, but it boiled down to Holland, Dozier, Holland songs and Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier's production.

All of their hits save for "Dancing" were master-minded by the HDH team, as were a good half of Motown's successes.

The formula was very simple, like all good formulas: a tight synthesis of Brill Building pop with a hard-hitting R'n'B beat, glossed up with a clean Spector-derived production.

But the Vandellas suffered because the team saved much of their best material for the Supremes, for whom they were also musically responsible. In strictly commercial terms Diana Ross had a better voice, richer and sexier than Martha Reeves', and when Motown reached the watershed mark of '67 the Vandellas were turned over to a succession of lesser writers and producers while the company concentrated on coming up with something to satisfy a newly-awakened social conscience.

They never had another hit, and most of their post-'67 material, which takes up the second side, sounds like songs written for the Four Tops and given to the Vandellas because there was nothing else around.

Also Martha's voice had matured by this time, but not into anything special. It lacked the all-important quality of being distinctive.

The first side, the pre-'67 songs, is far stronger. Martha's voice has a delicate, girlish charm and at least half of the songs are Motor Town classics: "Heatwave"; "Quicksand"; "Nowhere To Run"; "Jimmy Mack"; "I'm Ready For Love" and "Dancing In The Street".

We've had a greatest hits, and now an anthology. Wonder what they'll call it next?

Paul Rambali

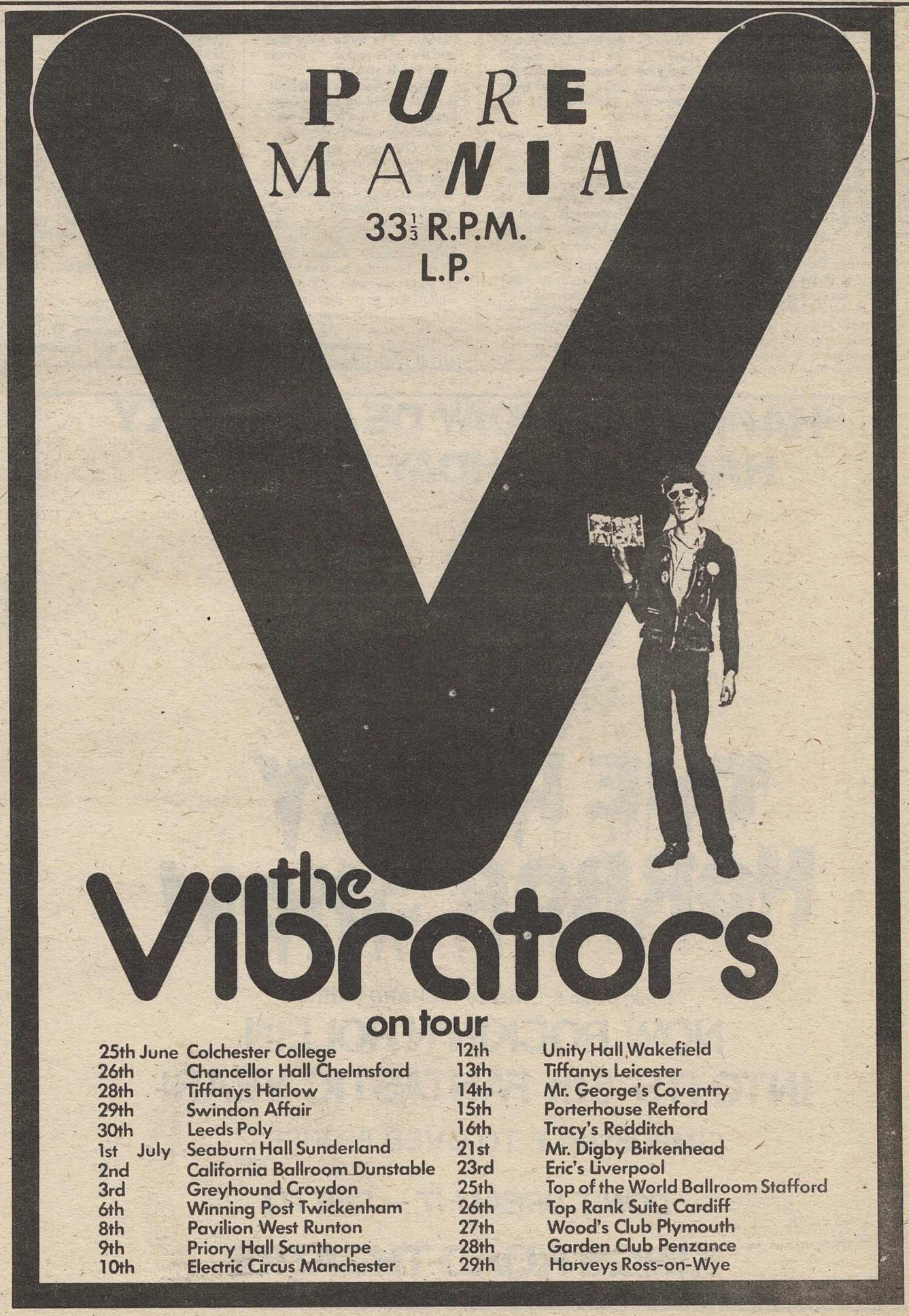
"Make Love To The Music" (Paradise) will enjoy a high degree of public acceptance, the title track being one of those easy-flowing melodies that seem to get even the couples on *Top Of The Pops* dancing together.

However, the Russells (Mary's the one with the less extensive thatch and the more expressive voice) look-down-each-others-larynx idea of rockin' romance and cuddle-up boogie making impresses me not, though those whose Jubilee parties are due to be replayed because of the recent monsoon season may go down extremely well at lemonade swilling time.

News liable to have jazz-freaks throwing their bop-berets in the air is that Peerless Records are now importing Muse releases on a regular basis, their first 16 titles, which retail at £3.79 a throw, including **Deodato's** "Joao Donato" (MR5017), **Richard Davis and Chick Corea's** "With Understanding" (MR5078), **Eddie Jefferson's** "Still On The Planet" (MR5063), **Stan Bronstein's** "Living On The Avenue" (MR5113), **Chick Corea's** "Bliss" (MR5011), **Mark Murphy and the Brecker Brothers'** "Mark Murphy Sings (MR5078) and others by **Cedar Walton, Phil Woods, Woody Shaw, Dave Pike, Sonny Stitt, Cecil Payne, Buster Williams, Pat Martino, Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims.** All can be ordered through local record retailers.

Meanwhile, this week's other arrivals have been distinctly on the pithy side, the only reported sightings being **Richard Pryor's** "Greatest Hits" (Warner); the **Dixie Dregs'** "Free Fall" (Capricorn); "Chunky, Novi and Ernie" (Warner); **David Sanborn Band's** "Promise The Moon" (Warner); "Weapons Of Peace" (Playboy); "Shaun Cassidy" (Warner) featuring darling David's hit-parading brother; **Tina Charles'** "Rendezvous" (Columbia), which is really the "Dance Little Lady" album with one track change; and **William Salter's** "It Is So Beautiful" (Marlin), a T.K. production on which Salter sings material composed with the aid of percussionist Ralph MacDonald; Patti Austin, Bob James, Valerie Simpson, Jon Faddis, Eric Weissberg and Eric Gale being on hand to provide some fairly star-studded back-ups. Not much there, I'm afraid — but there should be newies from **Joan Baez** (now on Portrait) **Laura Nyro** (a live double) and **Charlie Daniels** on the next plane in. Guess I'll mosey over to Heathrow and stake my place in the queue now. Get the Sopwith Camel out, James, we're heading for runway one again!

Fred Dellar



Hey bro', you gotta jive to stay alive

(So go see my movie)

Franklin Ajaye gets carried away in 'Car Wash'.

Car Wash (A)

Directed by Michael Schulze
Starring Franklyn Ajaye, Richard Pryor; Music by Norman Whitfield (Cinema International)

IT'S A THEORY worth postulating that the wealthy and privileged always have a sneaking suspicion that, despite it all, the poor and oppressed are somehow having more fun.

It is this suspicion that gives rise (depending on temperament) to either heavier-duty repression or else the simultaneously patronising and sychphantic practice known as "slumming".

The answer in a diamante Faberge nutshell is: yes, Matilda, the poor and underprivileged create their own unique brand of fun because it's the only alternative to going crazy and either submitting completely or launching the kind of kamikaze attack on the parent culture that results in death, imprisonment or some other form of reprisal.

Which is why — artistically speaking — ghettoes of all kinds are High Productivity Areas, producing everything from the Marx Brothers to rock and roll.

Car Wash is about a bunch of people, mostly black, working in a Los Angeles car wash. The movie begins as they arrive for work and ends when they knock off in the evening. The movie is about how they cope with the day's occurences and — by extension — the larger personal and social problems that they represent.

The inhabitants of the car wash react to the crushingly 'orrible nature of their job by going to extreme lengths to entertain themselves and each other as all manner of bores, crazies, heroes and villains wander in and out of Mr. B's Car Wash and some of the people win their battles and get a little deeper in the hole.

Still, let's leave that side of things to the *New Left Review*. It's the virtual non-stop shuck, jive and misadventure implicit in the ghetto/survival humour that keeps *Car Wash* boogying along for an occasionally laboured but never less than than entertaining ninety-seven minutes. Plotless in the conventional sense — in the style of *Nashville* or *American Graffiti* — the film gives you A Day In The Life, punched along by Norman Whitfield's excellent score blaring from transistor radios and the carwash P.A.

The reason I've gone into this sociological garf at such great lengths ain't because virtual non-stop humour isn't the paramount feature of *Car Wash*, but because it's such an hilarious movie that it's all too easy to forget *why* it's funny.

The characters manage to represent and epitomise different personality types and lifestyles without descending to stereotype or caricature, though the Superfagg Lindy (Antonio Fargas) and the rip-off evangelist Daddy Rich (Richard Pryor) with his covey of "daughters" (the Pointer Sisters) come dangerously near it. Still Lindy has one of the best lines in the movie: he responds to a put-down with "Honey, I'm more *man* than you'll ever *be* and more *woman* than you'll ever *get*."

There's Duane (Bill Duke), the Black Muslim perpetually insisting, "Don't call me Duane! My name is *Abdulla*!", T.C. (Franklyn Ajaye), the little dude always trying to be superfly but always charmingly failing to carry it off, the boss's son Irwin (Richard Bredtoff) smoking dope in the bog, quoting Mao and trying to "relate to the workers", Lauren Jones as the beautiful hooker afraid to yield her own self-disgust while she goes through the motions, ex-con Lonnie trying to stay clean in the face of unconscious callousness from Mr. B (Sully Boyar), temptation in the form of access to the boss's safe and harrassment from the mean cop who busted him before, Floyd and Lloyd (Darrow Igus and DeWayne Jessie) forever rehearsing their Temptations routines, Calvin (Michael Fennell), a kid on a skateboard who zooms around harrassing everyone as Freedom Incarnate, George Carlin as a bozo cabbie and hordes of others.

Schumacher's script is a joy and Schultz keeps things moving with an admirable sense of pace even though his material occasionally seems to be running away with him. It's Ajaye's movie, though; the most natural and winning new screen personality since Arnold Schwartzeneggar in *Stay Hungry*.

Car Wash is one of the funniest movie comedies for years, and it's also one of the few movies that displays compassion for its characters without dipping into bathos and sentimentality.

Dig it. *(I tried. I thought it was shallow crap — Ed)*

Charles Shaar Murray

A Bridge Too Far (A)

Directed by Richard Attenborough.
Starring Dirk Bogarde, James Caan, Michael Caine et al. (United Artists)

AS MONUMENTAL, long, costly bloody war movies go, *A Bridge Too Far* is not the worst I've seen. Assembled, financed and directed with all the subtlety of a nuclear missile, the movie successfully plunges the helpless punter into the widescreen world of total war.

It's not a pretty sight. Operation Market Garden, the real life wartime incident on which the film is based, was one of the most mis-timed and disastrous manoeuvres of the War. 35,000 US. British and Polish troops dropped out of the sky into Eastern Holland. Large numbers were simply decimated on sight or beaten into scraps by a vastly underestimated German force.

War nostalgia being what it is the movie actually manages to make the whole lousy incident seem tragically heroic. Funded by huge sums of American mazooma, the film makers spent almost a year reconstructing the incident in painstaking detail. The majority of the faults of previous war epics have been corrected. Germans actually speak their own language, tacky love scenes are out and spectacular action rules the day.

Producer Levine in true Hollywood tycoon style, insisted on assembling a cast who would be known just by their surnames. Consequently superstars keep bumping into each other throughout the film which, individual performances aside, lends to the whole project an air of unreality.

Virtually without exception the cameo appearances are wholly predictable. Dirk Bogarde wheels out his British officer facade, James Caan is a tough G.I., Sean Connery the muscle bound Major General, Elliot Gould the brash bullshitting Colonel, while Robert Redford again gets to play the blond haired, blue-eyed hero.

Sure, the film is well-made entertainment. War Nostalgia buffs of advanced age will love it as will teeny war comic fans.

Ultimately though the movie is yet another large-scale cosmetic job, sodden with Hollywood glamour. The gangrenous sores, the amputees, the pointless and futility of total war remain firmly hidden.

Dick Tracy

Echoes of a Summer (U)

Directed by Dan Taylor
Starring Richard Williams, Jodie Foster. (W. Bros)

SINCE SCOTT F. Fitzgerald threw Rosemary Holt into a cab with Dick Driver (or better still, since Jehovah first hurled Lilith into Adam's Eden), the Lolita icon has been worshipped by enlightened liberals and vicariously virtuous citizens alike.

A person's perversions are their own concern, but if there's one thing I hate it's the sad spectacle of old men sniffing around chicklets young enough to be their nubile daughter. It smacks of certain double-think which says that anything men fancy is OK whereas for a woman the same behaviour is considered disgusting degeneracy.

To the cleancut eye *Echoes Of A Summer* might seem refreshingly free of such morbid fascination, concerning as it does the limited life expectancy of a silverspoon bronzed child (Jodie Foster) of distraught, doting parents (Richard Harris and Lois Nettleton). But wait! Was Miss Nettleton not Jean Farlow in Kubrick's celluloid celebration of Nabokov's paedophile tract? *(She means the Lolita movie — Ed)* And look at the way Harris clings to Foster, like he's got a cracked spine or something! And the way he leers at her! And the way she simpers "I love you, Daddy". Yuk! No wonder Mama Lois Drinks and Goes To Movies Alone.

Shot in the blinding colours of a seaside brochure, the movie stars, is co-produced by and gilded by the larynx of Richard Harris. It's a long way down from *Camelot*. Richard seems unhappily aware of this, resembling a shell-shocked survivor of World War One, babbling with lighthearted hysteria at his daughter, yelling with sexual bitterness at his wife, and recurring like a nagging toothache to plague us with the ghastly theme song.

Amidst all this, the amazing Jodie Foster is entirely inappropriate, her ironic mouth and wry eyes belying her P.T.A. upbringing, the knowing husk in her voice defying the dross she recites.

Evading without effort the trap of cutesy pie nymphette which any other teen actress would skip straight into, she puts her full range of restless,

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

LONDON

ROCKY (A)
Stallone makes it through Round 9. Don't miss it. Reviewed NME 16.4.77. (Odeons/Gaumonts).

BURNT OFFERINGS (X)
Moderately successful creepy house movie. Reviewed NME 28.5.77. (Odeons/Gaumonts)

ADVENTURES OF A PRIVATE EYE (X)
Sleasy British sex comedy series meets the gumshoe genre. (Selected ABC's).

SQUIRM (X)
The ultimate worm movie. Take brown paper bag. Reviewed NME 1976. Selected ABC's).

TAXI DRIVER (X)
Rerun of the De Niro/Scorses classic. Worth a second or third view. Reviewed NME 1976. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

PROVINCIAL

CARQUAKE (X)
The wide screen wince of tortured chrome. Reviewed NME 2.4.77. (Scottish Odeons/Gaumonts).

JABBERWOCKY (A)
Manic machiavellian madness. Bloody bundle of laughs. Reviewed NME 2.4.77. (Scottish Odeons/Gaumonts).

ROLLERBALL (AA)
James Caan meets the sport of the future. Welcome rerelease. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

BOUND FOR GLORY (A)
David Carradine meets Woody Gutherie. To be reviewed. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

TWIGHLIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING (AA)
Could this be the end of civilisation as we know it. Reviewed NME 28.5.77. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

ABC subruns include **7% SOLUTION** (to be reviewed), **FIRE, FOOD OF THE GODS, ZOLTAN — HOUND OF DRACULA** and classics like **NAUGHTY KNICKERS.**

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU"

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

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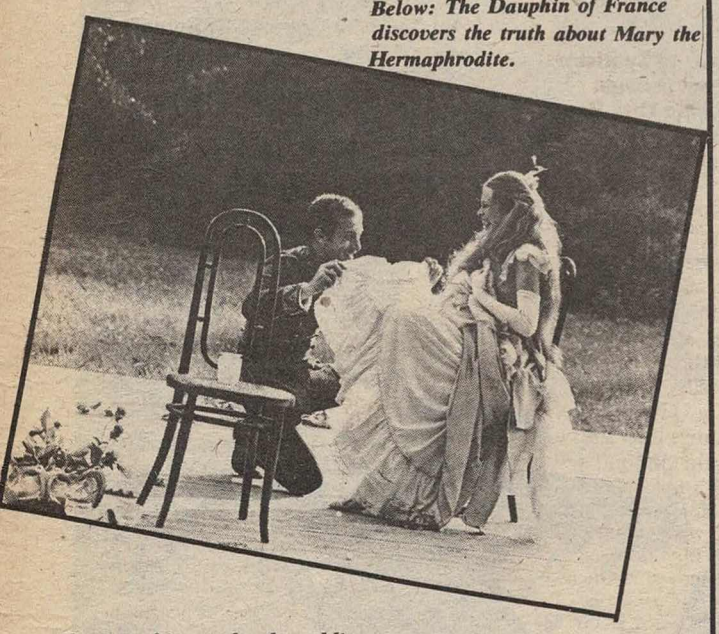
SILVER SCREEN

Below: The Dauphin of France discovers the truth about Mary the Hermaphrodite.



The Dauphin mocks the soldiers sent to collect him by the emperor.

listless nuances into awkward androgynous action, her blond ingenuity signifying a clear eyed visionary or potential Kate Hepburn.

Were it not for Jodie Foster, sitting through this movie would be like Eternal Damnation; as it is, it's more Purgatory.

Julie Burchill

Private Vices & Public Virtues

Directed by Miklos Jancso
Starring Lajos Balazsovits and Pamela Villoresi
(Eagle Films)

HUNGARIAN FILM-maker Miklos Jancso's conversation is as riddled with contradictions as are his movies. "Private Vices & Public Virtues" is his interpretation of the royal scandal involving the Mayerling affair in the Austro-Hungarian Empire of a century ago.

Jancso says his is an imaginary empire "because it is better to utilise the imaginary in place of the specific. And an imaginary empire gives the author more freedom to say what he wants."

Yet he concedes that there are precise Middle-European references in his film; the uniforms are strictly period and the Hapsburg Imperial Anthem is heard.

Whatever and wherever, his film is rife with rich ambiguities and is never less than interesting to watch, even if it mostly brinks on the edge of being no more than an intellectual tit and bum show (plenty of male appendages are on view, too).

Jancso's schematic style — his use of the camera as an end in itself, tracking, encircling and observing his players in the (self?) conscious role of dispassionate third party — relies heavily on long takes, emphasising the composition of characters in relation to their landscape, an approach that gives his films their visual grandeur and epic quality.

Until this film, Jancso's most consistent imagery in his sour, ordered world (politics as a game, a game as politics) has been nudity as a symbol of submission or humiliation, rarely sexual. With "Private Vices", the copious displays of fine young flesh (male, female and a graphically depicted hermaphrodite) are at once innocent and perverse, always erotic.

As the Dauphin (first glimpsed indolently sunbathing) and his lovers (the Duke and his sister) conspire to discredit the Emperor (an infallible character personifying paternalistic power), overt sexuality is seen to be an impotent symbol of revolt.

Although he employs a more staccato rhythm than usual, Jancso's predilection for languorously imperious tracking shots remains and one of the longest takes (a bacchanalian marathon dance of bizarre detail and escalating extravagance) is a real tour-de-force.

But as Jancso once again reveals himself to be essentially a pessimist (with an under-developed sense of humour), one remains as clinically detached as the camera circumscribing the characters.

Monty Smith

HUDSON-FORD
Their new album
'DAYLIGHT'
is a painting in music

The colours are brighter, the words more lyrical, the sounds richer, the rhythm more subtle.
Daylight is the beautiful new album by Richard Hudson and John Ford. It fulfils all the promises of their ten years as a hit songwriting team. If 'Part Of The Union,' 'Burn, Baby, Burn,' 'Pick Up The Pieces' and 'Floating In The Wind' were the promise then the album 'Daylight' is the fulfilment.
Let some Daylight into your life soon – everything will look that much nicer.

Hudson-Ford new album 'Daylight' CBS 82027. Produced by Robin Geoffrey Cable on CBS records and tapes.

ON THE TOWN

The Jam kick out the jams—

Maggie Thatcher style?!!

The Jam

POPLAR CIVIC HALL

ANOTHER NIGHT, another dressing room.

Bruce Foxton takes my beer and sneers: "Socialising?"

"I'm reviewing it."

"This should make good reading." The Sir Galahad of the New Wave turns to smirk at the assembled mish-mash of press, publicity and management who festoon the dressing room like empty Coca-Cola cans.

Two kids who have won a competition by writing a cool 25 words on "Why I Like The Jam" hang nervously around. Bruce Foxton, Paul Weller and Rick Buckler read the winning entries solemnly, and autograph albums.

Our heroes have just been taken outside by the lovely Jill Furmanovsky (an enviable experience) for a photosession on the stairs, and look momentarily menacing when requested to pose with their guitars for a weasly yellow-haired photographer from *Vogue*. Predictably, they comply, and I eye the scene with some distaste.

Purely by accident I lean against the light switch and everything goes black. The kindly PR man from Polydor takes me out of harm's way and apologises for all the fans and photographs.

Oh, signing autographs is what rock and roll should be about, I say. But a *Vogue* photographer — no way! The Clash, I bleat pompously, would not allow a *Vogue* photographer within gobbing distance.

The PR reminds me that The Jam are not Political.

The lyrics to "Time For Truth" scamper idly through my mind: *"It's time to tell the truth and the truth is you lied, Uncle Jimmy . . . whatever happened to the great Empire?"*

If that is not Political, then I am a Hitler Youth.

But enough fighting amongst ourselves for the moment; we have a Common Enemy still. Tonight it's the GLC, who have decided to draw the limit at 500 people, which means that at least that number have been turned away since the doors closed at 8.00.

"This is meant to be a community, right? And this is a community hall. And The Jam are playing free, just to help the Jubilee . . . I don't know why we bother."

One can see Polydor's point, but as luck would have it, several hundred kids are at present being hustled in through the stage door.

The kids present are a varied bunch, though there does seem to be an exceptional number of girls together. This is always the case at Jam gigs, it seems; the only time my big brother failed to score was when a little blonde chicklet's tall gruff friend saw him off in no uncertain terms while The Jam were playing the RCA. Looking around I feel quite nostalgic; God bless you, my children.

Inside they're packed tight against the stage, but the sizable hall is half empty and it's a pagan waste of opportunity. I remember the nights pressed up against the stage in the Hope basement when they were just sublime, and sigh. Nevertheless a roar goes up, and The Jam hit the stage.

If they looked any sharper they'd cut themselves to ribbons. Weller, Foxton and Buckler: the eternal triangle of stark, functional beauty. And the music's the same; it's so good it hurts, only a deaf man could dismiss it. But tonight there is no communication; little things mean a lot, and things like people wandering out before the end, boys hitting their girls (I saw three cases of it) and Weller's obvious dissatisfaction with the whole set-up add up to a nasty atmosphere that can not be disguised by their technical perfection.

"Enjoy yourselves, you miserable sods! It's the Queen's Jubilee!" Weller declares his interest bitterly and I strain to hear the sweet discords of derision, but all this crowd can manage are apathetic mumbles.

"Takin' My Love", "London Girl", "Carnaby Street", "Away From The Numbers", "Bricks And Mortar" (how can Weller write a song like that and be such a social bland-out?) plus those teen anthems with a hotline to all our hearts — that one hot line that hits and won't go away: "Art School" *("They only laugh cos they envy you")*, "Changed My Address" *("Didn't mean to make you cry but I know it's for the best")* and "In The City" *("In the City there's a thousand things I wanna say to you / But every time I approach you, you make me look a fool")* — cameo masterpieces.

But there are some things that sour my enjoyment somewhat.

"Who's been reading the Sunday papers? This is called "Time For Truth". You better pray for it!"

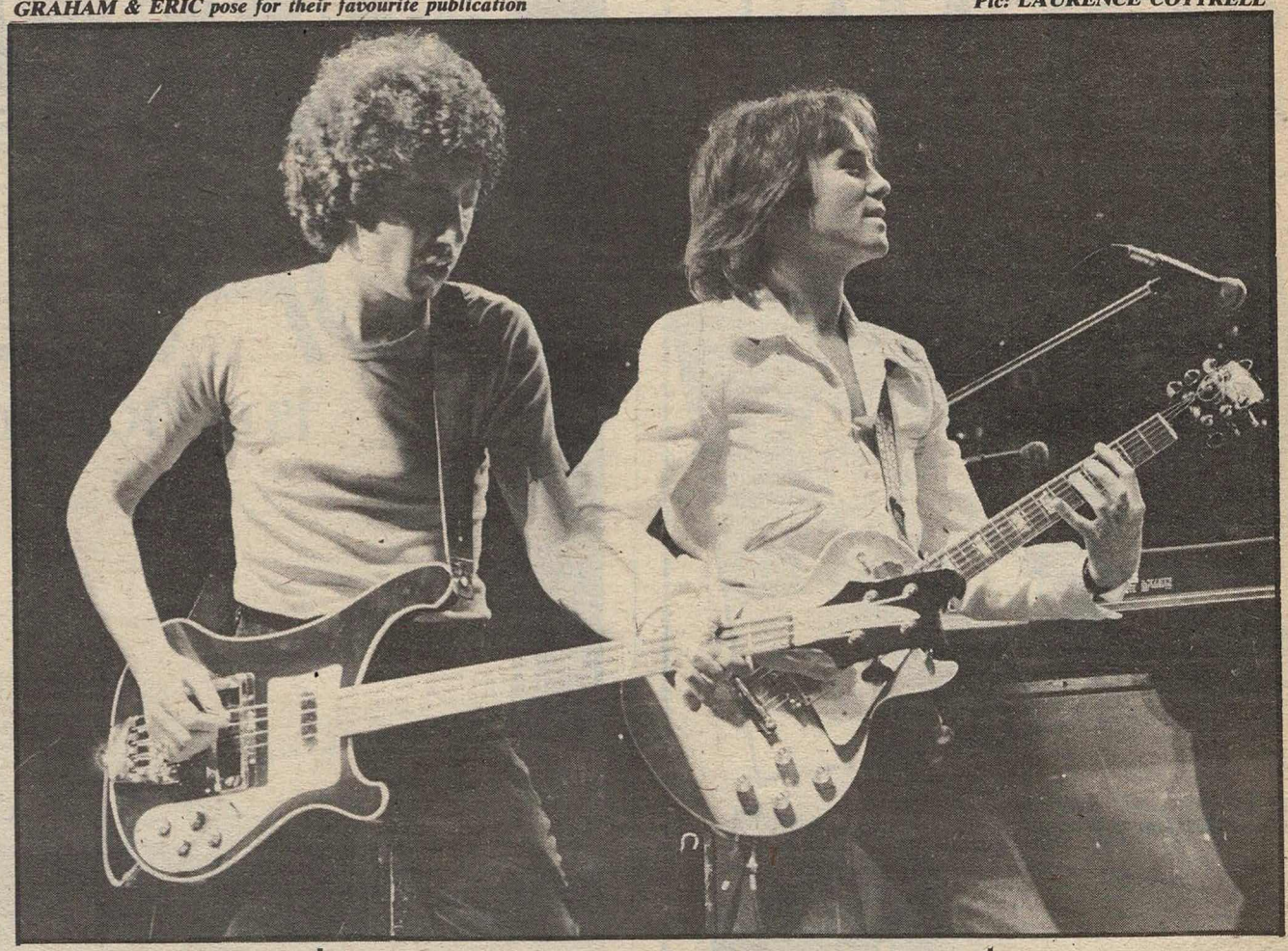
There follows the aforementioned tirade against Callaghan. While seeing that Jimmy is indeed a fat old klutz with about as much charisma as a wet dog-end, I can see no way in which Thatcher, Joseph, Maude, Boyson and the rest would not have made an even lousier job of handling this poor dear country, and I begin to find The Jam's self-righteous indignation a little sickening. Do they really believe the Conservatives will achieve anything that the Labour Party won't? Somewhat depressed, I leave before the encore reflecting that The Jam seem like the most politically naive young people I've encountered since I was kicked out of the Young Commie League.

I'm in love with The Jam with the lyrics blanked out.

Julie Burchill

Jet-propelled PAUL WELLER *Pic: J. TYGIER*

GRAHAM & ERIC pose for their favourite publication *Pic: LAURENCE COTTRELL*



Lest we forget. . .

10cc

HAMMERSMITH

THAT ERIC STEWART — well, I never knew he was such a wit! I mean, there's some bloke yelling incoherently in one of the front rows, and Eric, after having told him to shut up, says: "One of those bloody *NME* reporters!" — followed by (and here's the killer): "I remember when they used to be a *music* paper."

I remember a few things too, Eric.

I remember when Ian MacDonald wrote a long, incredibly complimentary review of your first album, which helped to elevate you well away from the teenybopper schtick that being on Jonathon King's UK Records had landed you with.

I remember writing a piece on you after hearing the finished tracks of your second album, "Sheet Music", and proclaiming in print how good I thought it sounded.

And I remember Charlie Murray's review of "The Original Soundtrack" and Pete Erskine's "How Dare You!" — and I remember agreeing with them both.

What I don't remember too much is your concert last Saturday.

New band — two drummers, the guy from Kokomo on keyboards, another guitarist, plus you and Graham in his silly black jumpsuit.

You played — oh, let's see — "Second Sitting For The Last Supper", "Wall Street Shuffle", "Art For Art's Sake" (O'Malley on vocals, as I dimly recall), "Feel The Benefit", "The Things We Do For Love", "Ships Don't Disappear", "I'm Not In Love" (with taped ethereal choir — just like the record), and a bunch of others plus some boogie number for an encore.

I do recall noting that it was all note-perfect and very well-rehearsed, but ultimately very, very cold — no feeling, just a lot of clever-clever music played in a technically precise but utterly unnecessary manner.

Unnecessary because it's all on the bloody records.

I remember your fans loved it.

I remember it as the most forgettable rock gig I've seen this year.

Nick Kent

Kursaal Flyers

OXFORD

PAUL SHUTTLEWORTH played Hamlet last Saturday — and it was a walk-over. Hamlet was spouting away in the courtyard of St. Edmund's Hall College as a rival May Ball attraction to The Kursasl Flyers, but Eric Clapton playing Ulysses and Rick Wakeman playing Henry VIII on the same stage together could not have drawn me away from the Kursaals on Saturday.

I'd thought the departure of Graeme Douglas would diminish the band's rock ties and see them drifting further into leaning-on-the-bar theatricality, but the reverse is miraculously true.

I've never seen the Kursaals rock so hard, so streamlined and so purposeful. The set currently includes no less than ten songs written since their last album — and all but one of them are up to the stnadard of "Radio Romance", "Pocket Money" and other K. Flyers standards.

There's at least two irresistible single hits: "Girls That Don't Exist", a superb hard rock beat song about glossy magazine images, and "Television Generation", a song which reveals the debt they openly admit they owe to punk rock — fast, catchy, stuttered chorus, a charge of adrenalin which would be slurped eagerly into the sets of innumerable new wave bands if they'd come up with it first.

Barry Martin is a fine guitarist whose more conventional personality has obviously been a factor in the new binding together of the group — and Will Birch, abetted by Ritchie Bull now that Douglas isn't there to put his words to music, is obviously hitting a real peak as a songwriter.

I went down expecting to find a group settling comfortably into Div. II. I came away convinced The Kursaal Flyers could be the band to trounce all-comers this autumn.

Phil McNeill

Spiteri

THE NASHVILLE

JORGE SPITERI has now stabilised his line-up, and the other night he managed to transform the Nashville from London's favourite new wave au pair pick-up spot into an approximation of a Paris latin quarter bohemian club. Slinky girls danced in the narrow space by the stage and proto-revolutionary student types propped up the bar.

Jorge, like a latin Zappa in a Dr Zurkon nose-and-moustash set, injects the driving energy into his group by very un-latin prancing with his bass. By deciding to keep what few lyrics there are in English and to eliminate the traditional three-man chorus that a 'correct' Salsa group should have, Spiteri has constructed one of the most accessible fusion groups on the scene.

The three-man brass section — trombone, trumpet and tenor sax — take turns soloing, very much in the jazz-rock area, but when they play the chart through they master the Salsa perfectly. The percussion is there with a drummer, a conga player and front line percussion, including an amplified gourd — and you don't see too many of *those* around.

They like to make those slow starts in which everyone wanders about jangling sleigh-bells and making random plunkings and toots before developing into one of those naughty latin rhythms which get people up off their asses to dance. Once they've blasted off they like to try and keep building till they end in a complex web of cross-rhythms and brass, not unlike some of the climaxes that Coltrane achieved in "Africa Brass".

The mix of latin and jazz-rock is very subtle — many of the guys in the line-up are British, so though it may be lacking in some elements which latinos would like to be there, it is much smoother to the British ear.

If you want to try out some fancy footwork instead of pogoing then you should catch Spiteri — the new wave is not all that's happening these days.

Miles

Pic: JOE STEVENS

DEVO take CBGBs by storm, says the caption on the picture above. Yes, it's another scoop for the inimitable Brownie 127 of JOE STEVENS, our man in New York with the false moustache and the rap about dirty peechers. Devo is short for Devolution, and this "strange group of intellectuals" lived up to their name by blowing in from Ohio and, says Joe, instantly getting "the boys with the attache cases and cigars reaching for the contracts". However, before the execs could get their hands on Devo, the fabulous Dead Boys beat 'em to it and left Ohio's "sure-fire hits" minus their gym shorts. Don't you wish you'd been there?

The Table
The Police

MUSIC MACHINE

A BAND THAT calls itself The Table must, at the very least, lack sound commercial principles — and will hopefully have something novel to offer.

Or maybe they're just crazy?

I was mulling over these possibilities whilst awaiting their appearance on the most ill-conceived stage of all time, a platform suspended fifteen feet above a dance floor and tucked away at the back of the Music Machine's stage area. Coupled with the gaudy, plastic-plush interior and lack of sensible lighting (the lights stayed bright even when the groups were on stage), this effectively reduces any group's chances of generating some atmosphere.

The Table ambled on to this unlikely set-up and nervously began tuning up. Elsewhere they would have looked fairly normal, apart from sporting candy-striped Beach Boy shirts — but they were a little incongruous considering that, with The Boys topping the bill, this was supposed to be a Punk Nite. The motley crowd reacted with a solitary cry of "Hippies" and returned to whatever diversions were at hand. The Music Machine is so designed that it's easy to ignore what's happening on stage.

Tuning up completed, The Table finally began their set. My projections turned out to be correct: their music was a deft combination of ineptitude and imagination, held together by a lunatic edge that threatened to bring everything together in a flash of inspiration or allow things to come shuffling to a halt. It did neither, but the promise was there.

At times they sounded like the Magic Band, and at times like Syd Barrett. The singer had a dry, flat voice, not unlike Robert Wyatt's, and the two guitars weaved and interacted with each other like organised chaos, around the very unusual songs and arrangements.

That they are attempting some subtle and subversive mix of ideas is obvious, as they had prepared detailed animated films to accompany a lot of the songs. However, I can offer no conclusions as to what exactly they're trying to do because most of the abstruse visual images made little sense to me.

The reason for this was that the films are carefully linked to the lyrics, and without knowing the lyrics it was difficult to decipher the films. All that came across was a broad impression of what the various songs were about.

How they can overcome this, and the fact that the films draw attention away from the music rather than complement it, I don't know — but they are definitely an interesting enigma.

I had put the perfunctory audience response down to a case of miscalculated booking, so I was surprised to see that The Police did little better, though their music was far more accessible.

Racy power trio stuff, like a frenzied and energetic version of Bad Company, it was very well played — fast and brash enough to get a new wave tag, but distinct and catchy all the same, particularly the bass player's gleeful white-soul voice.

After The Table, however, they seemed a bit too tame and straightforward.

Paul Rambali

BARBARA DICKSON Pic: T. ROSS

Barbara Dickson

DUNFERMLINE

TO THIS audience, packed into the sold-out Carnegie Hall, Barbara Dickson is something special — the hometown girl made good.

But I suppose to most people the name Barbara Dickson conjures up that photo of a white, expressionless visage gazing out from under an ironed out Afro. That's about it as fas as her image goes — that and her track record. One neat hit single with "Answer Me", one of the few bright moments from the dreaded *Evita* with "Another Suitcase In Another Hall", and a stint at the ivories with the *John, Paul, George, Ringo And Bert* show.

It's not a lot to go on, but there is more. Barbara Dickson, you see, has one of those voices.

Boy, can this lady sing! She can glide with glacial beauty, bright and pure, through the high notes. She can slip down to husky warmth, and she can burn with straightahead soul power. When she sang the folk clubs, she could transfix with feeling and intensity. Now she's moving on again, but that voice is still there . . .

The work that Barbara Dickson is doing is hard to pigeonhole. There's tastefully chosen contemporary material as always: Steve Goodman's "City Of New Orleans", "The Tatler" a la Ry Cooder, Gerry Rafferty's "City To City" and a couple of Beatles songs as encores.

Then she's slipped in a couple of her own songs, and very good they are too. "Who Was It That Stole Your Heart Away" is dead catchy and would make a very acceptable summer single. "I Could Fall" is beautiful — a simple, wistful, contemplative song that's reminiscent of "Send In The Clowns".

But most of what she does is a kind of pale version of soul with rock undertones. It's the kind of strained funk that you would associate with names like Troy Seals, Mentor "Drift Away" Williams and Barry Goldberg, who wrote most of the songs on the new album.

I have reservations about these songs. They seem to leave Barbara in no-man's-land between warmth and power without ever giving her the chance to show what she's really capable of.

Still, Seals and Williams (with David Bryant) did write the superb "Stolen Love", and the Dickson performance will have La Ronstadt for one looking to her laurels a bit sharpish.

My other small reservation is that the contribution of the four-piece back-up band, drums especially, could be made a bit more spartan. At present they take the edge off Barbara's voice to no good effect of their own.

But let's not be picky. Barbara Dickson fulfils a long-standing British need — a fine lady singer who's not afraid to try something a bit different. There's a whole lot more to Barbara Dickson than meets the eye, and you should check her out.

And on the subject of recommendations, let's not overlook her support act, Andy Desmond. Some of you will recall Andy Desmond from the Hall and Oates tour, and his performance did nothing to detract from his growing reputation. Good voice, strong songs and a pleasingly unaffected style — singer / songwriters are out of season just now, but this man is good news. I'm looking forward to an album from him.

Ian Cranna

Eat your hearts out!

In this issue we get our legs over the most expensive sports bikes in the world - testing the Agusta 750 and 350.

It's a mind blowing experience we wanna share with all you hot machine lovers out there.

We also bring you the inside story on why Phil Read finds it impossible to stay retired.

And among other goodies we scorch our way through a full road test on the new Suzuki 750.

Plus some of the snappiest visuals outside of the Tate.

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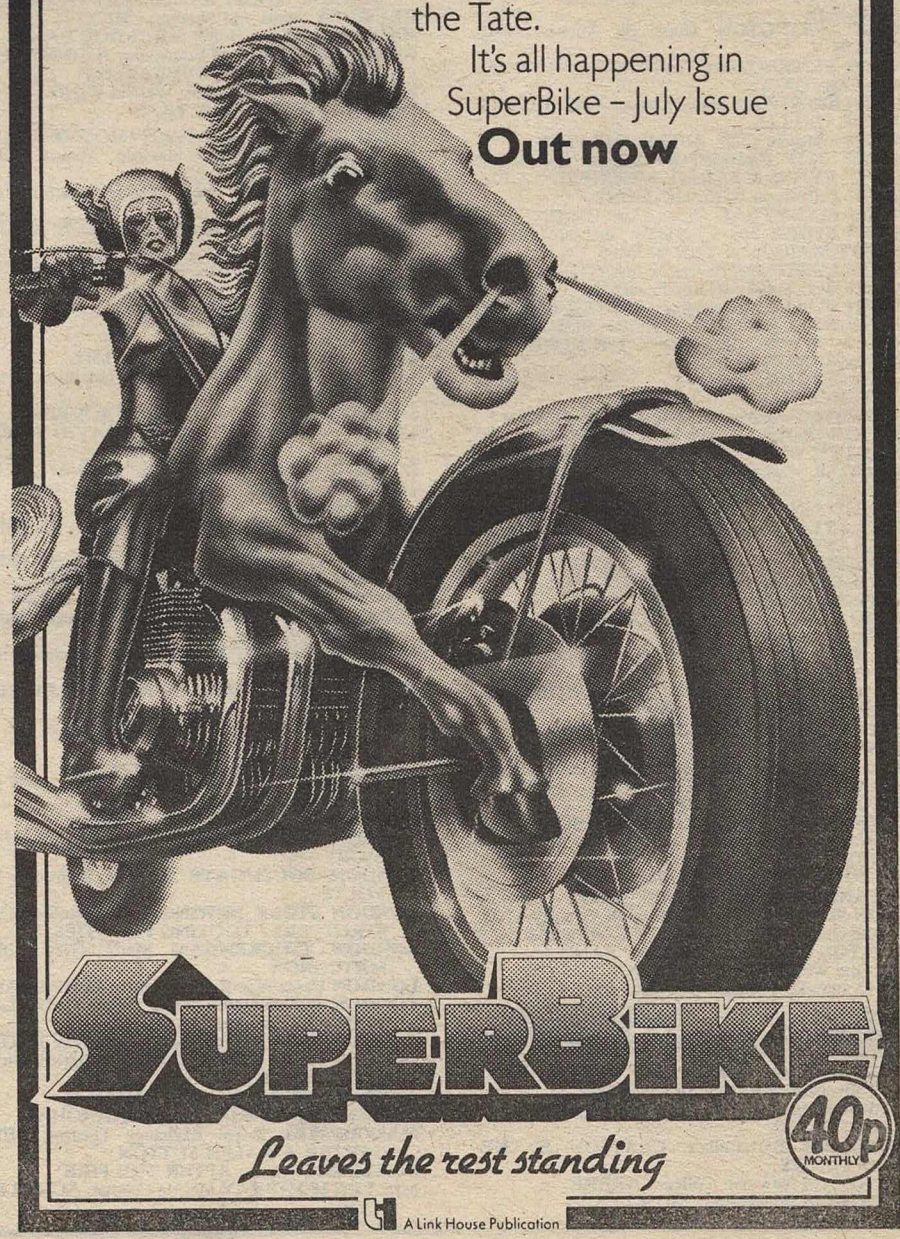

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NATIONWIDE

THURSDAY

ABERTILLERY The Metropole: BURLESQUE
AYLESBURY King's Head: TIM LAYCOCK
AYLESBURY R.A.F. Halton: SOUL DIRECTION
BATH Pump Room: JET HARRIS
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: SHANGHAI
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON New Regent Ballroom: KRAKATOA
BRISTOL Crockers: DAI THE ROCK
BRISTOL Granary: KRAZY KAT
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SPIDER
CAMBRIDGE Alma Brewery: MARJORY RAZOR-BLADE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
CANNOCK Hazel Slade Inn: TONY ROSE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: LITTLE ACRE
COVENTRY Tiffany's: KATSCH/NOEL EDMONDS
COVENTRY Warwick University: THE DARTS
CROYDON Red Deer: ALTERNATIVE TV
EXETER Zhivago's: OZO
GLASGOW Amphora: THE EXILE
HIGH WYCOMBE Chiltern Rooms: HONKY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE JAM
KEGWORTH Oddfellows Arms: BILL CADDICK
KENDAL Old Brewery: REDBRASS
LEICESTER University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: CITY BOY
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SKIN FLICKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PIRATES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: TRAPEZE/IRON MAIDEN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: HEAD BANGER & THE NOSE BLEEDS
LONDON DEPTFORD Rachael McMillan College: WINDOW
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: GENESIS/ RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON EAST HAM North-East Polytechnic: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SAINTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: KURSAAL FLYERS/GYGAFO
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
LONDON Marquee Club: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: ZHAIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: ALFALPHA
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON W.C.1 Jeffrey Hall Institute: BOUNCER
LONDON W.C.2 Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN/BOB FLAG
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
MANCHESTER Archies at Rafters Club: ASWAD
MIDDLESBOROUGH Town Hall: 'O' BAND
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: SLACK ALICE
NEWCASTLE University: PEGLEG FERRET & TOM GILFELLON
NEWCASTLE - UNDER - LYME Tiffany's: ULTRAVOX
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: McCALMANS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Palais: BOY BASTIN
OXFORD New Theatre BILLY CONNOLLY
OXFORD Polytechnic: LOTUS
PENZANCE The Garden: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
PLYMOUTH H.M.S. Drake: GENO WASHINGTON
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: HERON
POYNTON Folk Centre: CUCKOOS NEST
PRESTON Albion Hotel: MONTANA
READING Cap & Crown: CHRIS FOSTER
ROMFORD White Hart: MATCHBOX
ROYSTON Attic Club: JON BETMEAD
SHEFFIELD Royal Oak: MARTIN SIMPSON
STEVENAGE Grampian Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
STOCKPORT Rudyard Hotel: DOWNES & BEER
TONYPANDY Library Club: DRAGONS
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
YEOVILTON Heron Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
YORK Cats Whiskers: LOVE AFFAIR
YORK Goodricke College: GONZALEZ

FRIDAY

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: THE REAL THING
BATH University: HERON / RADIATOR
BEARWOOD Bear Hotel: LORNA CAMPBELL & BRIAN CLARK
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Newman College: ARBRE
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM The Pose at Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND / LITTLE ACRE / HOOKER
BOREHAMWOOD Civic Hall: STRETCH
BRAINTREE 2J's Club: TONY & THE JAIL-BREAKERS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: AMAZORBLADES
BRIGHTON Buccanner: FLYING SAUCERS
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: TAVERNERS
BRIGHTON Top Rank: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: BILLY CONNOLLY
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: QUANTUM
BRISTOL New Savoy Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
BRISTOL Technical College: DRAGONS
BROADSTAIRS Grand Ballroom: KRAKATOA GIZMO
BROMLEY White Hart: STAGEFRIGHT
BURNLEY Lucas Social Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
BURTON 76 Club: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH & THE SAVAGES / THE ROMANTICS / BETHNAL
CARMARTHEN College: UNCLE PO
CLACTON 101 Disco: J.A.L.N. BAND
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: THE STRANG-LERS
CRANFIELD Institute of Technology: JET HARRIS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: JENNY HAAN'S LION / URCHIN
CROYDON Spillers: FRUIT EATING BEARS
DIGBETH The Crown: TONY ROSE
DUDLEY College of Education: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS / RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS / MUSCLES (all-nighter)
DUNFERMLINE Belleville Hotel: BAD NEWS
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: CITY BOY
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: KURSAAL FLYERS / BURLESQUE / GYGAFO
EGREMONT Folk Club Festival: FIVE HAND REEL / SEAN CANNON / ALBA / TONY CAPSTICK / ROSS McFARLANE etc.
EXETER University: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS
EXETER University: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
FORDINGBRIDGE Rockbourne West Park: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Saints and Sinners: CHICO
HANLEY Sea Lion Hotel: JOHN DOE BAND
HEREFORD College of Education: JOHNNY THUN-DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
HORNCASTLE Town Hall: WHIRLWIND
IMMINGHAM Civic Hall: TRAX
KEELE University: CARAVAN / BOOMBAYA
KETTERINGHAM East Carlton Manor: CHRIS BARBER BAND
KIDDERMINSTER Fenn Green Hotel: BILL CADDICK
KINGSWINFORD Woodman Inn: PETE & CHRIS COE
LANCASTER University: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LEEDS Polytechnic: VIBRATORS
LEEDS University: SNEAKERS
LEEK Green Man: HUNTER
LEICESTER University: MOON / OZO
LONDON BERKELEY SQ. Free lunchtime concert: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TROUPER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DAVID PARTON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: GENESIS / RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON ELTHAM Avery Hill College: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: STUKAS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: KICKS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: FABUL-OUS POODLES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: THE POLICE
LONDON N.17 White Hart: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: DAVE HOGG BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: 5000 VOLTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRUTTERS / TOOTING FROOTIES
LONDON TWICKENHAM Maria Grey College: MATCHBOX
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PROPAGANDA
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: CADILLAC
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: SOX
LONDON W.C.1 Architectural Association: EXODUS
LONDON W.C.1 School of Oriental & African Studies: BLACK SLATE
LONDON W.C.2 The Centre: ZHAIN
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SHANGHAI
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: BENNY CARTER & RALPH SUTTON
MATLOCK Pavilion: AFTER THE FIRE
MELTON MOWBRAY Melton College: ACKER BILK BAND
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: GEORGE SUGDEN ELEVEN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM / HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
NEWCASTLE Victoria Restaurant: MARTIN SIMPSON
NORTHAMPTON Romany Club: WILD THING
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: ALKATRAZ
NOTTINGHAM University: THE 'O' BAND
NUNEATON Union Club: SOUL DIRECTION
OXFORD Corpus Christi College: MUNGO JERRY
OXFORD New College: RACING CARS
OXFORD University Centre: GLITTER BAND
READING Top Rank: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
READING University: STRIDER / DAI THE ROCK
RETFORD Porterhouse: SASSAFRAS / BITTER SUITE
RIPON College of Education: BOUNCER
ROCHESTER Kings Head Hotel: McCALMANS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: ULTRAVOX
SHEFFIELD University: THE DARTS
SOUTHAMPTON Univeristy: TOM ROBINSON BAND
STAFFORD College of Further Education: THE MOVIES
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THE JAM / STAMPS
TAMWORTH Chequers: STAGE FRIGHT
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: DESMOND DEKKER
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: MR. GLAD-STONE'S BAG
WEYMOUTH College: TELEPHONE BILL & THE SMOOTH OPERATORS
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: GONZALEZ

SATURDAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: KURSAAL FLYERS
BEDFORD College of Education: BURLESQUE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: SUBURBAN STUDS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: BILLY CONNOLLY
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Waterside Club: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds: STAN ARNOLD
BIRMINGHAM The Pose at Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM St Peter's College: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM University: CARAVAN
BRENTWOOD Harold Hill Recreation Hall: FOGGY
BRISTOL Granary: NO DICE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: AIRGOLD
BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH Yacht Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BURTON B.T.R. Ltd: HARVEY ANDREWS
BURTON-ON-TRENT Horninglow Road Festival: PENTANGLE II / PRELUDE / HARVEY ANDREWS / DEREK BRIMSTONE / MIRIAM BACKHOUSE
CHELMSFORD Marconi Club: ACKER BILK BAND
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
COLCHESTER College: VIBRATORS
COVENTRY La Chaumiere: STAGE FRIGHT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: THE DARTS
CROYDON Red Deer: BRABBS BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: LEW LEWIS BAND
DUNSTABLE California: ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
EDINBURGH Leith Festival doubling Nicky Tam's: BAD NEWS
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: CROOKED OAK
EGREMONT Folk Club Festival: See Friday for details
FAREHAM Roundabout Hotel: JET HARRIS
FOLKESTONE Civic Centre: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CITY BOY/CHICO
GLOUCESTER Brockworth House Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
HARLOW Tiffany's (afternoon): BLOKES
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN/AMAZORBLADES
HERTFORD Balls Park College: HERON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
HITCHIN Open-Air Festival: ALKATRAZ
LEEDS University: LIAR
LEICESTER University: RADIO CAROLINE ROADSHOW
LEWES The Lewes Arms: CHRIS FOSTER
LLANDRINDOD Grand Pavilion: JOHNNY THUN-DER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON BLOOMSBURY Bull & Mouth: PEGGY SEEGER & EWAN MacCOLL
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SLOWBONE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SASSAFRAS/ SMILER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STRETCH
LONDON COCKFOSTERS Middlesex Polytechnic: F.B.I.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE SAINTS
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: GENESIS/ RICHIE HAVENS
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: VERNON & THE G.I.'s
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON HOUNSLOW Sneakies Club: ZHAIN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON N1 Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
LONDON N11 Orange Tree:FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON North-East Polytechnic: BUZZCOCKS / THE FALL / VERBAL
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: DESMOND DEKKER
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: CYAN
LONDON REGENT'S PK. Cecil Sharp House: PETE BOND
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: GONZALEZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
L:ONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's': PROP-AGANDA
LONDON WALTHAM FORSET North-East Polytech-nic: STUKAS
LONDON WANDSWORTH Town Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LUTON The Kingsway: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Bellevue Ballroom: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: MARVELS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: AFTER THE FIRE
NAILSEA Comprehensive School: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
NEWCASTLE University: THE MOVIES
NEWTOWN Elephant & Castle: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: NUTZ
NOTTINGHAM Rutland Hall: FABULOUS POODLES
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
READING Bulmershe College: BOOMBAYA
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: REDBRASS
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: AMERICAN TRAIN
SHEFFIELD Highcliffe Hotel: COCKY
SHEFFIELD University: WARREN HARRY
SHOREHAM Harbour Club: SUNSTROKE
ST. IVES (Hunts) St. Ivo Centre: GENO WASHINGTON
TELHAM Black Horse: McCALMANS
TORQUAY 400 Club: SOUL DIRECTION
WALSALL West Midlands College: KRAKATOA
WEST BROMWICH Town Hall: BUSTER CRABBE/ SHANGHAI
WIGAN Casino: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
WISBECH Fenland Park: EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS/FLYING ACES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime) doubling GLAS-GOW Zhivago's (evening): THE JOLT
YEOVIL Football Club: YETTIES
YORK Donnington & Grimton Sports Club: KEITH MANIFOLD

SUNDAY

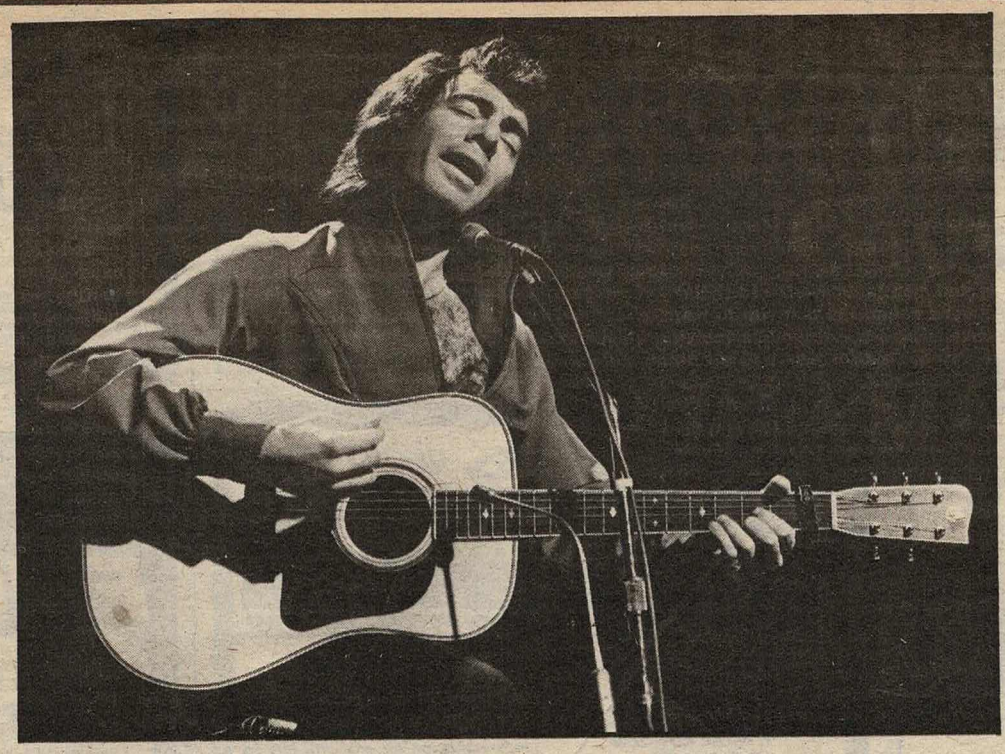
AMERSHAM The Crown: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside Theatre: CLODAGH RODGERS/PROMISES
BARROW Maxim's Disco: AMERICAN TRAIN
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: CITY BOY
BRIGHTON Top Rank: OZO
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: SKIN TIGHT
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: VIBRATORS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: PLUMMET AIRLINES
CHESTERFIELD Bluebell Club: AFTER THE FIRE
CREW Brunswick Hotel: DOWNES & BEER
CROYDON Greyhound: THE JAM
DOUGLAS Isle of Man Palace Lido: DEAD END KIDS
EASTBOURNE The Beachy Head: J. J. JAMESON
EDINBURGH Police Club: THERAPY
EXETER Welcome Inn: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HEYWOOD Seven Stars: ZHAIN
IPSWICH Corn Exchange: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM / HUMPHREY LYTTLETON
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: CARAVAN
HARLOW Bandstand: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SHANGHAI

GENESIS at Earls Court

GENESIS (left) play their only British gigs for the rest of this year at London Earls Court on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Special guest is Richie Havens, on his first visit to this country since 1973.

DIAMOND at the Palladium

NEIL DIAMOND (right) headlines five concerts in four days at the London Palladium, starting on Thursday. These will be followed on Saturday, July 2, by his open-air concert at Woburn Abbey.



GIG GUIDE

LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
LEICESTER Tiffanys: RIKKI/LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LIVERPOOL The Shipperies: BODY
LONDON BATTERSEA South Bank: ACKER BILK BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STRIPJACK
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JO-ANN KELLY/CAROL GRIMES/QUINTESSENCE II
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: JUNE TABOR
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE STRANGLERS / THE CORTINAS
LONDON CHELSEA Cafe des Atristes: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN / BOB FLAG
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: NEO
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: ALKATRAZ
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: STRUTTERS
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: RAINSTORM
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND/HENRY COW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TENDERFOOT
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: SPINNERS
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: KEITH MANIFOLD
NOTTINGHAM Arts Festival: GORDON GILTRAP
POYNTON Folk Centre: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
RAMSBOTTOM Grants Arms: FOGGY
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: MR. BIG
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: STRETCH
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: JENNY BEECHING & TONY CLIFF
STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Centre: RAY DORSET & MUNGO JERRY
WIGAN Rugby Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
YORK Theatre Royal: REDBRASS

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Mecca Ballroom: HERON
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: GRIND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: TOOTING FROOTIES
BRISTOL Chutes Club: GENERATION X
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer': AJ WEBBER
CHESTER Quaintways: OZO
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: SUMMER WINE
COLCHESTER Windmill Hotel: THE CHANTS
COVENTRY Tracey's: ROCK ISLAND LINE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BURLESQUE
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
HAWICK Town Hall: MR. BIG
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULL Tiffany's: ZHAIN
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LANCASTER University: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: SCAFFOLD
LONDON BATTERSEA Town Hall: THE JAM
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HOOKER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI/NEO
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden : XTC
LONDON EDMONTON Cooks Ferry Inn: QUARTZ
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SKREWDRIVER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALKATRAZ
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: URCHIN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON WEALDSTONE Royal Oak: JUNE TABOR
LONDON W14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: BILLY CONNOLLY
NEWCASTLE University: WALLY WHYTON/BRIAN CHALKER & THE NEW FRONTIER/PETE STANLEY/BRIAN GOLBEY
ORPINGTON Royal Oak: STAN ARNOLD
PLYMOUTH Castaways: THE REAL THING
PRESTON Lamb Hotel: NIC JONES
STAFFORD Top Of The World: JOHNNY THUNDER & THE HEARTBREAKERS
ST. AUSTELL Par Royal Hotel: PEABODY & McNULTY

TUESDAY

BANGOR Theatre Gwynedd: BROKEN ARROW
BENFLEET Crooked Billet: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE DAMNED/THE ADVERTS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE 'O' BAND/AMAZORBLADES
CHELTENHAM Exmouth Arms: MIKE RYAN & JOHN BURGE
CROYDON Scamps: FRUIT EATING BEARS
GARSTANG Eagle & Child: BERNARD WRIGLEY
HALESOWEN Royal Oak: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
HARLOW Tiffany's: VIBRATORS
HUNGERFORD Jazz Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HULL Tiffany's: ALVERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: ZHAIN
LEAMINGTON Royal Spa Centre: STRETCH
LINCOLN Drill Hall: THE JAM
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalss: NORTH SIDE R & B ENSEMBLE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: RIKKI/LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: EATER
LONDON ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic: STRAY/999/BROWN/GENERATION X
LONDON FULHAM Goldon Lion: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Three Horseshoes: AMITY
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: LEW LEWIS BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PIRATES
LONDON Marquee Club: CITY BOY
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: THE DARTS/THE ZOOTS
LONDON PUTNEY Railway Hotel: JOHNNY MOPED
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
MILFORD HAVEN The Centre: DEAD END KIDS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: MATT VINYL & THE UNDERCOATS
ROMFORD Golden Lion: STAN ARNOLD
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: BURLESQUE
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: ULTRAVOX
SOUTH MILFORD Cocked Hat: RIVENDELL
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: MONTANA
ST. NEOT'S Kings Head: FLAKY PASTRY

WEDNESDAY

ASHFORD Wye College: AFTER THE FIRE
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: HUNTER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRIDGEND Recreation Centre: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
CHECKENDON Four Horseshoes: BILL CADDICK
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
DARLINGTON Incognito Club: KRAKATOA
DONCASTER Outlook Club: F.B.I./FABULOUS POODLES
EDINBURGH Nicky Tam's: CHICO
EXETER Catharsis: PLAENET
GLASGOW City Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
ILFORD King's Club: THE CHANTS
KETTERING Freewheeler: MUSCLES
KING'S LYNN Norfolk College of Art: SLACK ALICE
LANCASTER University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STRUTTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: X—RAY SPEX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: RIKKI / LAST DAYS OF EARTH
LONDON DEPTFORD The Albany: REDBRASS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WINDOW
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LURKERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOWLINERS SECT/LOWDOWN
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: GENERATION X
LONDON W.1. Adams Arms: ROY HARRIS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: BURLESQUE
PLYMOUTH Good Companions: CHRIS BARBER BAND
RYDE (I.o.W.) La Babalu Club: TRAX
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: ALVIN STARDUST
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SUTTON Scamps: CADILLAC
SWINDON The Affair: VIBRATORS
WATER ORTON Blackthorn: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
YORK Cats Whiskers: THE JAM

RESIDENCIES

AVIEMORE Folk Festival: RAB NOAKES / ALBION DANCE BAND / ROY HARRIS / THERAPY etc.
Friday for three days
BATLEY Variety Club: DAVE BERRY & JIM CROW
Wednesday (29) for four days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: CANDLEWICK GREEN
Week from Monday
BRISTOL Crockers: LISSEN
Monday for three days
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: NOLAN SISTERS
Summer season opens Friday
LEICESTER Bailey's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY
Week from Monday
LICHFIELD Folk Festival: ROARING JELLY / GARY & VERA ASPEY / RIPLEY WAYFARERS / JULIAN EYRE / COSMOTHEKA etc.
Friday for three days
LONDON DRURY LANE The London Room: BILL FREDERICKS
Week from Sunday
LONDON EARLS COURT Stadium: GENESIS / RICHIE HAVENS
Thursday for three days
LONDON Palladium: NEIL DIAMOND
Thursday for four days (sold out)
LONDON PICCADILLY Aphrodite's Club: SANDPIPERS
Currently until July 3
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: CARMEN McRAE
Monday for two weeks
LUTON Cesar's: JOHNNY NASH
Week from Sunday
NEWCASTLE New Tyne Theatre: JACK THE LAD
Tuesday (28) for three days
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: THE BROTHERS
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: CURLEY
Thursday for three days
READING Berkshire Midsummer Festival: LEON ROSSELSON / ROY BAILEY / PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN / A. L. LLOYD / JOHNNY COLLINS etc.
Friday for three days
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: BERT WEEDON
Summer season opens Tuesday (28)
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: BOBBY SOX & THE PRIZE GUYS
Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita): FREDDIE "FINGERS" LEE BAND
Week from Monday
STOCKTON Fiesta: SHEER ELEGANCE
Week from Monday
SWANSEA Townsman Club: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Monday
WATFORD Bailey's: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
Week from Sunday

TV RADIO

ANOTHER WEEK deviod of rock on the box. The schedules are liberally peppered with sport and repeats but, although there are a few items of MOTR interest, the rock enthusiast must look elsewhere for satisfaction.

BBC-1 has Jimmy Savile with "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, when it also starts repeating Max Bygraves' recent BBC-2 series. On Saturday there's Berni Flint, Miquel Brown and Dukes & Lee in "Seaside Special"; and Lena Martell and the New Seekers in the late-night "Make The Music Speak".

BBC-2's three contributions are all repeats . . . The Three Degrees and Charles Aznavour in the "Shirley Bassey Show" (Thursday); and Barbara Dickson in "The Two Ronnies" and Fivepenny Piece in "The Camera And The Song" (both on Monday).

Apart from "The Muppets" (another repeat) at the weekend, all ITV has to offer is Marc Bolan in "Get It Together" on Wednesday.

Even Radio 1's outstanding weekend highlight is a repeat, but well worth catching for all that. It's Rod Stewart in concert at Olympia (6.30 pm Saturday), first broadcast on Christmas Eve.

JAZZ DIARY

THE UNLIKELY and highly successful merger of **Henry Cow** with the **Mike Westbrook Brass Band** and singer **Frankie Armstrong** into **The Orckestra** will be repeated on 26th June in Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The 1977 Tour by American Students Bands winds up in London at the International Students House, 229 Great Portland Street, on 1st July; bands include **The Humber College Band** from Toronto, **The Aptos High School Band** from California, and **The Arden Intermediate Jazz Band,** also from California. Third of the special Jazz Centre Society events is the Battersea Arts Centre presentation of **John Stevens' Spontaneous Music Ensemble,** the string version with guitar, violin and cello, on 24th June.

John Stevens' long-gone Little Theatre Club residency pre-dated the New York Loft scene by years. These days his gigs at The Plough, Stockwell, are very much in that line, and deserve support. Mostly with **Evan Parker** and **Barry Guy,** the music coming out of that boozer is the high-point of my week, with sax sitters-in driven into their deepest resources by the challenge. Next gig at The Plough, **Frank Charlton Quintet** on 23rd June; **Terry Smith Quartet** on 25th; **Cobarus** on 30th and **John Stevens & Friends** on 1st July.

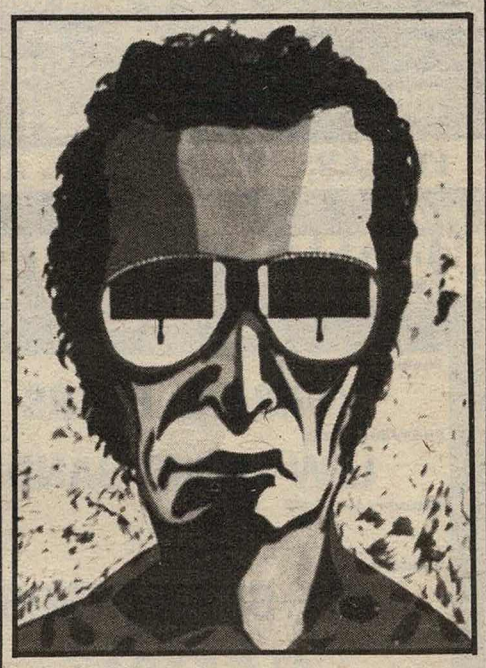
Stanley Unwin, dyslexia-dude of humour, is giving "A Potty History of Jazz" at the Pizza Express, Dean Street on 24th June. **The Keith Ingham Trio** plus **Digby Fairweather** are there on 25th.

New releases from ECM include **Keith Jarrett's** "Staircase", a double album of solo piano, "Polarization" by **Julian Priester & Marine Intrusion,** "Watercolors" by guitarist **Pat Metheny** and "Dis" by **Jan Garbarek** with **Ralph Towner.**

Two from Ogun: "The Cheque Is In The Mail" by **Elton Dean, Joe Gallivan** and **Kenny Wheeler,** and "They All Be On This Old Road" by the **Elton Dean Quartet,** including **Keith Tippett, Chris Lawrence** and **Louis Moholo.**

Brian Case

The Man In The Shades by BENYON



THE CARTOONS shown in our Graham Parker competition illustrated the following:

A. No. 21 (Help Me Shake It)
B. No. 6 (Back To School Days)
C. No. 19 (Back Door Love)
D. No. 3 (Silly Thing)
E. No. 20 (Something You're Goin' Thru)

The following entrants, senders of the first 50 correct entries checked after the closing date, won the exclusive, rare and unspeakably precious "Live At Marble Arch" albums. They are: Richard Barrett, Lutterworth. Bryan Bull, Gillingham. Richard Bull, Oldham. Mick Cavalla, Basildon. Neil Chalmers, Glasgow. R. J. Chambers, Bromley. Alan Clark, Ashington. Charlie Connolly, High Wycombe. Keith Cotterill, Birmingham. Peter Creenan, Hartlepool. N. Cubbitt, Kettering. G. Dean, Freshfield. Richard Evans, Coventry. David Fryatt, London E2. Adrian Grimshaw, Kettering. Ronald Gurr, Edinburgh. Mrs. Tracy Hancock, Manchester.

Michael Harney, Skipton. K. Hickson, Coventry. M. J. Kirrich, Corsham. S. P. Laming, Chatham. Terry Lewis Basildon. D. Stuart Linn, Edinburgh. Nick Love, Birmingham. Timothy Maher, Harlow. Gus McCall, Accrington. Brian Moore, Sheffield. D. R. Moore, Scarborough. Bruno Morelli, Troon. Philip Morrison, Liverpool. Stefan Mucha, Kempston. Michael Munslow, Worcester. Mick Noble, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D. Paul O'Sullivan, London N1. Mr. G. A. Palmer, Sunbury-on-Thames. G. N. Parker, Dewsbury. John C. Pugh, Liverpool. Tim Purvis, Washington. Phil Simmons, Wendover. J. Smith, London E3. Andy Spencer, Bath. Joe Spencer, Newcastle-on-Tyne. R. K. Stevens, West Croydon. Mick Stott, Blyth. Bob Swan, Blackburn. Peter Tamkin, Brighton. Michael Taylor, Dunbar. Mike Wathen, Morden. Gemma Whibley, Leicester. Pete Wild, Winchester.

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Mon. 27th June (Adm 70p)
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Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Tues. 28th June (Adm 85p)
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Wed. 29th June (Adm 75p)
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Thurs. 30th June (Adm 85p)
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Wednesday June 29th
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16 Town Hall WEST BROMWICH
17 The Penthouse SCARBOROUGH
18 The Porterhouse EAST RETFORD
23 The Crypt MIDDLESBOROUGH
24 Hugh Stuart Hall NOTTINGHAM
25 The Electric Circus MANCHESTER
28 The Chancellor Hall CHELMSFORD
30 Tiffany's DERBY
JULY
2 Pier Pavilion HASTINGS

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HEAD BANGER & THE NOSE BLEEDS
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SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB

White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow

Saturday June 25th
ZHAIN
Sunday June 26th
NO SWEAT
Members 35p Non members 40p

Tom Petty
RAINBOW

TOM PETTY now must know exactly how Nils Lofgren was feeling when the punk (sic) from the South supported the punk (sic) from Washington all over Europe and the northerner had to pull out every Barnum and Bailey trick in the rock'n'roll showbiz book to hang on to his credibility.

For this little Tom Petty-topping jaunt about the British Isles, you see, the boot has been — *'ow* you say? — on ze other foot.

The Boomtown Rats are a Dublin band whose visual points up how almost the only thing that separates Northern Soul and Southern Punk images is the width of the trousers, and they have, it is said, been giving Mr. Petty certain cause for umbrage in their outing as support band. The stock headliner's prerogatives, such as only utterly minimal time permitted for the support band's sound-check, have been wielded. This is because, it appears, The Boomtown Rats are a very strong outfit indeed.

Basically, they play amphetamine hard rock with a lot of soul. In the tradition of provincial English bands with a penchant for the blues, they possess a keyboards player who sticks in great rolling Alan Price-in-the-days-of-The-Animals underlays to each number. They have a very tight, black-sounding rhythm section, plus twin guitarists who inject heavy metal density, though not volume, into the proceedings.

They also have a very powerful vocalist with an excellent line in Jaggeresque/Iggy onstage movements.

Tom Petty's main problem is that he was/is being billed as a punk, at a time of shifting (or, in fact, already long shifted) definitions. But these days, anyway, not even sociologically backward Yanks can get away with selling themselves as that *and* try wearing a black velvet suit and a pink satin shirt onstage.

Now, we may look at the grisly machismo that he and his band parade before our retinas and remember The Hollies going on TV for the first time with their hair still swept back, or Procol Harum desperately trying to grow moustaches before "Whiter Shade Of Pale" slipped from number one, and we may conclude that the visuals will be a little more *appetising*, perhaps, next time round.

But this does not highlight the essential dilemma that is Tom's — to go for critical acclaim and a sizable cult following, or just to empty bottles of organic shampoo every night over those milkmaid-and-buttercup locks, sparkle up the choppers and mosey on down that biodegradable rock trail and head The Eagles off by the National Cash Registers?

Tom Petty seemed snared in that dilemma for the length of his set.

What Petty should be doing is going up onstage and churning out great three-minute self-penned song after great three-minute self-penned song. What he should not be doing is diluting his abilities with the same kind of US showbiz flash in the stage presentation that the aforementioned Nils Lofgren pulled out as a security blanket on the recent tour.

Indeed, it certainly seemed as though Petty was far from totally confident in his bill-topping role. Obviously The Boomtown Rats hadn't helped either, but there were times when he came across as rattled or just plain weak — though I did also hear that he's pretty exhausted from this European tour.

Tom Petty: too pretty for his own good?

"Bitch!" *Pic: DAVID HILL*

Anyway, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers played twelve numbers in total. Had they dropped the fairly redundant display of guitar hero posing in front of the quasi-cosmic and ill-chosen global backdrop during the quite interminable closer, "Dog On The Run", they could have played at least three more. Why should they want to, though? As it was, the set was greeted by a near-orgasm of approval.

However, the reason most of the audience were going gaga was because of what Petty had achieved, patchily, in the earlier part of the set — memories of the spine-tapping sensuality of the intro to "Breakdown" and of the classic rock'n'roll sense of shimmering tension that holds you throughout "All American Girl" and even (for the truly prescient) of "Route 66", the bitching second encore.

Petty's guitar-playing can also be very good indeed when he's not playing to the backdrop. He's certainly one of the strongest American players about, alternating sweet blues licks with feisty white rock interchanges with Heartbreakers guitarist Mike Campbell — who is also no slouch at playing the six-stringed beast. As are none of the band, in fact.

One of the main bitches about the whole overblown production job (in addition to what's already been mentioned the set was big on Hollywood deep "mood" lighting, calls of "England, We Love You", and an album logo backdrop for the encores) is that it detracted from the band and placed everything on the not exactly Atlas-like shoulders of Tom. A mention, then, for Benmont Tench's keyboards and the rhythm section of drummer Stan Lynch and bassist Ron Blair.

As it was, it seems that the most memorable aspects of the set are not visions of storming rock'n'roll but moments like the searing vibrato vocal riff on "Strangers In The Night". In fact, one is led to notice just how many of Petty's songs are bound together by vocal, as opposed to instrumental, riffs.

Actually, maybe this thing about the presentation is all wrong. Maybe it doesn't matter at all. Maybe what Petty and the Heartbreakers are giving us is just some kind of very laidback seminar on the eclecticism of the past twenty years of US rock.

Maybe, though, the professor would feel more secure were his lessons less overshadowed by the paraphernalia of teaching.

Chris Salewicz

Plummet Airlines Claire Hamill
NASHVILLE ROOMS

THE LAST TIME I saw Claire Hamill was a couple of years ago. Her new album was just out and a single of "Geronimo's Cadillac" was nudging its way into the bottom of the charts. Confident, she'd turned down a spot on *The Old Grey Whistle Test* because they'd wanted her to do an acoustic set. No, she had a new band all her own and she wasn't going to go on the box doing her folkie singer-songwriter thing — not any more.

So now it's the sticky end of a hot weekend and she's playing the opening set at the Nashville: support to Plummet Airlines and her name isn't even on the gig sheet outside. No band, just acoustic guitar.

She starts off with "Cadillac" in the hope that some folk will remember it. It's the only song in the set that's not her own; the only one that isn't new. The next two numbers show her at her best — "In My Dreams" and "Peter Went To Paris" — voice deep and full of confidence, occasionally swooping into the upper register in a manner that has to be reminiscent of Joni Mitchell. The lyrics, too. "This is a kind of relationship song," she says, the Geordie accent still there in the voice. They all are. They don't flinch and they trust you to listen, believe it.

And the audience is listening. Not always the case here, especially with an act like Claire's. You can see she feels good about it, secure enough to stop a number after one verse, retune and start again. It's a good set.

The only weakness is her one country song, the only time she becomes anonymous, unreal. But she's going out on a country package in July. It's work.

I want her to do a raunchy blues like Jimmy Reed's "Baby, What's Wrong With You" on the second album, but she finishes with another new song and despite shouts for more it's over.

Plummet Airlines are having problems, too. In danger of being swamped by the New Wave, they start like a band that's gone under twice and is struggling to avoid the fatal third. Desperate to avoid the taint of a hippie image, the lead singer leaps on stage wearing plastic shades and flashing V-signs at the audience — which may not be the best way to go about it.

They've lost a guitarist, got a new manager, dropped the Dylan songs and suchlike they used to feature. It's mostly their own material and although it boogies along and keeps the audience happy, it's fairly undistinguished.

After a strong guitar solo by Duncan Kerr on their version of "Casey Jones" things pick up. Harry Stephenson has a good voice and presence. Slightly manic, like a Graham Parker who's been stretched on the rack. He also wrote their two most distinctive songs, "You Don't Get No Oscar From Me" and "Took A Long Time".

They'll survive, but maybe not in this form.

Backstage, Claire Hamill's happy. Someone came round after her set and offered her a college gig for the following night. Next time she's at the Nashville I reckon someone will be supporting *her*. She might even have her own band. At twenty-two, starting all over again — but like Mel and Tim say: "It's gonna be tough, but we're gonna make it."

John Harvey

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Bar 8pm — midnight
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Saturday, June 25th 9 pm-12 pm
SUNSET
Admission: 50p after 10 pm

City Rock
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Chelmsford
Sunday, June 26th
PLUMMET AIRLINES
60p 8 till 11 BOB
Next week JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT

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Sager: moving out alive . . .

Carole Bayer Sager

DENVER, COLORADO

CAROLE BAYER Sager was relaxing backstage, enjoying the afterglow of her first-ever public performance, when she was approached by a grinning well-wisher.

"Do you realize that you were personally responsible for the most popular joke in my 8th grade class?" he challenged.

Sager smiled shyly and asked him about his joke.

"What do you get when you use a corduroy johnny?"

"I . . . don't know."

"'A Groovy Kind Of Love'."

She had to chuckle. Carole Bayer Sager wrote that tune over ten years ago. In the last few years she's written lyrics with Marvin Hamlisch, Melissa Manchester, Peter Allen and Bette Midler. It was only months ago that old friend Richard Perry convinced her to step in front of a microphone and sing her own songs.

The resulting album, "Carole Bayer Sager", spawned an immediate English hit, "You're Moving Out Today." After flying over to tape a *Top Of The Pops* show, she returned to Los Angeles and put together a stage act. In Denver, she started a small tour to support the album and test the onstage waters after learning to swim in the studio.

Sager has a sizable past repertoire to rely upon, which is her current claim to fame Stateside. In her first concert, though, she only alluded to her pre-recording career with a medley of "A Groovy Kind Of Love" / "Midnite Blue" / "When I Need You", hits for The Mindbenders, Melissa Manchester and Leo Sayer respectively.

Her back-up band, led by Manchester's ex-musical director Stanley Schwartz, eased Sager into a comfortable niche to recreate her album's charming pop. The cabaret-like swinging precision of the group (currently nameless after someone pointed out the merits of "The CBS Band") allowed her to relax a little and work on establishing a stage persona.

For the time being, that consists of her considerable little-girl charm (still intact at age 30), not at all recalling her New York lyricist background. She's short and pretty, and her petite Shirley Temple croak was endearing enough to warrant an encore (much to the consternation of the band, who didn't know any more songs).

The highlight of the set was "You're Moving Out Today", with Sager moving around the 250-seat club singing to various male members of the audience. The recorded version hasn't been released as a single in the States, since pal and co-writer Bette Midler has her version out shuffling around the bottom of the charts. Sager's interpretation is superior, but as she explained, "It would put a strain on the writing relationship. I don't want to be in competition with her."

Right now, her future looks secure enough to warrant a return to England plus an extended American tour. That seems to set well with her, despite her lack of experience as a performer.

She just hopes to avoid more grinning well-wishers. "That 'Groovy Kind Of Love' joke is pretty funny," she laughed, "but if old junior-high students tell it in every city . . ."

G. Brown

The Jolt

EDINBURGH

IF, A WEEK AGO, you had suggested to me that there was a new wave band that I would actively like, never mind enthuse over, you would have been greeted with incredulous derision.

I really welcome the new wave as a phenomenon but when Neil Spencer described its music as "unlistenable", I reckoned he erred on the side of moderation. Still, working on the principle that there's always one gem among all the rubbish, I keep on going along to the gigs, more in pious hope than anything else. But at last I've found it, that rare gem. It's called The Jolt.

The gig was a disaster. Edinburgh's first new wave midweek disco at the revitalised Clouds venue attracted a sum total of seventy people all night. And while the kids who came threw themselves about energetically for the discs, they mostly sat still for the band, staring with thinly disguised disinterest. Which was suprising and sad, because The Jolt are the most enjoyable British new wave band I've yet encountered.

The Jolt are Robert Collins (guitar), Jim Doak (bass) and Iain Shedden (drums) who come from Wishaw and Shotts, two industrial towns on the edge of greater Glasgow. They've been together some eight months, during which time they've secured a Saturday lunch time residency at the Crown Hotel, Wishaw.

Their tightness is the most immediate impression. The Jolt are not just hitting out blindly, but working really well together. Shedden is a hard working drummer who's not afraid to use percussion for effect. Doak has only been playing bass for a few months but he has a real feel for it, pumping in some dynamic runs and patterns.

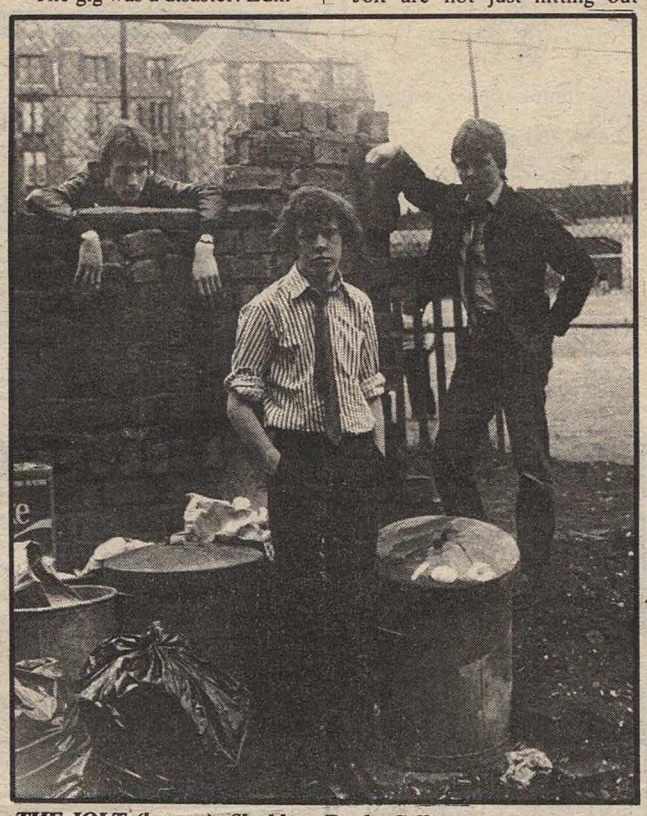
Collins, in addition to handling the vocals and power-chords, can really handle his guitar, fairly blitzing the songs along. When he unleashes an amazing razor sharp solo dash in "Mistakes In The Plan", yours cynically starts peering for the tape machines — but no . . . Two speakers, two columns and a PA — but no tapes. Gee. I'm impressed, moved to admiration, even.

The songs are mostly their own. Penned by Collins, they feature a number of good strong toons along familiar new wave themes — "Decoyed", "Dire Straights", "Show Stoppers" (geddit?), "Teenage Fun", and the excellent "Mr. Radio Man". Interspersed are well worked versions of oldies that show the Jolt's second hand British R & B influences — Bo Diddley's "I Can Tell", "Money", "Route 66", "I Wanna Be Your Man" (featuring slide guitar, yet!), "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It" and "Somebody Help Me". A well balanced and rousing set, using imagination as well as power.

Not that they're perfect. The set was marred by the obligatory scowling new wave pose which provoked derisive laughter from the 'crowd'. A sullen "This one's about p'licemen" statement was greeted by an airy "Big Deal" quip from a punkette comedienne and the place dissolved in laughter, effectively undermining the effect of the group. But if ever I saw a diamond in the rough, it's this lot.

It's The Jolt's misfortune to be so far from London. Otherwise they'd be sitting pretty already. They'd certainly stomp all over most of the competition. I just hope they don't miss out.

Ian Cranna



THE JOLT (l. to r.): Sheddon, Doak, Collins.

BELOW: SHEFFIELD'S ONE AND ONLY ROCK GROUP
Back (l. to r.): Allen, Ake, Face / Front: Anderson, Markin, Quick.

Working man's glam?

The Extras

SHEFFIELD

FORMERLY known, at various times over the last year, as Last Exit, Fire Exit and Abattoir, The Extras are one of the few bands currently enjoying any kind of reputation in Sheffield. Jesus, they're damn near the *only* regularly working band of any worth in the city.

Y'see, for a city with over half a million inhabitants, the paucity of small venues for home-grown bands (the Working Men's Club circuit notwithstanding) fully justifies Sheffield's status as a musical backwater.

One of these few small venues is the Broadfield, a watering-hole overlooking several acres of redeveloped urban wasteland in one of the city's immigrant areas. Most of the bands that appear there should either be cast back on the cheap cabaret/WMC circuit or should rehearse a little. For many, I suppose, it's the only place they *can* rehearse, so I guess I shouldn't be too hard.

The Extras, however, are a different case altogether. A six-piece, fronted by vocalist Ed Ake and pianist Robin Markin, they draw much of their stance (and a lot of their material) from the Reed/Bowie/Roxy axis, with a tempering down-to-earth urban sensibility that seems to come inevitably to the majority of Sheffielders.

The remainder of the band — Simon Anderson, guitar; Rob Allen, bass; Cliff Face, drums; Andy Quick, sax — take a pretty low profile, though Face, a remarkably emphatic drummer with a laudable sense of pulse, lacks little in terms of visual attack.

They open with "All I Want Is You", a bit muddy, but nothing that a mixer (or £75,000 from A&M) couldn't sort out, then straight into "After Midnight". *This* is JJ's laidback party piece? It's not so much that they've changed the arrangement — fast, with a killer streak of funk — as that the intention of the song's changed. Where Cale thinks of hitting the sack, The Extras would rather hit the floor . . .

Markin, a fairly recent addition to the band, has affected their sound quite drastically. His battered electric piano comes across at times like amplified barrelhouse piano; hammered chords cutting through and carrying the thing along, taking the weight off the rhythm section and adding a jarring edge to their peculiarly Roxyesque texture.

This "Extras texture" is, in fact, best displayed on their version of "Remake Remodel", a definitive blend of Anderson's guitar, Markin's piano and Quick's sax which completely floored me the first time I heard it.

The set contains several Lou Reed numbers — several too many, in fact, but they fit The Extras well enough to appear natural. "I'm Waiting For My Man", despite technical troubles (no roadies to run on and put things right, y'know), fairly storms along, a flashback surge of rabid Velvets fanaticism — Allen riding the bass over the top like a roller-coaster and piling it down for the chorus, Ake attacking with a vitriol Uncle Lou would've been proud of, were he still alive.

Happy Len Cohen's "Diamonds In The Mine" gets a similar treatment to "After Midnight", the goodtime malevolence of the original replaced with their ripped (and occasionally ragged) Roxyesque viciousness.

Of their own material, credit for which usually lies with Ake (although Markin's now contributing a few), "GTG's (The Good Time Girls)" is probably the most successful, a dedication to decadence with a few cameo lines: *"Chrome-plated dolls, rude rouge, sweet plastic trash/Rip up the dance floor in stiletto feet/Sit on the jukebox, so cheap, so neat"*. Not seen many of them round Sheffield lately, that's for sure . . .

"Omega Mile" closes the show, neat slivers of verbal shrapnel along the lines of *"Hey Mr. Dylan, you're a 20 million man/You got thorns on your head and holes in your hands"*, set to a typical Extras romp, Face hammering hell out of a kit that surrendered ages ago, finally kicking the damn thing over.

Leaving aside the PA/mixer hassles which continue to plague them, there are, in The Extras, the makings of a cracking little band. At any rate, I'll warrant they're a damn sight better than the majority of bands currently being unearthed in the capital like bugs under a stone.

But then, they're from the provinces, they ain't played Dingwalls or the Roxy, they don't all wear safety-pins, and they're attempting something a little more substantial than the *de rigeur* three-chord trick. So who's gonna listen?

Andy Gill

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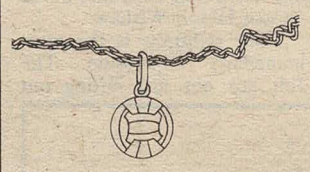

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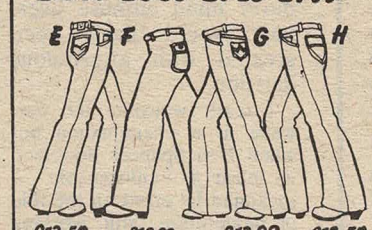

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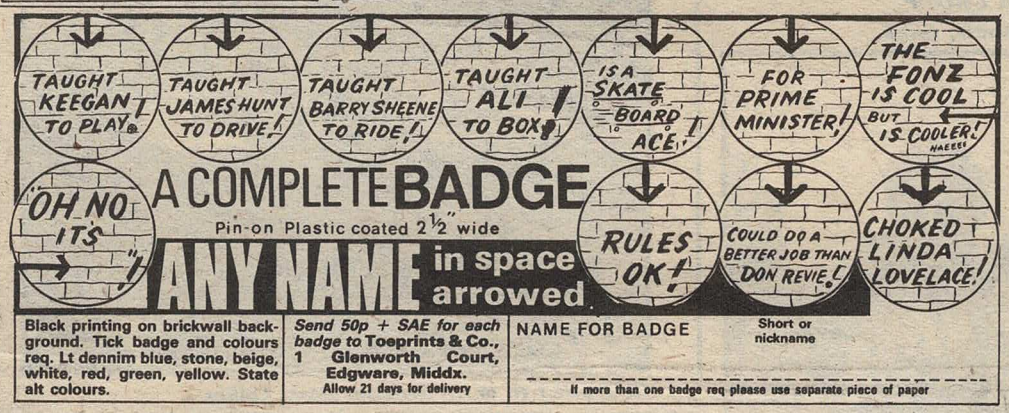
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538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

125. VULTURES

167. JOIN THE ARMY

200. NAZARETH

256. FRIED RAT

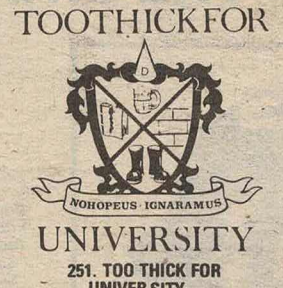
126. LIPSMAKIN

134. GENESIS

528. APOLLO

249. KWIK KRAP

186. STATUS QUO



251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVER SITY

697. LORRY

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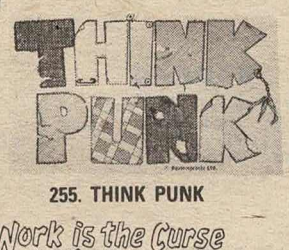
188. PRODUCT



255. THINK PUNK

252. SUCKER (design printed upside down)

168. WORK

517. TRUCKIN'

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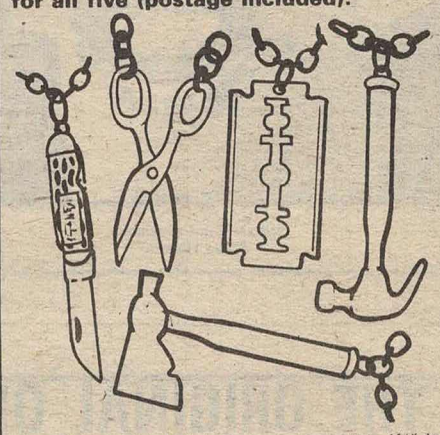

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124. LIE DOWN

702. ANGELS

700. NEW STATUS QUO

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

229. SERENE BOOZER

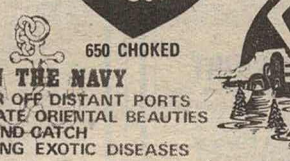
248. POPPET

159. BEETHOVEN

175. UNION JACK

135. STATUS QUO

224. WINGS

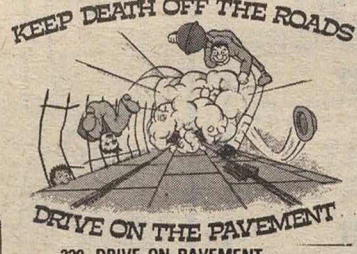


222. JOIN THE NAVY

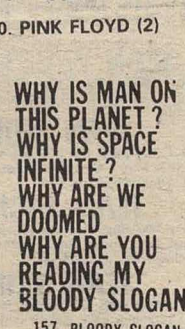
150. PINK FLOYD (2)

129. CONTENTS

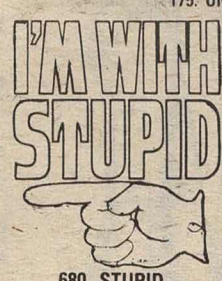
227. MILCH TRAY



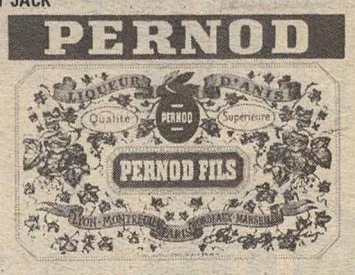
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT



157. BLOODY SLOGAN



680. STUPID



667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND

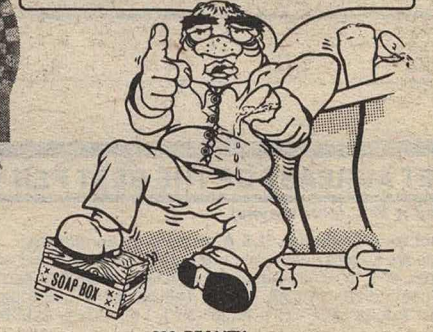
692. NEW FLOYD

694. FOCKINK

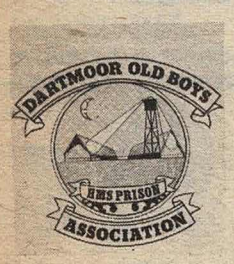
148. LED ZEP

691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER



232 REALITY



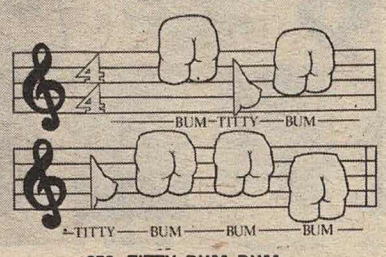
254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

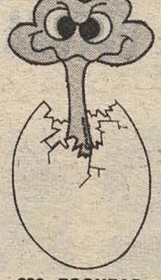
169. EAGLE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

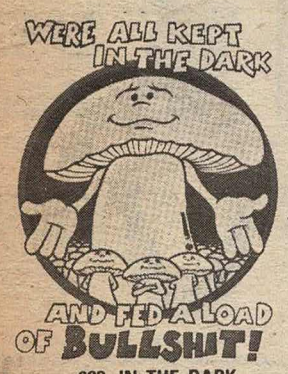
143. SON OF A BITCH



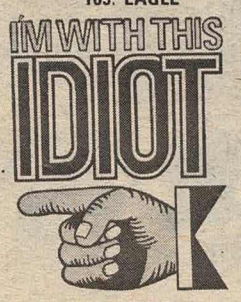
253. TITTY BUM BUM



690. EGGHEAD



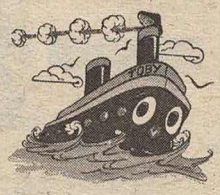
683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN



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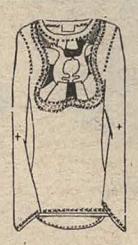

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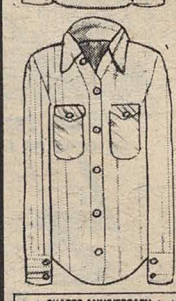

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THE CROSSWORD REGRETS...

. . . slopping its mild and bitter over the Editor's chair, pogo-ing on Hideous Bill Gangrene's Clash album, inviting Rat Scabies home to meet the folks, singing the Pistols' version of "God Save The Queen" to 27 drunken sailors in the public bar of The George on Saturday night, not making its bed, forgetting the skins, the incident with the Boy Scout, a thousand other indiscretions it doesn't bear thinking about, and its non-appearance in its usual spot this week due to ill-health. Atchoooo!!!

THE EDITOR REGRETS...

. . . the tone of the previous announcement and guarantees to bring The Crossword — cold or no cold — back to its senses by next week's issue.

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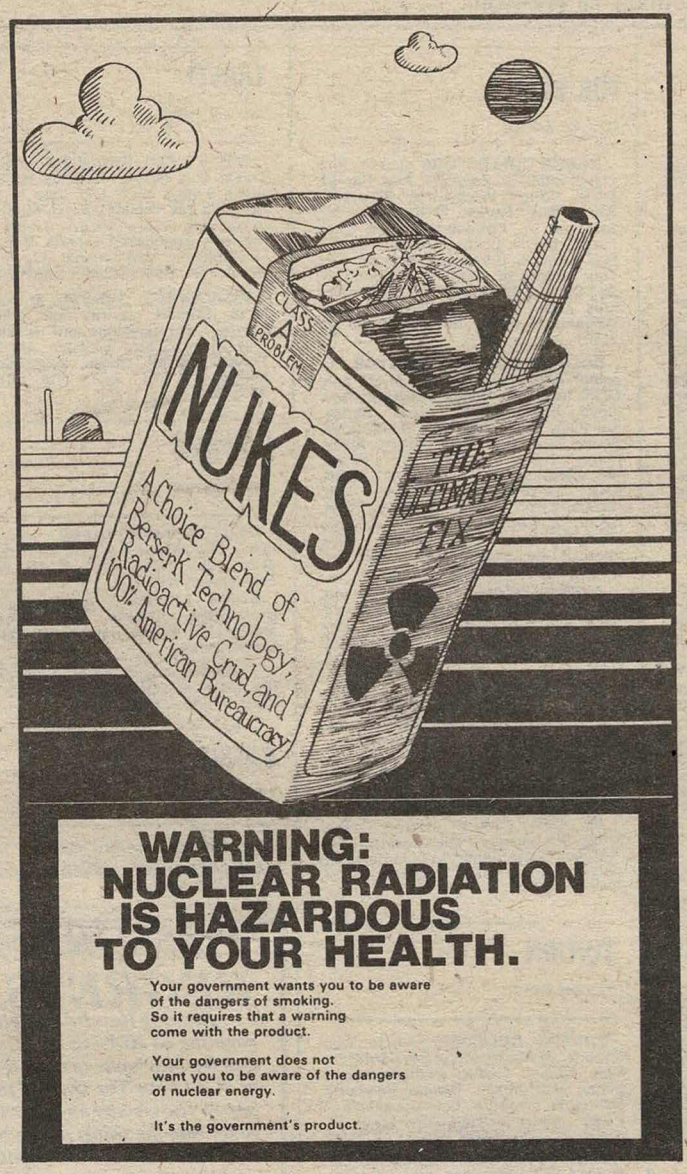
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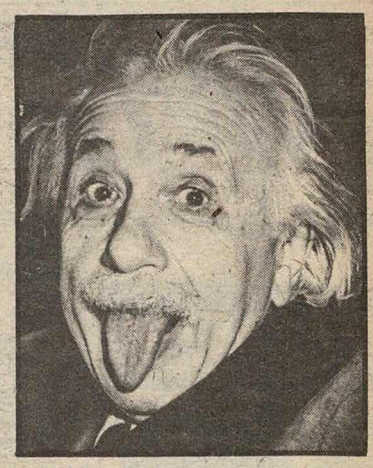


Edited by THE GHOST OF ALBERT EINSTEIN

I'VE JUST READ the Consumer Guide to the *Nuclear Age*, the first report on this subject that even a thickhead could understand, and I don't know about you but it bloody terrifies me!

I intend to send a copy to the Prime Minister and the embassies of all countries with the capability of turning Planet Earth into a bloody big frying-pan. I hope all NME readers do the same. Make the bastards sit up and take notice — even to the extent of a general strike of the world's youth.

Britain's part in the nuclear chess-game is minimal in deterrent effect, but costs a fortune. Britain should therefore withdraw from the game, declare itself a neutral state, and become the international mediator in the nuclear disarmament of East and West.

I publicly state that I will no longer vote Labour until they do something regarding the complete nuclear disarmament of Britain — util they do, my vote goes to the first party to announce they'll disarm if they come into power.

OK so it's an emotional letter, but for Christ's sake if more people spoke out we wouldn't be in this situation. I am open to use my spare time to collect petitions, join or even form groups to get rid of the nuclear threat.

Get off your apathetic arse and follow NME's lead and bloody well DO something!

PAUL McPHERSON, Sheffield.

SHOCK! Horror! Probe! So the NME gives us the lowdown on nuclear weapons in the U.K. So we all raise our hands in shame and declare how frightening it all is.

What a load of hypocritical bullshit!

Do you realise if it weren't for nuclear weapons, there'd be no rock records, no trendy clothes to wear — in fact, no scene at all (and, of course, no NME).

Every sane person abhors the devastation that nuclear warfare would bring, but what would happen if we abandoned all our nuclear defences? We'd be wide open for any passing predators like the good ole USSR, for instance.

And don't give me all that crap about "being paranoid" and "seeing reds under the bed". The Russians are involved in a world-wide strategic struggle and want as much territory as they can gain. Go ask the people of Poland and Hungary if you don't believe me.

And please don't bore me with the other two prescribed approaches for fashionable chic radicals. Firstly, the "love and peace" approach — "If we abolish nuclear weapons we'll be setting a wonderful example that others will follow". You think the Yanks and Ruskies will just meekly lay down their arms because Britain has? Go back to your commune, baby.

Or then again, there's the "Hampstead Heath Che Guevara" approach — "Better red than dead." You wanna live in a society where you can't listen to the music you want, wear the clothes you want or do anything at all, without looking over your shoulder for the men in grey? Personally, I'd rather be dead.

Alright, so there's a hell of a lot wrong with the society we live in. But just drop your "angry young anarchist" stance for a moment and take a good, hard look at other countries throughout the world. It's pretty obvious to anybody that this is one of the best countries anywhere in terms of personal freedom. And that's what our nuclear weapons are here to defend.

So why don't all you self-styled revolutionaries just own up to the fact that you wouldn't even be the bold, free-thinking radicals you pretend to be, if it wasn't for the nuclear weapons you profess to hate?

STEPHEN PILKINGTON, Accrington, Lancs.

We repeat: why keep a deterrent that Britain can't afford and that won't deter? The Warsaw Pact hasn't presumably amassed so many tanks, troops, etc. unless it reckons it could fight a *conventional* war. So why doesn't Britain service her own conventional forces more efficiently? As it is, badly needed spares for the unreliable engines in British Chieftain tanks and the new Chobham tank armour go to Iran first to help Britain's balance of payments. No nuclear weapons, no rock? Try no arms-sales, no rock — since most of the companies we know as record labels undertake lucrative contracts for military hardware. EMI Electronics, for instance, developed the guidance system for the new British Aerospace Skyflash missile, which has "excellent" export prospects.

WELL DONE, NME! A first-rate nuclear "doomsday" issue. And the message?

They've got their shock-proof bunkers;
They've got their RSG;
They couldn't care a tinkers dam,
For likes of you and me.
So if we want to save our world
From nuclear genocide,
It's peoples will, not men of power,
That now can turn the tide.

Go to it.

ROY GIDDINGS, Benfleet, Essex.

THE BULK of your article on the *Nuclear Age* in NME, June 11, was fine, detailed relevant information.

Such a shame then, that the authors had to spoil it with a crude and misleading diatribe against CND at the conclusion of the article.

I want to make one point clear; CND and Friends of the Earth are *both* active organisations, and *both* campaign on specific issues. CND on nuclear weapons *and* associated problems, FOE on the whole sweep of environmental issues — with nuclear power as an important part of this.

Secondly, CND is not "committed to more established activities" nor is it "traditional Left" in its outlook. CND has, and will continue to have a wide range of activities designed to make people aware and concerned about the nuclear menace.

On September 10 this year for instance, we are holding a big demonstration at the Holy Lock in Scotland — with contingents travelling from all over the country — and including a "Peace Cruise" to the demonstration by steamer from Glasgow. Presumably this was not mentioned in the article, because it would not have fitted the impression that was being created that CND is not active.

CND, in fact, *is active* and is growing rapidly at the present time — with some of the most rapid growth being in Student groups and in the churches — not just the "traditional left", which you sneered at so well and yet failed to explain.

Thirdly, CND has a large amount of educational, campaigning and informational material available — including books, pamphlets, films and mobile display units. But again, people may not have realised this from the way in which CND was treated in the article.

NME readers were given some off-putting ideas about CND in your article — in a short space — yet it would take me much longer to correct the false impressions that I think may have been created. So instead, could I urge all NME readers who are concerned about the threat of nuclear weapons to contact CND and find out what we are doing. You will find that we are doing a lot — and that we need more help — and that we feel our campaign is starting to really hot up.

Take no notice of whichever sourpuss wrote CND off in last week's article!

Yours for peace and disarmament.

DUNCAN REES, Organising Secretary, Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, Eastbourne House, Bullards Place, London E2 0PT.

We visited your office, spent virtually the whole day there talking to you and were told both that CND was committed to more traditional activities and was "traditional Left". We were disposed to give CND every break in the book as we're firm believers in its aims. However, after a long conversation, we came away disheartened. Good intentions are no substitute for direct action. The kind of polite, middle-aged protest you are conducting lacks energy and direction. The need for a radical dynamic CND movement is, if anything, even more vital in the '70s. We hope that in the coming months you can prove all our criticisms totally wrong. (We did write about your Holy Lock demonstration but it went out for lack of space.)

THE SOI-DISANT guide to nuclear warfare was pretty ropey. The only thing that was alarmist about your article was its crassness and blind acceptance of other rantings. It was often grossly inadequate, inaccurate and out of date.

There was no mention of biological warfare, nor of the recent (failed) attacks by lasers on US satellites, nor of the possibility of an American Proton Beam Weapon.

The Lance missile is not yet deployed. SALT only got a paragraph. Britain hasn't got a nuclear deterrent of her own.

Heard of NATO? Then you may be able to distinguish between Britain's force and France's independent *force de frappe*. And anyway, if our deterrent is so puny why the rantings over the effect of one bomb? This smacks of ill-considered arguments.

Call it a guide? Who for? People with the brain capacity of a mentally-retarded hamster. Thank you and goodnight.

PIGLET (a Wandering Minstrel)

All omissions, under-emphases, etc., were the inevitable result of cramming as much (but not enough) as we could into a mere four pages. According to *Flight* magazine, Lance is deployed and has been operational with the British Army's No. 50 Missile Regiment in West Germany since late last year. Why did we "rant" *and* describe the UK deterrent as puny? In our view the estimated effects of one bomb make that one too many. At the same time we doubt whether Britain's ageing Polaris missiles would penetrate Soviet defences. As for Britain not having her own deterrent — you're quibbling with semantics (and we did mention the US key lock on the Polaris system). Yes, we know about NATO, also about the French strike force and its Mirage IVB bombers; we doubt they'd reach Moscow either. An American PBW? The West's scientists aren't certain whether a PBW is feasible since, in theory, protons can't be projected through the atmosphere. The US seem more concerned with developing 'orthodox' systems, like Trident and the mobile MX missile. Good morning.

EARLIER THIS YEAR I applied for a job with the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority in administration and was talked to / weighed up by the Authority's medium-to-big guns at Jesus College, Oxford (during which experience I got the distinct impression that the UKAEA would have loved that contract West Germany has with Brazil).

During a guided tour of Hanwell, I asked a bloke in a white coat about making nuclear waste safe to which he replied: "Yes, we do a bit of that here, but that's the boring side."

The selection tests included (1) interrogation concerning my moral, religious, and political beliefs (all on file now, no doubt), (2) being given ten numbers and having to pick out the fourth largest, and (3) explaining to the public in a press statement that there had been an "accident" at a nuclear power station.

I didn't get the job — but did you know that you can't cremate stiffs with atomic heart-pacemakers? Why? They explode, that's why.

KEITH JONES, Warwick University, Coventry

See Thrills for more exploding stiffs.

THANKS FOR the *Nuclear Age* article. I feel you could have gone a step further though and buttonholed the BBC and ITV to show Peter Watkins' film "The War Game" which they banned around ten years ago from nationwide broadcast on the grounds that it was too psychologically shocking.

The film was shown at college — on a course which has shown films on vivisection (none of which compared in shock terms) — and stunned me for several days after.

N.G. (STUDENT), Manchester

"The War Game" can be hired from CND for a small fee.

YOURS IS NOT a scientific paper, nor should it be. Why then did you publish an article concerning nuclear power that was so biased it was unbelievable?

Like it or not, nuclear power is necessary. And don't spout that bullshit about wind, waves, or solar energy. If you'd read a few scientific papers, you'd find that almost all the scientific community engaged in research into altenative power sources agree that they could in no way supply all of Britain's power-demand.

The coal and oil will not, despite Tony Benn's bullshitting, save Britain from the imminent energy crisis that, if not assuaged in some way, is going to cripple most of the world. Very soon mineral resources are going to vanish and, even though windmills and solar generators will help in some way, there will sill be a large hole that can only be plugged by nuclear power.

With the stocks of uranium available and using Fast Breeders, the human race can survive for the next two hundred years or so. Hopefully, in that time nuclear *fusion* will be harnessed which, using helium and similar elements readily available in the sea, should last humanity for millenia.

Nuclear fission is not the great saviour, but neither is it the End. It's a step on the way, a necessary step at that.

GEORGE PUTTY, Gateshead

No, we're not a scientific paper, nor did we claim to present a scientific (pseudo-objective?) summary. You assume the fast breeder is a foregone conclusion — is it? The process still requires massive financial investment and has to surmount numerous technical problems before it can be scaled-up for commercial use. The same goes for fusion; research at the Joint Euro Torus plant at Culham, Oxfordshire, for example, hasn't been as fruitful as its proponents would have liked. And are the alternative sources really as impractical as you suggest, even for the UK? What about Lockheed's feasibility studies for Ocean Thermal Exchange Conversion? Contrary to popular belief, alternative power isn't only for 'alternative' people. Furthermore, it's also our opinion (sorry, bias) that a society fully dependent on nuclear power would become a "strong" state, highly centralised (totalitarian?) — whereas one using other sources would possibly not "enjoy" such restrictions.

Pic: J. TYGIER

Left; Two members of The Slits get, er, cute.

TEAZERS

A WEEKLY CONTRIVANCE

AND STILL the madness goes on. While normal, law-abiding punks carry on their day to day business with quiet dignity, visiting their banks and recording their songs of social dissent, psychotic self-appointed vigilantes are roaming the streets with the intention of causing them serious physical harm.

The unwarranted attacks on members of **The Sex Pistols** are sickening enough: also distasteful is the way *The Mirror* chose to front page the fact that **J. Rotten** had received a beating from the hands of hoodlums, while last week, when it was the police who were handing out the aggro, the Thames boat trip incident was tucked away in a minor page paragraph . . .

Meantime, Fleet Street licks its greasy chops at the sight of even more instant sensationalist 'punk' copy. "The Punk Exploiters" shrilled the *Sunday People* as it revealed that **Mark P** sold — wait for it — fanzines! And that shops in the King's Road were selling — wait for it — clothes! Meantime *The Observer* was smugly reassuring its readers that **J. Rotten** was really a very nice, well behaved boy after all. "He has five O-Levels and says 'please' and 'thankyou'," warbled their correspondant, as if he was expecting some working class mongoloid who ate his food with his fingers . . .

Then there was *The Sun*, who managed to turn a thousand ol' hippies showing up on Salisbury Plain for the mid-summer sunrise at Stonehenge into an invasion of punk-rockers. "Punks v. Druids" claimed the headlines optimistically when the 'ippies revealed that they were planning to have a rock concert at the same time as Los Druids were getting their bit together.

Can't you just imagine punks erecting tepees, cooking grub, looking after the ol' lady 'n' the kids 'n' the dog, tightening up their guy ropes with safety pins and what have you? . . .

The best part of breaking up is when you're making up, part 107: **The Band** have just signed a five album contract with Warner Brothers Records. So much for all those tearful farewells, loving retrospectives and all that sentimental ol' hogwash they had us drowning in. The live album of the 'farewell' concert will be appearing on W. Bros., but not before a new studio album apparently ...

All is definitely not well at Island Records' tasteful Hammersmith offices, whence well known horrible and utterly obnoxious beat group **Eddie and The Hotrods** have been, ulp, *banned*. The 'Otrods, for their part, are miffed at lack of Island representation at their Canvey gig last week, let alone the ban, and now want to change companies soon as possible . . .

Van Morrison played a surprise gig last week when he jammed with **Mick Ronson, Eric Burdon** and **Dr. John** at London's Speakeasy club. Vans also told us that he's planning to release a real weird double A-side single in a few weeks time. "Joyous Song Sound" from "Period Of Transition" will comprise one side. The other will be "Mechanical Bliss", recorded in Amsterdam in '74, and a rare example of Van being funny. Funny humorous that is. The song is alleged to sound like a cross between **The Muppets** and **Flanders and Swann** (now *there's* old wave for ya) . . .

Wait until you see the new bands, Jim; **Bad Company** went to the White House last week to meet **President Jimmy Carter.** The group had previously been made honorary Colonels of Louisiana by the State of Louisiana . . . Back home, honorary citizenship of the borough and its allotments allegedly being prepared for **Hideous Bill** by Accrington Council . . .

Politician realises something is happening shock: Labour MP **Bruce George** last week told the House of Commons that Punk Rock was "something about which we should be concerned." Did he mean New Wave bands being banned from stages and their records from airplay? No, he meant that "quite respectable youngsters" were "responding" to the phenomenon and were, you know, well, like, being corrupted and that. Doesn't he know that was last year's thing? . . .

Sniffing Glue magazine look like being cast out of their Oxford Street office on account of the paint spray grafitti with which the lads have been adorning the walls, not to mention the all-night **Mark P** guitar practices. P's partner in Step Forward Records **Miles Copeland** also less than overjoyed when *Glue's* **Harry** drove his van into the back of Copeland's car . . .

Stop the presses: **Mark P** just called to say his **Alternative TV** combo will not be supporting **999** at the Nashville this Friday, and claims it was never arranged...

Much backstage aggravation is reported on the **Tom Petty/Boomtown Rats** tour, where the Petty camp were evidently a trifle ruffled by the Rats' habit of having a huge poster bearing *their* name draped along the stage front. Asked to desist in this punkish practice, the Irish rats draped a prominent poster outside the theatre declaiming "Rats eat Heartbreakers for breakfast". Petters' lot were apparently not amused . . .

Following last week's *Thrill* concerning the extremely nasty and dangerous substances like nerve gas that are being mixed with almost equally nasty and dangerous substances like heroin and cocaine in the good ol' US of A, come reports that police in this country have been warned that pushers may try to contaminate their samples to undercover narcs with the same . . .

What's this? **Lee Brilleaux** judged a pogo-dancing competition in Nottingham last week? Are you listening *Come Dancing* . . .

And this week Pogo Records — the property of Brummagem's **Suburban Studs** — release the group's first single, "Questions/No Faith" . . .

Rumours that **El Pistoleros** "God Save The Queen" is banned in Eire are untrue; it isn't released there but import copies *are* available ...

The world's most confusingly named drummer, **Woody Woodmansey,** plans to burst through the limits of human endurance next month when he will make an attempt on the record for the world's longest drum solo. Woodmansey reckons he can top the current record of 320 hours non-stop playing, and if you think that's tough, imagine having to sit through it. Rumour threatening it will become a regular feature of his act ...

And still the old wave rearguard storms forward in the face of the punk peril; **The Third Ear Band** are to re-form ...

Expected to emanate from El Lay shortly; an all girl ex-groupie/journalist band titled **Backstage Pass . . .**

More on World records; **Farrah Fawcett Majors** is now the mug on the world's largest selling poster. Five *million* FFM's have now been shifted Stateside, two and a half million more than the previous holder, **Marilyn Monroe . . .**

Farewell to veteran bluesman **Sleepy John Estes,** who died on June 5, aged 77 ...

When the *Pistols* album finally appears, buyers will be given a choice of different coloured fluorescent sleeves ("Just like 'Spooky Two' " writes an Old Fart). It is believed that this event will occur at roughly the same time that a **Clash** Springsteen-esque media blitz occurs, replete with colour supplement covers . . .

Incidentally, *T-zers* hears that one **Steve Harley** telephoned one **Caroline Coon** to gain reassurance from her that "It's true, isn't it? None of **The Clash** can play?" . . .

From the sublime to the totally ridiculous: it is currently costing **E£P** £200,000 a week to tour the States with their absurd cast of thousands . . .

It's good to know some ageing '60s punks never lose their roots: onstage at a Washington DC **Kinks** gig, **Dave Davies** — who can't have been able to find **Ray** — and drummer **Mick Avory** took to spitting at each other onstage after each attempted to stare the other out. It ended with Avory stomping offstage and Dave playfully kicking his drumkit in . . .

Tightwad strikes again!!! The World's Meanest Rock Star, **Rod Stewart,** attempted to score discount (for being who he is) on a recent visit to the trendy Fiorucci boutique in Knightsbridge. His offer was declined . . .

Hmmmm . . . Is it true that the **Runaways** were recently ejected from Disneyland for "alleged homosexual behaviour"? It seems they were getting friendly with each other's cameras . . .

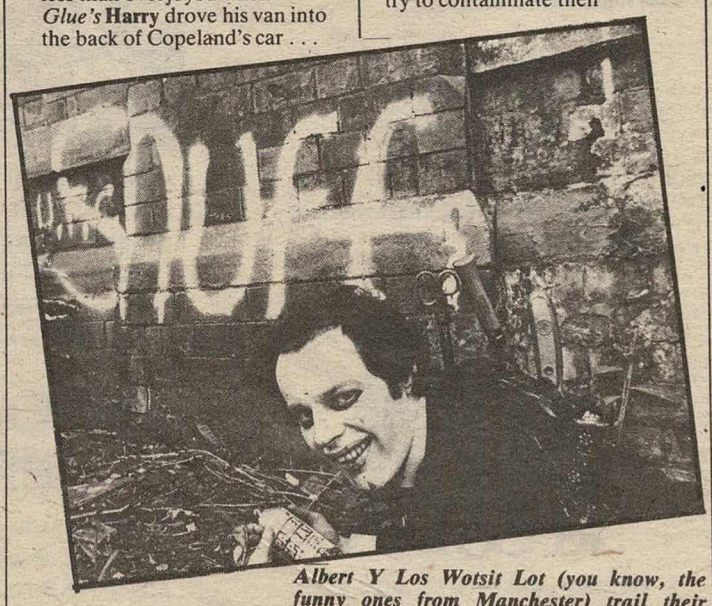
Steely Dan have a double album, "Ajia", finished and ready for release. Playing on the album are stock West Coast sessioneers including **Chuck Rainey, Steve Gadd, Jim Keltner** and **Jim Porcaro** plus many, many more with **Tom Scott** handling the horn arrangements on six tracks. It is also believed that not only are **Becker** and **Fagen** gearing up to work on the road but that a change in US labels is imminent . . .

Jeff Beck's comment on **Cher's** visit to Mikell's, a New York jazz club where he was recently playing at three in the morning: "Maybe she likes ex-junkie guitar players. . ."

Eric Clapton (whaddya mean, who?) travelling from date to date on his Euro tour by private train. This was enough, apparently, to earn him a *Daily Express* centre spread. Round here it earns him a desultory *Tzer* . . .

Sexy Sadie you broke the rules; **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi,** who was once spiritual guru to **The Beatles** (remember them) cropped up in the news again this week when one of his students claimed that the Maharishi could teach people to fly, as in soar through the air with the greatest of ease. Yeah well you didn't fool our John mister . . .

Next time **The Death Mammals** and **Solitary Brick** fail to show for gig, just do what the students at Shorditch Training College did last week — ring Elton. Elt stood in for an anonymous pop group who failed to show — for free. Course, he might charge you £65,000, which is apparently his going rate . . .



Albert Y Los Wotsit Lot (you know, the funny ones from Manchester) trail their "Snuff Rock" X-rated comedy spectacular (see news for tour details) in a nifty graveyard scene.

Patti gets choked with Cissy Spacek, she of 'Carrie' fame.

CHRISTOPHER RAINBOW
"Living In The World Today"
Polydor 2058 878

PAT McGLYNN AND SCOTTY
"She'd Rather Be With Me"
Decca F13715

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Sex Pistols BANNED

TOP 20
1 FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST
3 LUCILLE KENNY ROGERS
4 EVERGREEN BARBRA STREISAND
5 AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE JOE TEX
6 SHOW YOU THE WAY TO GO JACKSONS
7 YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY CAROLE BAYER SAGER
8 THE SHUFFLE VAN MCCOY
9 GOOD MORNING JUDGE
10 HALF WAY DOWN THE STAIRS
11 GOT TO GIVE IT UP
12 O.K.
13 TELEPHONE LINE
14 LIDO SHUFFLE
15 TOKYO JOE
16 DISCO INFERNO
17 TOO HOT TO HANDLE
GONNA CAPTURE YOUR HEART
WE CAN DO IT
20 MAH NA MAH NA

W.H. Smith's Top 20 Elephant and Castle. June 13th.

BBC RADIO ONE

Banned. "It is in gross bad taste" Charles McLelland.
The ban covers the whole of the BBC.

WH SMITH

Banned at all branches.

Banned. The nations' Brewers have refused to allow Sex Pistols on any of the Juke Boxes.

Boots

Banned at all branches.

IBA

Banned. "Nothing should be broadcast which offends good taste or decency. And that includes all radio advertising."

TOP OF THE POPS

Banned. "It is quite unsuitable for an entertainment show like Top of The Pops"

208 LUX

Banned.And Luxembourg are independant of the BBC and the IBA. The ban by Luxembourg, the IBA and the BBC mean that the single is barred from every British radio station.

GLC & LOCAL COUNCILS

Banned. Sex Pistols are not even allowed to play in London or in most other parts of the country. And when they try to.....

Banned. A Thames River boat party was broken up by police on Jubilee Day. Fifteen people were arrested.

WORTH WOOLWORTH

Banned at all branches.

LOCAL RADIO

Banned. No local stations will play the single.

THAMES

Banned from advertising. Not even 'God Save The Queen', but simply the new signing with Virgin. And all the ad said was: "You thought you had got rid of us, but you haven't"

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

"If pop music is going to be used to destroy our established instutions, then it ought to be destroyed first."
Lambeth M.P. Marcus Lipton

Banned. The Pistols were fired and "Anarchy in the UK" was withdrawn as it hit the charts.

A&M RECORDS

Banned. Just three days after signing.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Banned. One of Britains' impartial Press Agencies has refused to circulate news stories about Sex Pistols.

SOUNDS PRINTERS

Banned. The printers, not the paper, deliberately ommited part of an ad for 'God Save The Queen' without informing Virgin or the Sex Pistols.

TONY BLACKBURN

"It is disgraceful and makes me ashamed of the pop world, but it is a fad that won't last, we DJ's have ignored them and if everyone else did perhaps they would go away."

JOHN PEEL

"One of the greatest Rock records ever made" (Sounds June 13th
But the BBC won't let him play it.

CAPITAL RADIO 194

Eventually, banned. But Capital were the only station in the country to question the IBA ban. And 'God Save The Queen' made their Number One slot.

MELODY MAKER, SOUNDS, N.M.E. & RECORD MIRROR

Sex Pistols 'God Save The Queen' is record of the week.

'God Save The Queen.' No.1 in NME thanks to you and England's independant record stores. Support real record shops.